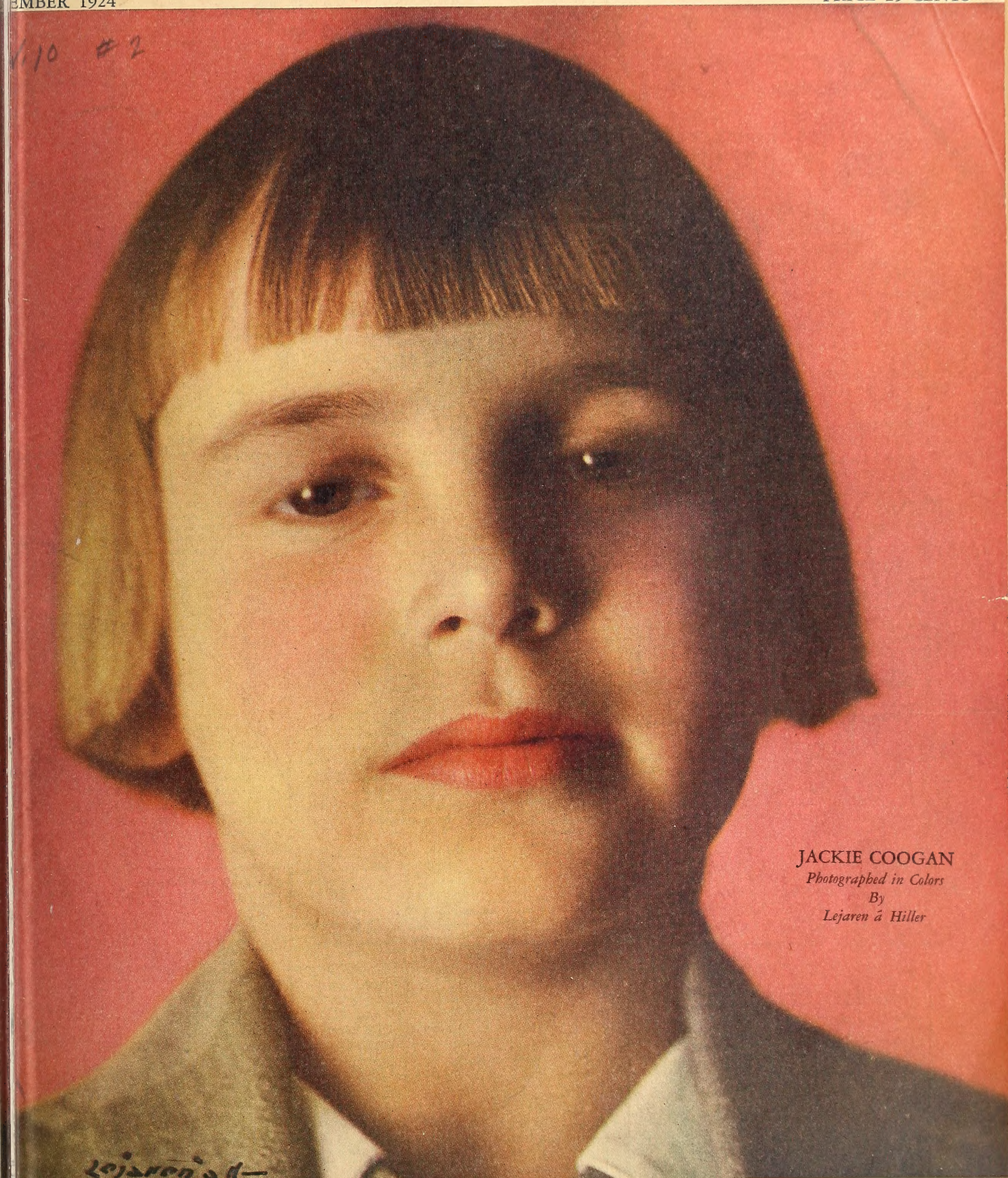


SCREENLAND

SEPTEMBER 1924

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Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| —how to win the man you love. | —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out. |
| —how to win the girl you want. | —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men. |
| —how to hold your husband's love. | —how to attract people you like. |
| —how to make people admire you. | —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age. |
| —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love. | —are there any real grounds for divorce? |
| —why many marriages end in despair. | —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye. |
| —how to hold a woman's affection. | —how to tell if someone really loves you. |
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| —things that turn men against you. | |
| —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon. | |
| —the "danger year" of married life. | |



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

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the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

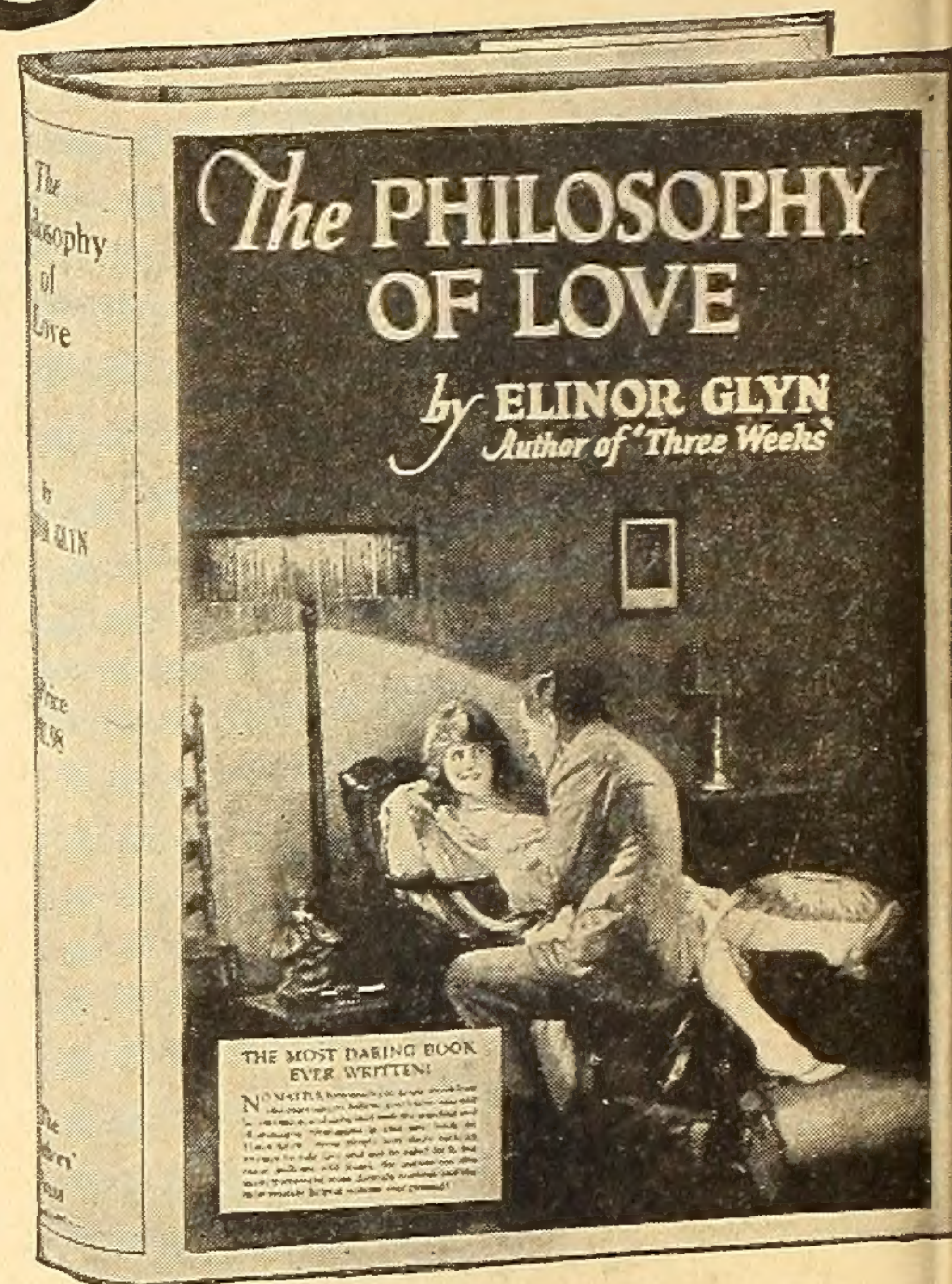
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NOTE—On another page of this magazine you will find described and illustrated the famous Annette Rubberic Bust Reducers

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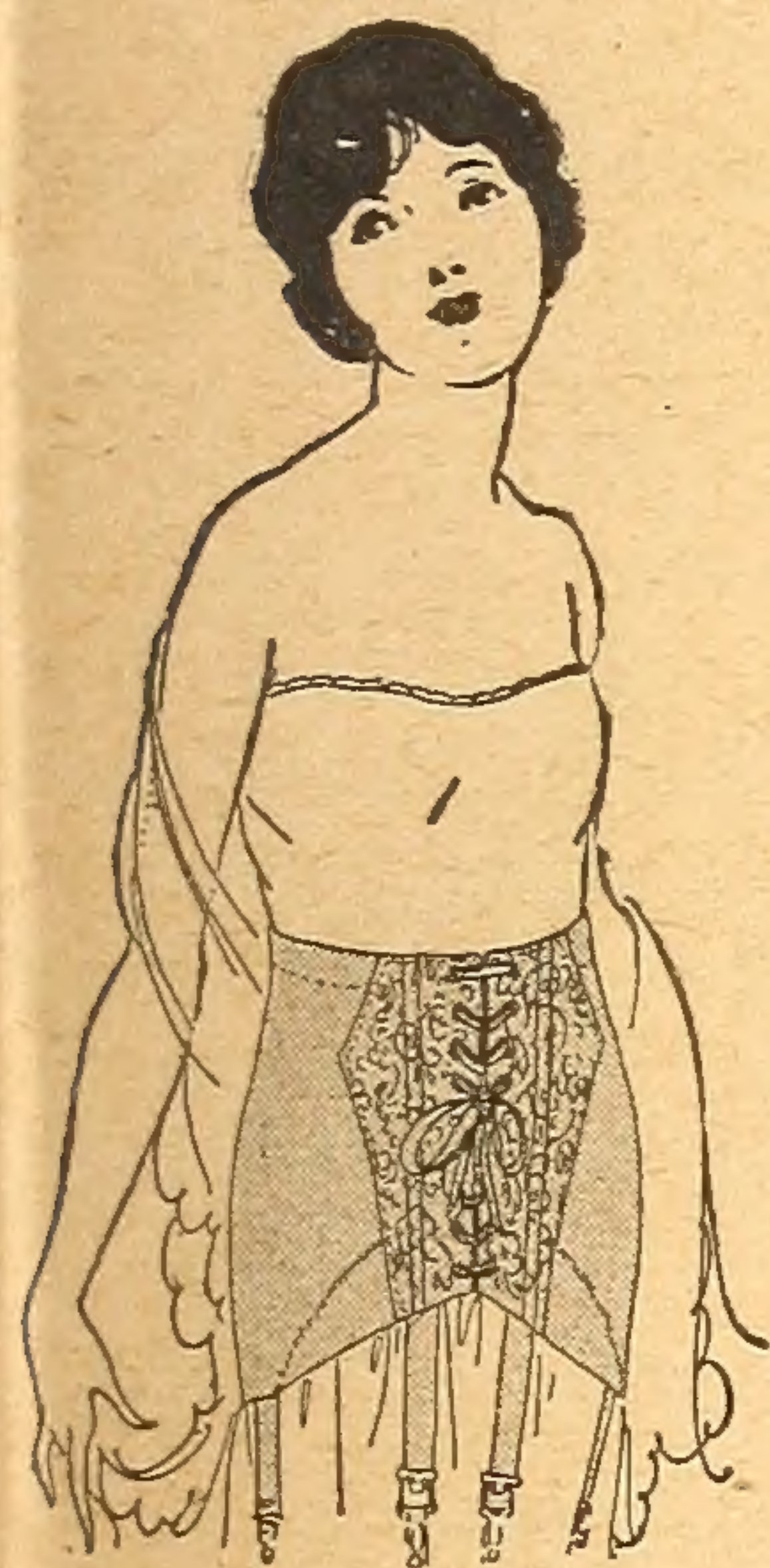
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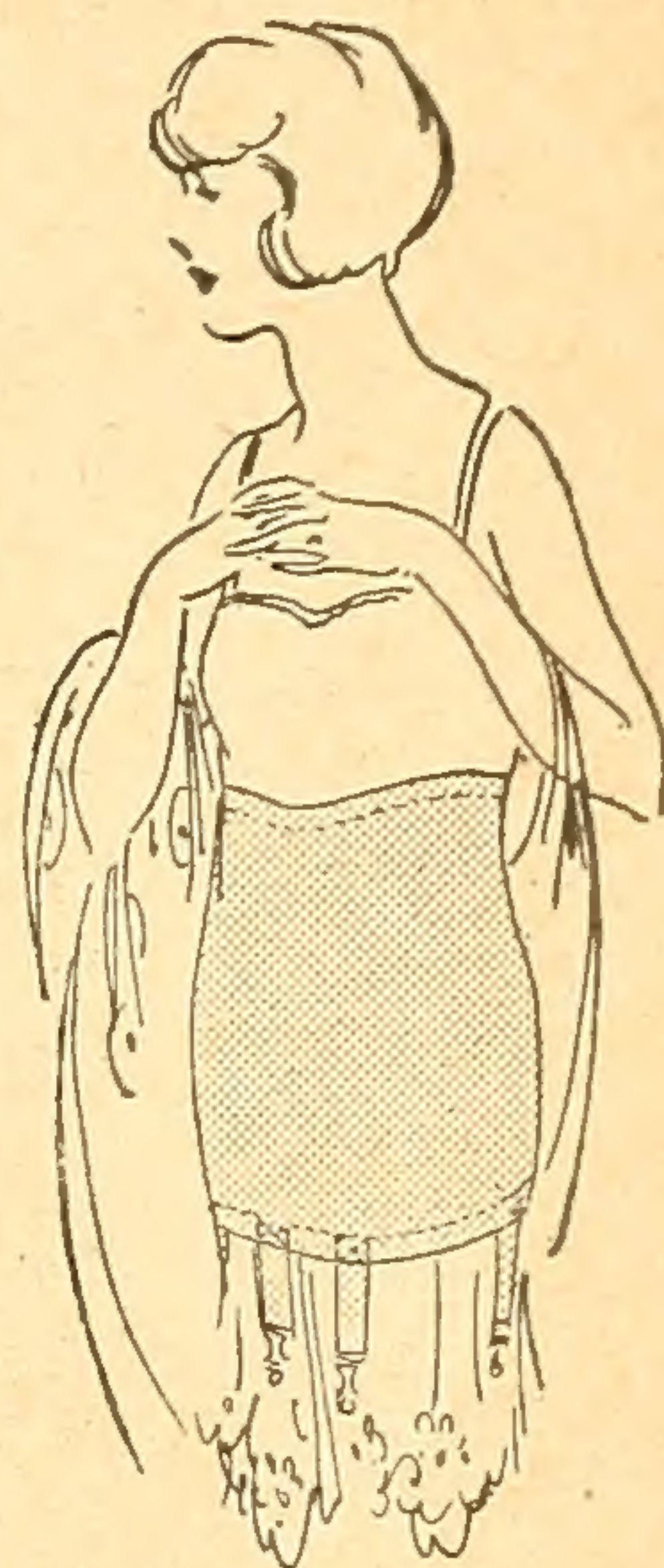
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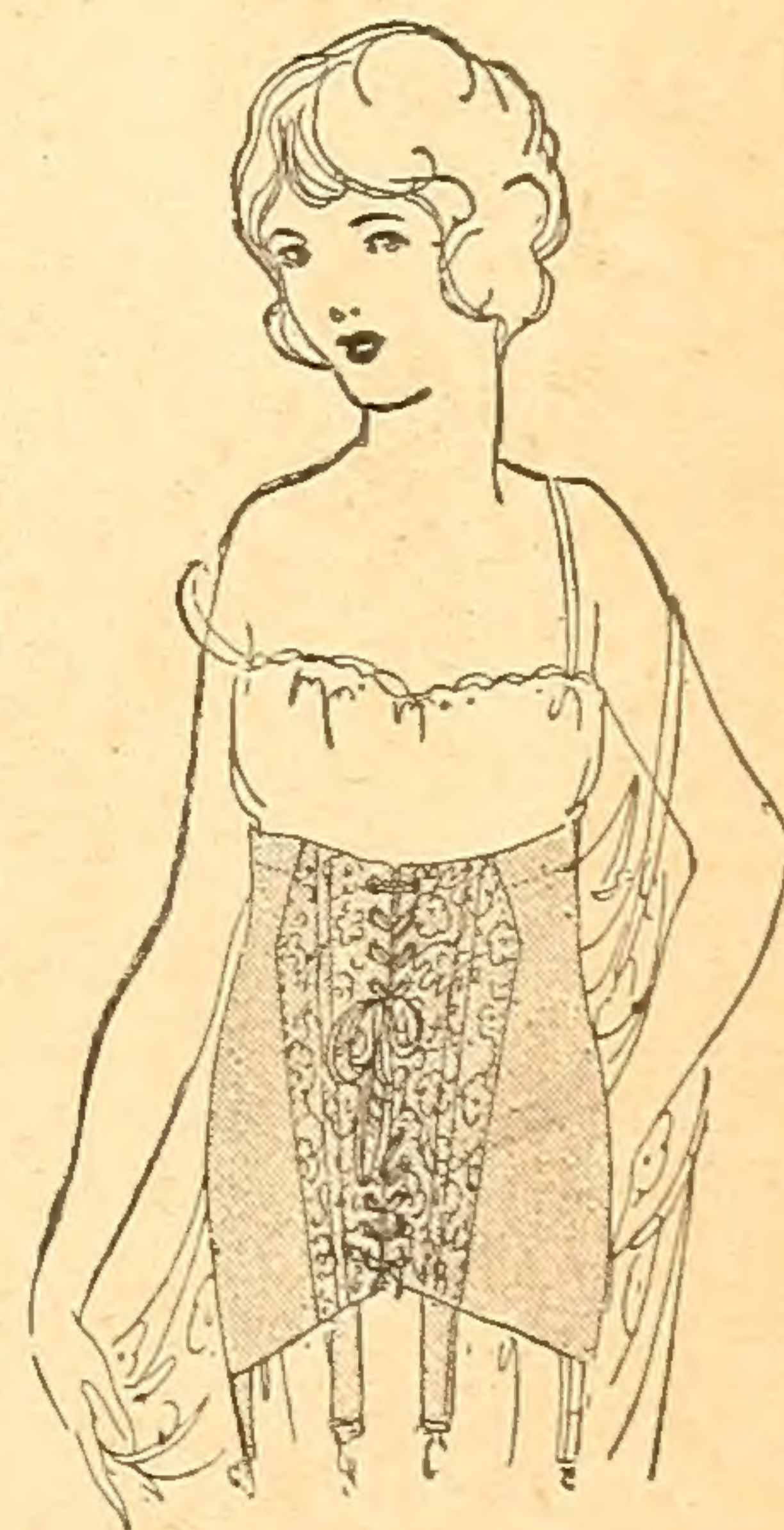
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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1924

VOL. X, NO. 2

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

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Our Jackie

Jackie Coogan's picture on the cover of this issue shows you the boy intimately as he actually appears. And what a boy he is getting to be! We are glad that Jackie is growing up, for it is written in his face that whatever age he may be he will always be the able artist, and will bring to the screen when he is twenty-one as fresh a personality as he did at five.

Comedians Number

It has been a great pleasure to put together this, the comedians' number of SCREENLAND. Willing and helpful collaboration has been freely given and the heroes who work for your laughs instead of your applause are all here to greet you with the exception of Buster Keaton who will only be found in the reviews. We are sorry that Buster's story arrived too late.

All emotion springs from the heart, even laughter, for you do not laugh at the man you hate. The essential qualification for a good comedian is a heart as big as a bushel basket. That's why you feel kindly toward these hard-worked boys of the screen.

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Offices at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices at 30 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; 1004 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Publishers also of Real Life Stories. Subscription price United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year. Single copy 25 cents each. Club rate for the two magazines, \$4.00 a year; foreign, \$6.00

The November REAL LIFE STORIES

now on the stands, has a winning variety of fiction. There is a story of lonely islands off the Florida shore, peopled by men whose standards of living and honor are as gnarled and twisted as the trees blown by the Atlantic gales. But also there is love, and that makes a difference.

HAROLD TITUS has written a most entertaining story of a wife who went along too, and although her husband was a mining engineer and was able to discover nature's treasures, he had never found the true happiness of love. While the setting of the story is in the iron country of the North, you will find that it will fit neatly into your own life.

"The Sob Sister's Baby" Had Pansy-Blue Eyes

The newspaper woman was not the baby's mother, so she had to be very harsh and stern with the parents, and with the baby too—because you have to secure the happiness of those whom you love!

The jungle trails of Africa resound to the monotonous beat of the drums of the savages and a white woman listens in terror. **"DEVIL MAGIC"** is a story of the heart of a girl whose barbaric nature used its own crude methods to tell again the most beautiful story in the world.

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Ask Me!

An Answer Page of Information

Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.

Betty Blythe Fan. So you really spoke to your favorite star! Naturally you think she is just wonderful. Tremendously smart, isn't she? You'll be able to learn all about her past, as she has just published her biography, which tells of her career as dancer, singer and screen-star. She was born in 1893 in Los Angeles and is five feet seven.

Angelo Clifton. Jetta Goudal claimed France as her birthplace when she first hove on the film horizon, now I understand she is partial to Spain. But what are a couple of countries between friends? Anyhow they can be mighty proud of Jetta—without any seeming effort she is one of the best bets in the seductive siren class. Very dark, favoring the dead-white make-up, with vivid red lips and well-defined brows, she dresses in a most individual style and wherever she goes is *un coup d'oeil*—meaning eye-full. "Open All Night," with Viola Dana and Adolphe Menjou, is her newest.

Rally-oh. A cutey-cute manner and a pair of big brown eyes work over-time for Madge Bellamy. She has just signed a new contract with Associated Arts Corporation. Mae Busch is an Australian earning her "Bread" with Metro-Goldwyn.

Comedy-Al. If laughter brings wrinkles, Buster Keaton should certainly have a skin you love to touch. They have two children, both boys, although every one insists that Natalie Talmadge Keaton should have a daughter to carry on the Talmadge traditions. Mary Carr is in "The Mine with the Iron Door."

Lister May. You can't corner me on "Cornered." Madge Kennedy played the heroine on the stage, but Marie Prevost does it in pictures. A double was obtained, so actually this is not a double-exposure film. Madge Kennedy's latest is "Three Miles Out," an Emerson-Loos story. "Classmates," the new Richard Barthelmess picture, was originally filmed in 1912. Written by William de Mille, m'dear. The hero in the first "Classmates" was Henry B. Walthall—remember him? And in the cast were such w.k.'s as Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, and Lionel Barrymore. Some cast. James Kirkwood directed. The Barthelmess cast has Madge Evans as leading lady. Little Madge of World days is now all grown-up 'n seventeen.

Lulu Texas. You're another of the fans who never misses an Elliott Dexter picture. Married twice: first time Marie Doro, second wife a Mrs. Untermeyer of New York. He holds the record of hav-

ing been paid the highest salary of any actor in pictures. He received \$750 for a Sunday morning's work, filming a prologue to Boccaccio's "Falcon."

Raymond—Seattle. Although eulogies are written around Lillian Gish, still she never seems to appeal to fans as do lesser stars. No accounting for tastes when First National reports that Strongheart receives four times as much fan-mail as the other stars. Lillian off screen is much prettier than on. That winsome ethereal personality, you know.

Tippity-witch. Robert Fraser has come into his own this year. I remember meeting Bob Fraser three years ago, filming "As A Man Lives" at the old Talmadge Studios on East 48th Street. He was a splendid actor, good-looking and brilliant, hoeing a hard row. Now Pola Negri considers him *the* leading man of the future, and Pola should know. He is married.

Renee. Glad you received a nice photograph of your favorite Pauline Garon. This little lady is a French-Canadian. Very vivacious, very dainty and quite a good little showwoman too.

Old-timer. You certainly are loyal, would that all fans were so. You will see two of the old-time favorites you mention in "Ben Hur,"—so look out for Claire McDowell and Francis X. Bushman. Beverly Bayne has just signed on the good old line with Warner Brothers. "The Marriage Vow" is a recent picture.

Peggy-Maine. Billie Burke seems to prefer the spoken to the silent stage. Reports have it that her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, will star her this season in "Annabelle." Red-gold hair, bobbed and wavy. An estate at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, a charming little daughter, and many social calls all make life a busy thing for Billie. "Miss Vanity" is the next Mary Philbin picture and you'll see handsome Norman Kerry and Rosemary Theby among those present.

J. A. Dunlap—Jacksonville, Fla. Otto Liveright, 2 W. 43rd Street, New York, and Elizabeth Onativia, 16 West 46th Street, New York, are two out of many authors' agents who will place stories. Norma Talmadge is considered the best-dressed actress on and off—and Conway Tearle is one of the best-turned-out men. His salary is said to be \$2500 per week. Figures are not forthcoming as to dress or household expenditure. You can't blame them if they don't want the world and his wife to know what beans cost them a can. Norma Talmadge spends \$50,000 a year on her

clothes for the screen. She has a special designer, and forty assistants. After each production the clothes are dyed or altered, or style changed slightly, and then used by the extras in future pictures. Very few are kept by Miss Talmadge for her personal use off the screen. Norma uses only powder and lip stick so her bill for cosmetics isn't high, but her grease paints and colored powders are all imported from Germany and these amount to many hundreds of dollars a year. Wigs, specially made shoes and authentic copies of jewels, run into another big item.

Rose Berghorn (N. Y.): Casting Directors are, like their cast, of a changing disposition. Famous Players-Lasky: Long Island City. Fox: 19th Ave. and 55th Street, N. Y. C. International Film Co., (Cosmopolitan) 2nd Ave. and 127th Street, N. Y. C. D. W. Griffith: Orienta Point, Mamaroneck. Distinctive: 807 E. 175th Street, N. Y. C. Vitagraph: E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn. No charge, thank you, Rose, only too pleased to help you.

Arabelle (Nebraska): You've been misinformed about Thomas Meighan being a careless dresser in private life. Quite recently I saw the good-looking Tommy, and he was just the snappiest thing you ever saw in a well-cut navy-blue suit, striped tie, and grey fedora. He plays in "Tongues of Flame" with Bessie Love. Bessie has come East especially for this picture. Understand Meighan's nephew Eddie Sunderland is to be behind the megaphone.

Marguerite Holland. There are always two sides to every story, and the other side is that Rudolph Valentino was in the midst of dressing when the well-known press-agent came to see him. As the press-agent was not alone, naturally Rudy referred him to Mrs. Valentino. In any case Mrs. Valentino is Rudolph's business manager and endeavors to take all unnecessary details off his shoulders. Ask the men around the studio about Rudy. From grip to production manager, they'll answer: "A regular guy!"

A. V. R., Illinois. To Lillian Gish goes credit for finding Ronald Colman. Miss Gish had him in "White Sister" and again in "Romola," soon to be released. Ronald now parks his car outside Samuel Goldwyn's studios, and expects to continue doing so for the next five years. Understand he is to do "The Worldings" with Alice Terry.

Ella Rainer (Maine.) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., vied with the Prince of Wales in popularity, this fall. Douglas, Jr., was a guest at the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn. The Prince came to the landing stage and passed away unnoticed, the fair young things all being so busy mobbing the handsome son of the Thief of Bagdad.

\$31,500 in prizes offered for new stories

MAGAZINE publishers and motion picture producers are to-day engaged in one of the greatest and most romantic quests in literary history. They are searching for new authors who can satisfy the age-old craving of the race to be told a story that is gripping and new. Fifteen thousand motion picture theatres in this country alone must be continually supplied with fresh stories. Thousands of publications read by millions of people of all types and classes must present new fiction every issue. To meet this demand, new writers must be found.

In their search for new authors, publishers and producers have inaugurated a number of notable story contests offering big cash awards. In fact, such contests are being launched continually in the search for new authors. They are more than contests. They are quests.

Unusual offer by Harper's

In the short story field, *Harper's Magazine* is offering \$10,000 in prizes in a series of four contests lasting throughout the current year. *The Forum* in another contest offers a prize of \$1000 for the best story of 3000 to 5000 words.

Other similar contests are numerous, the prizes amounting to large sums in the aggregate. Two standing offers are worthy of special mention: the Famous Players-Lasky annual prize of \$10,000 for the best photoplay, and the \$10,000 fund set aside by the publishers of Action Stories and Novelets for bare story plots. Doubleday, Page & Co. are offering \$500 in prizes for scenarios featuring O. Henry stories.

For more than six years the Palmer Institute of Authorship has been co-operating with magazine editors and motion picture producers in the search for and the development of new writers. Some of the best known authors, dramatists and motion picture producers have given the movement their enthusiastic support. Results have exceeded all expectations.

\$10,000 for one story

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the \$10,000 prize offered by the *Chicago Daily News* in the scenario contest conducted in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of \$1000, and seven \$500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

In another contest, A. Earle Kauffman won a \$1500 prize with a scenario headed "The Leopard Lily." Another student, Miss Euphrasie Molle, sold her first story, "The Violets of Yesteryear," to Hobart Bosworth. Louis Victor Eytinge wrote "The Man Under Cover" while in prison, and we sold it for him to the Universal Pictures Corporation.

"Judgment of the Storm" was written by a Pittsburgh housewife and "The White Sin" by a salesman—both Palmer students. These two pictures were purchased and produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received \$1000 in advance of the production of the pictures and will share in the profits on a royalty basis.

Other Palmer students have met with similar success. James Leo Meehan, who is now Gene Stratton Porter's director, sold two stories the first year. Elizabeth Thacher sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince. Mrs. Frances White Elijah won a \$2500 prize for her story, "The One Man Woman," and we sold her earlier screen story "Wagered Love," to D. W. Griffith. Our Story Sales Department has sold two stories for Winsor Josselyn so far this year.

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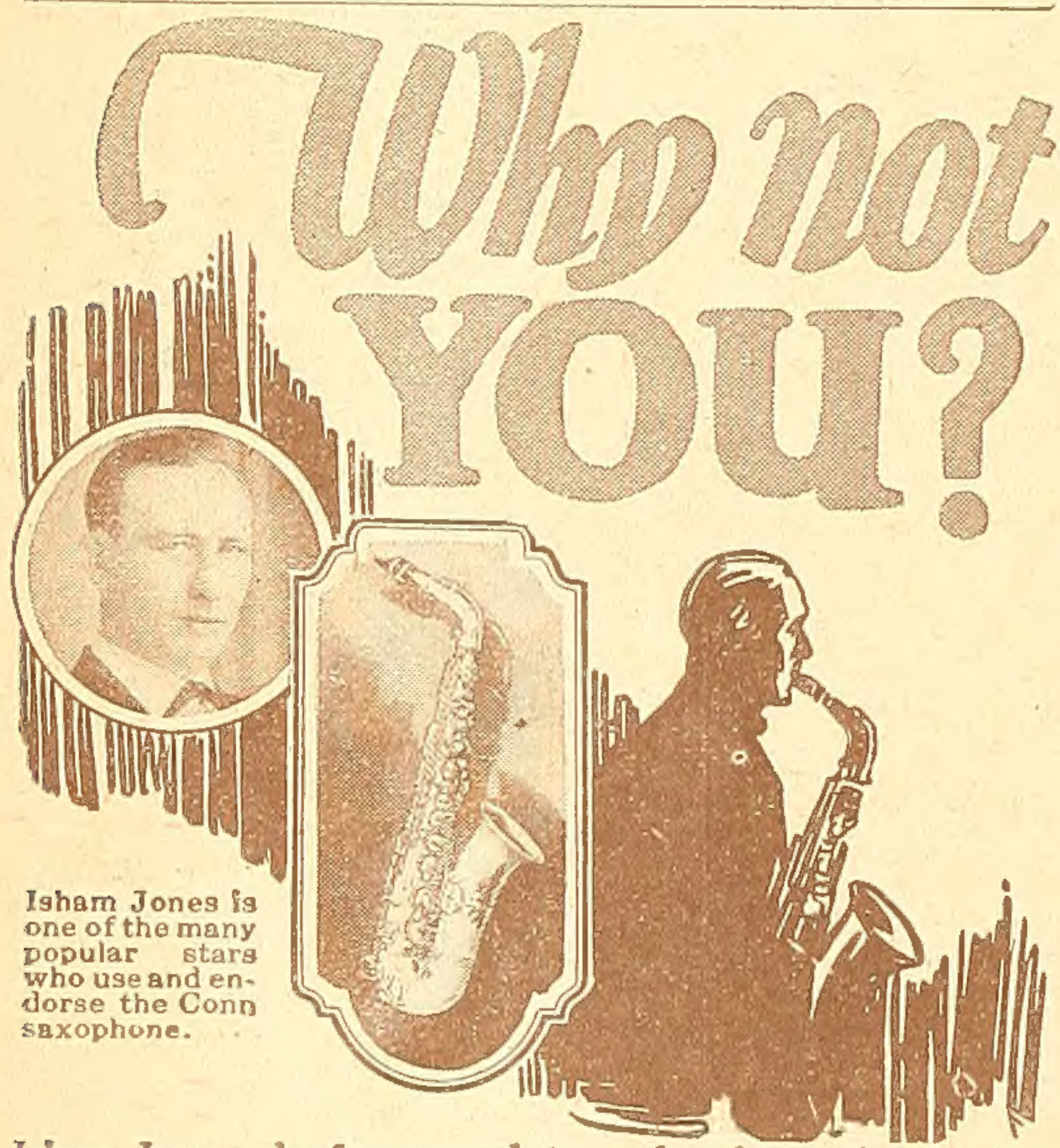


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WHAT HAPPENED in the MOVIES Ten Years Ago

Resurrected By Gayne Dexter

MARY PICKFORD made a personal appearance at the Stanley Theatre, Philadelphia, where her picture *Behind the Scenes* was playing, and a newspaper reported: "Although Miss Pickford has just signed a contract for \$1,000 a week, she was so simply dressed that a stenographer remarked, 'She makes more in a week than I do in a year. But just look! I'm more dressed up than she is. Can you beat it?'"

(H-m-m-m! I wonder how far clothes carried that stenographer, though.)

Little Lord Fauntleroy was produced with an unknown child-player in the title role.

(Always thought Rabelais wrote that as an original for Mary. Don't history learn ya lots?)

Paul Panzer, prime prevailing villain, secured exemption from war-service with the German army.

"Oh well, *The Perils of Pauline* were perils enough for any man."

William S. Hart scored a smashing hit in *The Bargain*.

(Remembering which, I forgive him "Singer Jim McKee.")

Maryland Motion Picture Exhibitors League banned a South Baltimore theatre for charging two cents admission; while in Milwaukee, Tom Saxe, manager of the Saxe Amusements, predicted that some day we'd pay two dollars a seat.

(We do—but some of the movies make me think that that two-cent showman had the right idea.)

Two stars transferred from stage to screen: Marie Doro to make *The Morals of Marcus*; Olga Petrova to play *The Tigress*.

(Today: Back Home—but far from Broke!)

Advs—Animated Songs. Nothing mechanical. No phonograph records. Motion pictures that follow the rhythm of the films.

("In—the—shay—dov—the—ole—dap—pul—tree.")

Charles Chaplin, Marie Dressler and Mabel Normand in the world's greatest comedy, six bursting reels, *Tillie's Punctured Romance!!!!*

(Born: New York, a few months later,

to Mr. and Mrs. John Coogan—a son.)

Lionel Barrymore starred in *The Span of Life*, while John Barrymore did likewise in *The Man From Mexico*.

(Barrymores? Barrymores? Never heard of them.)

Thomas H. Ince finished his contract with Miller Brothers, purveyors of horse-flesh and humanity from the great open spaces for movie-westerns, and bought fifty cow-boys, twenty-four Indians and one hundred and fifty broncs of his own.

(Was Tom Mix the sheriff who kept that outfit in order?)

Mrs. Thos. Whiffen, "the grand old lady of the dramatic stage," starred in *Hearts and Flowers*.

(Which settles the first-famous-mother argument.)

John Bunny and Flora Finch presented *Bunny's Little Brother*; Lillian and Dorothy Gish were sistering in *The Sisters*; Famous Players purchased the screen rights of *The Old Homestead*—no, not for Theodore Roberts, whose cigar waved proudly in *The Circus Man* just then. America labored through *The Million Dollar Mystery*—or was it *Mysery*? World Films engaged Lillian Russell for *Wildfire*; Carlyle Blackwell starred in *The Man Who Couldn't Lose*—oh! couldn't he; Sid Chaplin reported to Mack Sennett's Keystone studio for his first screen work; Frank Lloyd, of *Sea Hawk* fame, was made a director by Universal, while Marshall Neilan became director-manager of Kalem's Hollywood studio; *The Eternal City* was announced for Pauline Frederick; *Cabiria* entered the sixth month of its Broadway season; George Beban, having been injured in an automobile accident, was insured by Thomas H. Ince for \$25,000—and you can't kill an extra for that today; D. W. Griffith refused to divulge the title of his new three-reeler with Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron and Miriam Cooper—yea, the same yesterday, today and forever; Wallace Reid co-starred with Blanche Sweet in *Another Chance* and Famous Players was all excited over hiring twelve hundred extras for one production—merely twelve hundred. I guess that far back press-agents hadn't learned to count.

D. W. Griffith completed *The Birth of a Nation*.

(But "The Birth of a Nation" isn't done yet!)

Charlie Chaplin signed his first starring contract—with Essanay.

(And Ben Turpin cashed in on his East-West eyes.)

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne reached New York to make George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark."

(The girls who rushed to see Francis X. must feel pretty old to hear his son, Ralph Bushman, is contemplating matrimony now.)

The Thanouser Company insured Marguerite Snow's life for \$150,000.

(But Thanouser died first.)

William Farnum starred in "The Sign of the Cross" for Paramount, which introduced the first, but not the last, bacchanalian revels of Ancient Rome.

(Oh yes, Cecil De Mille was on the lot in those days, too.)

Theda Bara debuted in "A Fool There Was," and one reviewer stated ". . . The story ends with the man dead on the floor while the vampire kneels by him gloating and smiling. Aside from the fact that it will do the very young little good, and perhaps harm, to witness the film, it is exceedingly excellent."

(Don't you love those happy endings?)

Lasky signed Blanche Sweet as a star to do "The Warrens of Virginia" . . . Beatrix Mischelena produced "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." . . . Dorothy Gish, after being run down by an automobile, was pronounced out of danger. . . . "Should a Woman Divorce?" put problem-plays on the map, and by the way, what's become of problem plays? . . . Famous Players purchased "Bella Donna" for Pauline Frederick and two \$4,000,000 corporations were formed—proving that the infant industry was learning more than its A. B. C.

(End of December 1914. The management craves your indulgence for another month while the operator changes the reels.)

There will be a special feature in SCREENLAND for December consisting of Christmas Greeting cards from the stars of the motion picture world to their friends, the fans.

There is no star whose heart does not turn to his appreciative movie patrons with gratitude at all seasons of the year and at this Christmas time, they have taken advantage of the columns of SCREENLAND to express their very sincere feelings.

\$10.00

for a LETTER

SCREENLAND believes in the movies and the influence on American life which is exerted by the screen. It is a good influence. It is an influence which encourages men to work and discourages villainy.

It may be there are still villains in the world whose lives do not run parallel to the courses of the screen villains, but have a care—we will get you yet!

Are you influenced by the movies?

Do you reach over and pat the old wife's hand when you see an incident on the screen which touches your own life?

Or, if you are of the flapper age, do you relax the vigilance for a second to his advantage?

SCREENLAND

offers \$10.00 for the best letter on the following theme: "How I was influenced by the screen."

The prize for last month's letter was awarded to Walter C. Sweeten, 109 South Sixth Street, Reading, Pa.

Editor Screenland:

Every American should see this stupendous and wonderful production, "The Covered Wagon." It makes one think more of this great and glorious country of ours, and of those pioneers who endured so much hardship and suffering to build it up; and it makes one more proud to be a descendant of such remarkable and sturdy types of American manhood and womanhood.

Practically all of the passions are depicted. And the picture abounds with comedy and dramatic situations. Greater than all of these is the massiveness of the production itself—the number of people therein, the vast amount of effects, horses, cattle, buffalo, etc. But even greater is the historic value of the picture which will do more to educate the school-going population than weeks of study with books.

(Signed) WALTER C. SWEETEN.

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SCREENLAND

COMEDIANS NUMBER



Ben Lyon

Ben Lyon served his apprenticeship in many pictures: *Flaming Youth*, *Painted People* and so on. It is no inexperienced claimant to the throne who stands before you demanding his due. His latest picture, "*Lily of the Dust*," is an achievement. SCREENLAND salutes you, Ben Lyon! There is none better on the screen.

Photograph by George P. Hommel.

The Latest News of The Movie World

It has happened again! As we go to press the whole movie world is adjusting itself to the new arrivals in the Movie Hall of Fame. How inspiring these successes are! When it seems that the set is complete with all the heroes, heroines, precocious children and bathing beauties required, some one comes along and waltzes right in, a new laurel wreath is won, and a new bank account begun.

Even now there is yet another for whom the doors are swinging open. This fact, so conspicuous in the movie world, is none the less true in every one of the many worlds of human endeavor.



Q Betty and her family. Betty has shown each one of them that they are made of the stuff of which greatness is fashioned.

Good Luck, Betty

Q Who should play Peter Pan? SCREENLAND has printed paragraphs without number in recent issues over this perplexing problem. And after it was all settled and Betty Bronson was selected, we were filled again with enthusiasm for the wonderful opportunities offered by the movies. It is the favorite art of the Gods. Fortune smiles upon it. The players are loved by the earth's millions, and even staid magazine editors become enthusiastic when youth and beauty win into their own.



Q Mrs. N. R. Bronson, mother of Betty, who is very enthusiastic about Sir James Barrie's judgment.



Q Betty Bronson and (on the train) her director, Herbert Brenon, and also Mr. Willis Goldbeck. "This train leaves for Fame and Fortune," says her director. "I know," says Betty, "For I believe in fairies."

Shot at Sunrise, *and at breakfast time, and photographed for lunch.*



Q And they called it "The Garden of Weeds!" On the lawn of the Cruze estate. Left to right: first, King Zany; fourth and fifth, William Austin and Charles Ogle; eighth, Rockliffe Fellowes; extreme right, Lilyan Tashman.



Q Shooting scenes for Hugo Ballin's production, "The Prairie Wife," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Herbert Rawlinson, Frances Primm and Dorothy Devore are in the background.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Claire Windsor

Note the gentle beauty of the lips, the pleading expression that makes an irresistible appeal



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Anna Q. Nilsson

Do you know R.S.V.P. eyes when you see them? The fans have accepted.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Dorothy Mackaill

If the perfect oval of her face were not in itself sufficient, Dorothy has a wistful charm which sets a standard of loveliness.

A Come-Back

By Myron Zobel

TWO motion pictures came quietly into town and without fanfare of trumpets took their places in two theaters whose clientele are about as hard to please as any motion picture audiences in the world.

Captain Blood took the screen at the legitimate theater, the Astor, which *The Sea Hawk* had just vacated. The wise boys in the picture world would have said that that meant suicide—following one Sabatini blood-and-thunder picture with another.

The Clean Heart followed such plays as *Manhandled* and *The Covered Wagon*. It brought no sensational star; it bore the name of a director who has been looked on rather tolerantly as a has-been.

Both pictures bore the Vitagraph stamp. That in itself would have damned them for Broadway if—

But the *if* was there—a glorious, sure-fire *if*, which has set all Broadway talking. Vitagraph has come back. For twenty-seven years pictures have borne the Vitagraph imprint. When pictures were still a novelty and a nickel, Vitagraph meant quality. In later years, it meant clean, stalwart pictures, the best of their kind. Then, somehow, Vitagraph's life blood trickled away. No one knew just why. Its stars left it. Alice Joyce held on until she almost died in harness; Corinne Griffith fought bravely to hold up the honorable old banner. Vitagraph seemed to be breathing its last. Not that there weren't some good Vitagraph pictures; but they were not the stuff to fill the best houses on Broadway, New York, or Broadway in Seattle, Los Angeles or Chicago.

Then quietly, almost stealthily, *Captain Blood* took possession of the Astor screen and aroused the enthusiasm of the New York critics. It has been voted one of the finest costume dramas of picture history.

Even more quietly, unostentatiously, came *The Clean Heart*, a picture so finely directed, so clean, so splendid, so high-hearted, so entertaining, so faithful to the excellent novel from which it was taken, that critics found themselves unable to find a flaw in it. Hence we have the unusual denouement of two Vitagraph pictures winning the most extravagant praise of the month—a month which brings Cecil De Mille's *Feet of Clay* and James Cruze's *Merton of the Movies*.

In casting *Captain Blood*, Vitagraph did not go afield for new talent. Albert E. Smith, head of Vitagraph, chose his brother, David Smith, to direct. He starred J. Warren Kerrigan, an old-time Vitagraph star, who has been doing some come-back stunts on his own lately; and as leading lady he chose his pretty, demure wife, Jean Paige, also a former Vitagraph star. It is Vitagraph through and through—and it's great! *Captain Blood* may well mean "new blood" for Vitagraph.

The director of *The Clean Heart* is J. Stuart Blackton, one of the founders of the Vitagraph company. And starring is Percy Marmont, famous long ago as leading man for the Vitagraph star, Alice Joyce.

We can't help feeling mighty glad about it all—and a little sentimental.



Q Years ago, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd made short comedies. They were only on the bottom step then but they kept climbing.

WAY

Q What Harold Lloyd thinks is fun is a revelation of the real Harold that is inside the comedy player. He is different from all other comedians. There is about him a lovable quality that makes your heart laugh too.

By Delight Evans

IT WAS a winter's day, and we two were battling the elements. We strove in the face of the biting wind to surmount a particularly scarifying snow-drift. We did a flying leap across ice and landed—in the middle of the snowdrift.

It was in Times Square, New York.

Now, of all places I would ordinarily pick to fall into a pile of very wet and cold snow, Times Square is probably the last. But, as it happens, I was all too happy to be in intimate contact



Q In "Grandma's Boy" Harold Lloyd gave Dick Sutherland a chance and then helped him as well.

Harold Lloyd PLAYS

Q Can you imagine any one as rich as Croesus, and as famous as T. R., being as modest as a violet? That's Harold Lloyd.



Q "Girl Shy" needed a character actor and Harold had fun making a successful screen player out of Richard Daniels, father of Micky Daniels.

with that snowdrift at Forty-second Street and Broadway. I was glad, nay, proud to be there. I lifted my head from its pillow of snow and surveyed the scene with a complacent smile. For my companion was Harold Lloyd.

He, too, rose from his icy bed. He looked at me and grinned. "Too bad," he said, "that there wasn't a camera to catch this."

That was precisely what I had been thinking. That was why I had glanced about gaily. I wanted to be seen.

But of all the spectators not one stopped to contemplate us with the awe and interest which our position, and particularly Mr. Harold Lloyd's position, merited, even demanded. Because—and it took a long, long time for the thought to thaw—they didn't know who he was, and they didn't care.

Just a nice looking boy in a fuzzy brown over-coat and a derby and black patent-leather shoes. A boy with a friendly grin assisting a girl from a snow-drift.

Unlike his companion-in-icicles, Harold was delighted to have escaped detection. He told me it was very seldom that he was recognized; and that fact afforded him a great deal of satisfaction.

The other day Harold came to New York again. And the Harold of today is just about ten times as popular, rich, famous, successful, and acclaimed as the Harold of two years ago. Harold has had his own company and

produced feature-length comedies with real success. He has married, built his bride a costly California dove-cote, and received congratulations on the latest addition to the immediate family. Harold is today a great man.

It was in a hotel dining room. I was facing a friend of Harold's. "Tell me," I

began, "has he changed much?"

The friend smiled in the general direction of the doorway. I looked. At a nice looking boy with a shy smile hurrying into the room. A waiter elbowed him unceremoniously; a hungry group pushed him aside. He came forward unconcernedly. "Well, hello," he said. And I knew, somehow, that he hadn't changed at all.

"I suppose you're having a real vacation?" I asked.

"Yes—but I'll be darned glad to get home again. My mother is here with me, you know, and we are seeing all the shows. My staff is here, too, and we're packing in all the impressions we can get. I'll be glad to get back to work."

The same white shirt and the same plain black scarf. Luncheon at the Ritz, perhaps, but all the time watching the people and pasting them in the Lloyd album. His world changes, but he doesn't. Golf—other celebrities—banquets—but they're not his idea of fun, really. What is? Well—

OUT there in his studio they call him "Speedy." Just about everybody, from his directors to the prop boys. And everybody swears by him.

When a star is popular around his own lot there's a good reason for it. And every one of the glad good-morning faces which greet Harold Lloyd when he reports at his cellu-

loid factory is an honest-to-goodness smile. They all like him. He's not a little tin god to them. And he shows as much speed for them as for himself.

With a few exceptions his company has remained intact longer than any film staff on record. It's been a great training school, and it's turned out some promising pupils. Turned them out, sometimes, only because they had better offers at bigger salaries.

There was Bebe Daniels, now engaged in heavy dramatics at many times the old money. But Bebe won her first attention as "The Girl" in the old "Lonesome Luke" one-reelers. Bebe left to appear in full-length pictures long before it occurred to the public to demand Harold Lloyd in six reels and shell-rimmed specs.

It was up to Harold to discover a new leading lady. Mildred Davis was her name. You all know the rest of that plot. And now along comes the latest lady to share Harold's close-ups. She was in one-reel comedies when

Q But, after all, it's a heavy responsibility. Harold finds Jobyna Ralston on his hands in "Hot Water."

Q Anna Townsend as "Grandma" with her "Boy" now has more friends than there are dollars in the mint and she thanks Harold.



but further work has justified the star's judgment splendidly.

But he's right about other people, not only leading ladies. He picked two men to work together in the direction of his comedies. It's the only case I've ever heard of—that worked—of two men harmonizing for four years in a directorial capacity. Fred Neumeyer has been with Lloyd longest, I believe. Harold's mother and Fred's mother were girlhood friends back in Central City, Colorado. Fred became a baseball player with the Philadelphia Athletics. Harold became an actor. They kept in touch. Today Fred supervises the action, helps along the laughs, suggests "business."



Harold saw her. Nobody had prophesied that the little Ralston would knock them cold or anything like that. And Harold himself wasn't sure of it at first. But after looking at an awful lot of girls he decided that Jobyna had something just a little different from the rest. He had thought that about Mildred, and he was right. And events have proved that he's right again. Jobyna's first pictures practically settled it;

Q John Aasen, the giant in "Why Worry," Harold Lloyd made so famous that he has earned a gigantic salary ever since.



Q Gee, it's great when she loves you and your heart is light as air—

When Harold Lloyd decided to branch out and produce for himself, many heads were shaken and dour looks exchanged by those professedly "in the know." "An actor can't be a business man, too," was the general judgment of the wise ones. "Watch him flop. Lookit what happened to Charlie Ray!" Harold kept his counsel—he also hired his uncle, William R. Fraser, formerly in the U. S. forestry service, to be his general manager. More heads were shaken. As a result, the Lloyd comedies and company have made more money than they ever did.

And consider the others. There is Dick Sutherland, a comparatively unknown gentleman whose face is his fortune—but Dick didn't know it until Harold Lloyd pointed out the fact and engaged him to be the bully in "Grandma's Boy." Now you'll see the somewhat horrifying Sutherland countenance portraying a tough here, a thug there, in a million movies. Thank Harold for that. And recall the delightful old uncle of "Girl Shy," another Lloyd discovery. Richard Daniels happens to be the father of Micky Daniels—the freckled-faced kid who, incidentally, Harold also helped into fame. The newest Lloyd festival employs Josephine Crowell as a man-eating mother-in-law. "Hot Water" happens to be one of those domestic affairs. Lloyd remembered Miss Crowell as the magnificent Catherine de Medici of Griffith's "Intolerance," and he sent for her. Also in "Hot Water" is a youngster named Micky McBan who, Harold thinks, is going to be worth his weight in gold to his parents before very long.

But helping other people is only one of the things Lloyd enjoys. Harold loves to go to the circus. He is always there when they're putting up the tents. He never misses a circus show. So when he wanted a giant for "Why Worry?" he knew just where to send for the best-known circus giant. But just as he was about to leave for California, the giant died. Lloyd scoured the country for a giant. Then, from Minot, North Dakota, came word of an exceedingly tall gent, John Aasen. Lloyd trained him for "Why Worry?" Mr. Aasen, you see, was not an actor by profession; he had to be taught. And it is, perhaps, not easy to instruct eight inexperienced feet of manhood in the dramatic art. It was done, in time, and with patience, for Lloyd is an enthusiastic teacher.

Q Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd
and Mildred Gloria Lloyd.
Harold was "Girl Shy" once
but he isn't any more.

And there are such gentlemen as Ted Wilde and Tim Whelan, who spend all their waking moments thinking up new ways for Harold to be funny. Tim's wife is Judy King, who was the cunning flapper in the imaginative episodes of "Girl Shy." Thomas Grey is another humorist who has been on the Lloyd staff. Harold's "gag men" and his film editor, Allen McNeil, accompanied him on this latest trip to New York in search of new material. They're always after it.

But in case all this hasn't meant a thing to you, by way of making you believe that "Speedy" is a pretty good fellow, I'll let you in on something else.

Four years ago Harold was no keener about personal publicity than he is today. It's one of the world's worst jobs to get him to pose for any kind of a still picture. But four years ago they told him it just had to be done. The publicity department had to have pictures for the papers. Harold consented. He appeared punctually at the photographic studio on a Sunday. They decided that he should make some funny stuff lighting a cigarette from a property bomb. He laughed, lighted the bomb, and prepared to "hold it." And that was when the

world came dangerously near losing a darn good comedian.

The bomb wasn't a property bomb; it was a real one. A careless employee at the studio had stuck it in among the property bombs, and they all looked alike. Harold was in the hospital for days; his sight was almost despaired of. His suffering was dreadful. For four days a doctor picked powder out of his eyes. He recovered. And then

they came to him. "What shall we do about it, Harold?" they asked him. "It was criminal carelessness. You might have been killed, or blinded."

Harold thought a minute. "Oh, let it go. I'm sure it won't happen again. Besides, I'm all right now."

The employee kept his job.

That's Harold Lloyd's idea of fun.



Q Harold grabs the
flyer as he waves
farewell. But de-
spondency over-
takes him.



Up from COMEDY

By Grace Kingsley

Q The jester in the olden days was the smartest of all the subjects of the king, and to-day the girls who made good on the comedy lots rule the kingdom of the screen.

IF YOU are a girl, you probably look at the comedy girls on the screen and sigh with envy. But if you are thinking of going into the film comedies, you'd better stop, look and listen—and then go in for something easy, like working in a laundry!

A few of the girls, by reason of superior brains, beauty, personality and opportunity, have risen. Nine-tenths remain submerged.

A comedy girl gets little pay—and must be on the job twenty-four hours a day if needed.

She must be able to do wild stunts—drive a runaway automobile, swim like a professional, climb the side of a building, kid a lion in his cage, or fall off a cliff.

Sick or well, a comedy girl must be on hand for whatever is required of her. You hear about the few who have risen. You don't hear of the scores who lead a hand-to-mouth existence, doing bathing girl stunts when required, filling in as extras, dropping out to obtain steady work, or—worst of all—are injured.

Bebe Daniels took to wild riding naturally, and when her mother upbraided her she only grinned mischievously.

Bebe and her mother used to live in a cottage near the Sennett studio. Mrs. Daniels had given up her career as a Shakespearean actress and had accepted a secretarial position in Carlyle Blackwell's studio, in order to put Bebe in school.

Bebe was fourteen the day she dressed her prettiest, practiced an alluring smile before the mirror—"I tried to look like Clara Kimball Young," she explained—and walked into Hal Roach's office. She got a job. Just a little extra work, for a few days. Then she was put to playing bits



Q Bebe Daniels in her latest play, "Dangerous Money." Yes, Bebe knows how to fight. That's why she is now a star.

and small parts, and soon was Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

There were debts to be paid, and Bebe paid them. They still lived in the cottage.

"But mother didn't have to work any more," explained Bebe. "Then one day I suddenly realized that if I liked I could have my heart's desire—a car and a fur coat!" said Bebe.

She worked hard to earn her promotion. She was always studying the players around her, or talking to Lloyd about acting, or getting the directors to tell her their ideas. She was not only willing but anxious to go through a scene any number of times until it was perfect, and no matter how difficult or dangerous a stunt was, she never refused to do it.

And she did many difficult and dangerous stunts. She stood on the edge of high buildings, as in "High and Dizzy," she swam and battled and drove runaway automobiles.

MAE BUSCH was in her dressing room at the Orpheum theater in Los Angeles. She was in vaudeville, in a tabloid musical comedy, and was one of the loveliest girls I had ever seen. She said she was going to stop off and go into pictures in Hollywood. She was all pep and sparkle.

Months later I met her in front of the Sennett Studio. She looked pale and ill, and said she had been in the hospital for two months. She lived in one room and wore shabby clothes, but she still had the old spirit. She wasn't to be beaten. She was doing some doubling at the Sennett studio, as she was an athlete. She hoped to get into comedies, but things seemed rather slow and she wondered if she hadn't better get back to Australia, her native land.

She was radiant next time I saw her. She was working in the Sennett comedies. Mabel Normand had helped her. She was getting \$40 a week, and had moved to a sweet little bungalow.

I went to the Sennett Studio one day. Mae was ill again.

Unhappy, far from well, Mae began the dreary round of the studios.

She met Eric von Stroheim one day at Universal City. She had known him in the days before Carl Laemmle recognized in him a great director.

"We talked together a lot one day when we were both playing small parts," said Mae. "I never saw him again until that day at Universal City. He recognized me at once. He was to make a picture called 'The Devil's Pass Key,' and thought that I would do for one of the principal parts.

"My money was low. In fact, it was so low that I hadn't any. And my marriage had gone on the rocks."

In short, there were times when, Mae said, if the Los Angeles River had been deep enough, she would almost have made a date with it. But not quite. She still had that brave spark of courage which enabled her to laugh when others wept. She wanted to send money to relatives in Australia, and here she couldn't even support herself!

So Eric von Stroheim was a god-send. She took a screen test, completely delighted the director, and played the role which set her on her way to fortune.

Miss Busch played in "Foolish Wives," and well-nigh stole the picture. Then she did some other dramatic parts, and as Glory Quayle in "The Christian," she again made a hit.

FIVE pretty girls stood in a row, ready to flop into the water, out at the Sennett Studio one day. Gloria Swanson was one of them.

She lived in a tiny apartment, and did some of her own sewing and cooking and mending. But she was destined to rise. She had brains and personality.

Next time I caught sight of Gloria she was already on her way. Men were always quite wild about her. Women perhaps didn't like her quite so well. She was working at the Triangle Studios. Next time I saw her she was waiting to see Cecil de Mille. You know the rest.

I FIRST met Betty Compson at a party, when she was leading lady in the Christie comedies. She wore a simple, pretty, inexpensive little white dress such as any middle class high school girl might have worn. She had no car. At that time she lived in a tiny bungalow with her mother. She was almost too tired to come to the party, because she had been doing horseback riding stunts all day; when she got home she found her mother sewing on her dress, so she had to help a little with the house work.

Betty struggled with the rent and the grocery bills. Her mother made over her dresses, and many a time she stayed away from parties because she hadn't the right clothes to wear. Sometimes there were amusing little make-shifts, as when she borrowed another girl's party dress, but had to be at home by 11 o'clock, because the owner wanted to go to a picture preview and supper, held at 12 o'clock at night. One week she and her mother went without dainties for seven days so that Betty could buy a new pair of slippers.

Betty finally left the comedies to do a dramatic part with William Desmond in a Jesse D. Hampton picture.

"I had been horseback riding all day in the hot sun, feeling all fed up on pictures and thinking I'd better go back to my violin, and was ready to go to bed, when I heard the telephone ring. George Loane Tucker

Q Mac Busch was a double for dangerous stunts once. Now she's landed safely.





Q *Gloria Swanson went into the water once as a bathing girl and she swam into our ken—as they say about stars.*



Q *Betty Compson used to swim about with Christie Comedies. Now she has a "Cruze" of her own.*



Q *Dorothy Devore used to risk her neck in comedies so now she can hang pearls on it.*

was calling. 'I saw your pictures today at an agency, and want you for a picture. Come down to the Athletic Club and dine with me tonight.' I tried to get out of it—didn't care a hang what kind of part it was, I was so tired—but I finally consented. It was that wonderful part in 'The Miracle Man'!"

The other day I lunched with Betty. We stepped into her Rolls Royce at the Lasky studio, and were driven by her Japanese chauffeur to a great, beautiful house, with its lovely gardens, on Hollywood Boulevard far out where the clangor of street cars does not disturb one. A large brick house stands amidst its grounds next door. That belongs to Betty, too. Betty is to be married soon to James Cruze.

"I vowed once, when I saw mother working for me, that I would never marry until I could give her her own home and income. I've kept my word," said Betty.

MARIE PREVOST sparkled formerly in Sennett comedies. She did dangerous stunts in those days, including wire walking and high diving.

"It is really a lot of fun," she always said.

She just wouldn't be sorry for herself. She lived with her family, had little money, and she and her sister, Peggy, made her clothes. But it was all just fun.

But she got her chance with Universal.

It was discovered then that Marie could emote, and emote she did. That brought another wonderful contract, this time with Warner Brothers.

"This emotional work is heaps harder," said Marie the other day, "than merely riding wild automobiles and jumping off things! But it is wonderful work, too, and it is nice to have the money!"

A DRAB, pathetic little figure, for all the light of humor in her big eyes, was Dorothy Devore, the day I met her at the Christie studio. She had taken rather a bad fall, the day before, making scenes in "Hold Your Breath," and today she was scheduled to do a wild motor-cycle ride.

"Why," I asked, "don't you have a double?"

"Well, it's like this," explained Dorothy. "I'm so tiny that only a little boy can double for me, and I don't like to think of a child's being hurt. So I mostly take all the chances myself. One little boy was rather badly hurt doubling for me, and I can't bear to think of a youngster like that taking chances that I myself won't take. But I'm losing my nerve. I've got to quit comedies."

So she refused to sign up again for comedies with Christie.

Dorothy's salary hadn't been very large, and she hadn't saved much. She went on the stage in a musical comedy which was a fliv, and then she did nothing for several weeks. But always she had faith in herself as a dramatic actress.

One day she met a director from the Goldwyn company. He seemed to have faith in her. He asked her if she thought she could play a certain part in a picture he was to make.

"I don't know," she said, but added eagerly, "Oh, let me try!"

Q *Louise Fazenda, still in the comedies of which she rules as queen. Why abdicate a perfectly good throne?*





Q In the Sennett days Marie Prevost did every job given her in perfect shape—so now in "The Lover of Camille," she is the lady of the camellias.

He gave her a chance, and I met that director the first day she worked for him.

"I believe she's doing awfully well," he said. "I think I have a find. But I want to see the rushes."

I asked if I might sit in on the rushes. We were all a little breathless, I guess. Dorothy made her entrance in the film—and what work she did!

"I can do it," she said simply. "I can make 'em cry, too!"

Now the Warner Brothers have signed Dorothy on a long-term contract.



Q Marie Prevost showing the underpinning on which she built her success.



Q Phyllis Haver whose eyes, the most beautiful gray eyes on the screen, will next be seen in "The Snob."

Louise Fazenda makes a very big salary now, but she has as yet to attain to the great heights which her abilities should command. And she is no longer the awkward high school girl, who traded on her awkwardness in pictures. She is a very good looking, and most interesting and fascinating young lady. Some day when the picture stories match up with her brains, she is going to be a dramatic sensation in the films. Or else she will find her niche on the stage.

Until recently, Louise lived with her parents in an unpretentious little frame house in Los Angeles. I believe she has recently purchased a new home, however.

Phyllis Haver is the enigma of enigmas. She did such marvelous work in "The Christian" that we thought she would go right on up in dramatic roles. What has side-tracked her nobody knows. It certainly isn't lack of talent, nor lack of beauty.

But I think she will see her name in electrics yet,—a tribute to real earnestness, ambition and ability of another apparently frivolous comedy girl.

Charlie Chaplin's New Picture

By Jim Tully

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S next picture will be a story of laughter and tears and of hope deferred. It will be blended with the naive avarice of a lonely stranger in search of gold in the biting blizzards of the north. It will be Chaplin at the topmost peak of his dazzling career. His work in this picture will place him secure as the greatest pantomimist of all recorded time. It is the story of the Alaskan gold rush interwoven with all the jabbings of fate that can well come to one who is typical of the entire human race—in almost reaching the goal—and watching its shadow disappear—with the pained expression that only a Chaplin can wear. It will be crowned with the majesty of enterprise—and the futility of it.

The famous "Chilkoot Pass," the gateway to the Alaska gold fields of 1898, has been duplicated by Chaplin. An exact replica of the original pass has been built on a mountainside. The rugged camps of the pioneers are pictured, cluttering at the base of frozen cliffs. To make the pass a pathway thousands of feet long was cut through the snows of the far northern boundaries. It wound through a narrow defile to the top of the mountain, and it was only made possible because of the drifts of eternal snow against the mountainside.

Q Charlie Chaplin
as a Sourdough.



Q Charlie Chaplin's next picture depicts the Gold Rush of the Yukon. Thousands of men were recruited when the rush was staged and, though they were hobos and tramps, they all knew and loved Charlie.



*Q Charlie Chaplin finds
in the Alaskan gold
rush his greatest oppor-
tunity for comedy.*

of them all. It would be the red-letter day in their lives—the day they went over Chilkoot Pass with Charlie Chaplin.

A more rugged and picturesque gathering of men could hardly be imagined. They arrived at the improvised scene of Chilkoot Pass in a special train—and what is more—a special train of dining cars went ahead of them. It was thought best to keep the diners in full view of the derelicts.

To have seen them going through the “scene” was a study in the fine qualities of human nature—that responded to Chaplin as if by magic. These wasted men trudged through the heavy snows of the narrow pass just as if gold were actually to be their reward—and not just a day’s pay in what is beyond doubt the world’s greatest comedy.

The comedian himself played the role of Director-General. He was here, there, and everywhere, giving instructions, leading the men, and on occasion mixing with them throughout the day. It was possibly the most successfully handled mob scene ever

The exact location of the feat was accomplished in a narrow basin formation. A trail, nine miles long, was blazed through the immense fir forest, and all the paraphernalia was hauled from the nearest railroad station.

The filming of the hundreds of men going through Chilkoot Pass is equal, if not superior, to any ‘mob scene’ ever pictured on the screen.

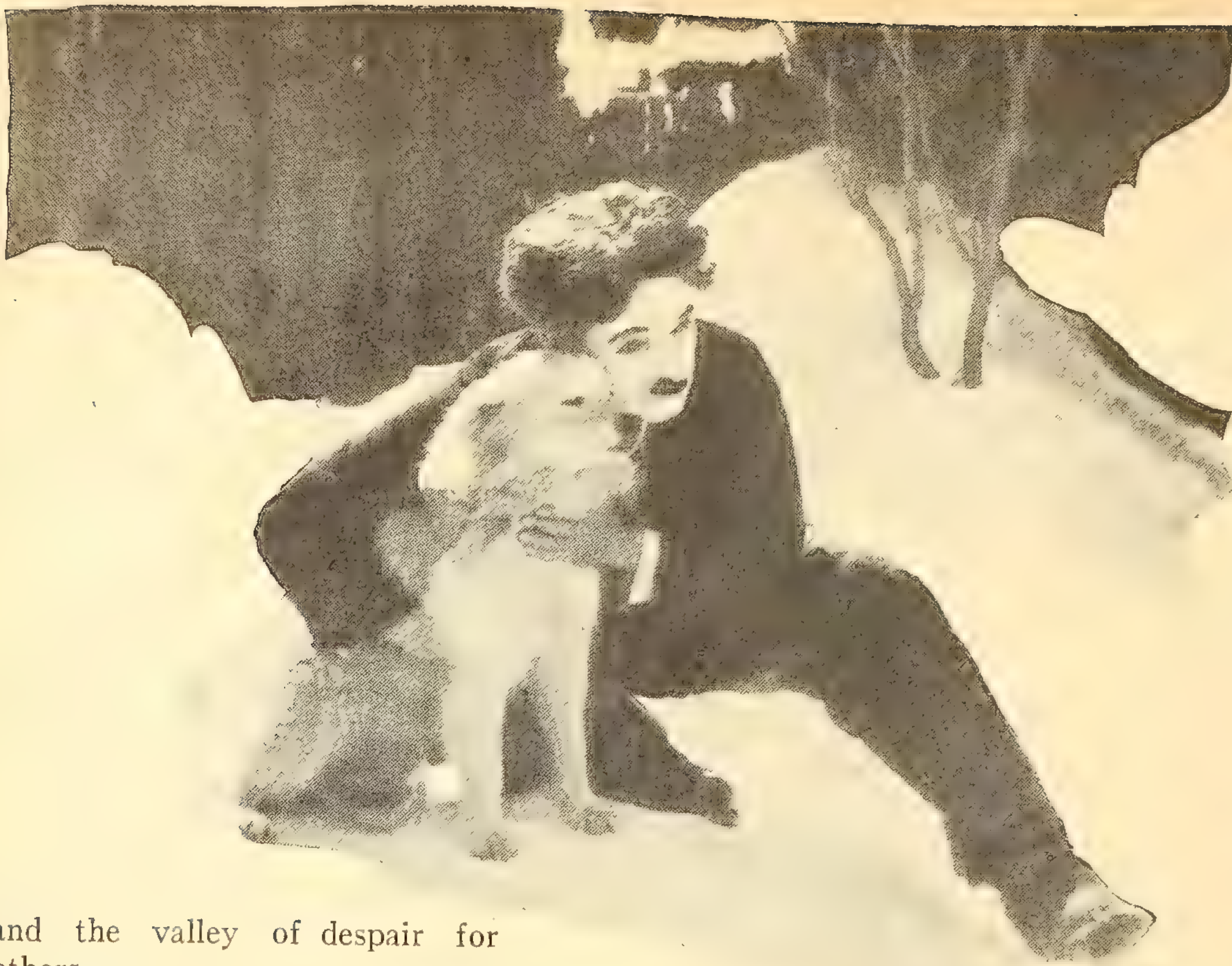
Special agents of the railroad were asked to round up more than a thousand men for this scene. In two days the great gathering of derelicts had assembled. They gathered with their blankets on their backs, the frayed wanderers of the western nation. It was beggary on a holiday. What mattered it if it were only a few days work? They were to be seen in a picture with Chaplin—the mightiest vagabond



Q Lita Grey.

assembled before a movie camera. This episode of Chilkoot Pass will bewilder and charm the most blasé movie fan.

Intense realism depicts the hardships endured by the rugged pioneers who scaled the mountains which blocked their progress into what was the valley of gold for some—



Q *Charlie Chaplin's voice is husky with emotion but the dog is plain husky.*

and the valley of despair for others.

Chaplin, in his world-famous characterization — the vagabond with the baggy trousers and the big shoes, the trick hat and the swagger little cane, the detachable and vari-colored tie and the frayed white collar—was never seen to better advantage.

Here was an audience of a thousand hoboes—and in their midst was a man whose appeal is so universal that the vagrants claimed him as their own. He was a blood brother of misfortune and not a millionaire with a mansion on a hill. Could any man's art be given a higher tribute?

Several of us accompanied Chaplin as he left the hotel on the edge of the mountain. The men stood on each side of the narrow snow-covered road as we passed them in a large sleigh.

Chaplin, the little hat jauntily on his curly black hair, and the little mustache in place, held the scarf about his neck. As we passed the men, mighty shouts went up and echoed over the green and white forests, "Hello, Charlo! Hello, Charlie! Good luck, Old Boy!"

As the sleigh hurried on through the woods and the echo of the shouting died away, I said, "You see, Charlie, those men know you. You speak in their language. They understand. You are a vagrant at heart, as they are."

"Yes," replied the little comedian, "but I'd rather be me than them."

And yet, in his role of the hard luck sourdough in this Alaska picture, Chaplin presents the biography of a life with complete understanding and sympathy. And while the pathos and suffering of the characters are converted into laughter, there is linked to the picture a chain of circumstantial tragedy that is relieved by the great comedian's ribald mastery of pantomime and comedy.

All of the spectacular scenes are filmed in keeping with the Alaskan atmosphere.

Scenes of great magnitude are also built at the Chaplin Studios in Hollywood. A reproduction of the main section of Nome in '98 is erected there with a background of mountains.

This comedy-drama-tragedy of the Alaska gold rush is Chaplin's greatest picture for two reasons . . . it represents Chaplin's intellectual and artistic growth fresh from a year in directing "A Woman of Paris"—and secondly—it runs the entire gamut of human emotions—the blended panorama of life . . . the subtle and vital essence of

it—the defeat and the victory and the growth of a soul in struggle.

And of course, while this picture will be spectacular from a scenic and technical standpoint, it will be far more humorous than any picture which preceded it. It is as if Chaplin were a writer, and all his other pictures were but short tales in comparison with this full length and vividly written novel.

And through all the picture Chaplin has not forgotten the children. There is a tenderness in the great comedian for the children of the nations. They were his first admirers, and well he knows it. It was their response that led him on to fame and fortune. And always, in the making of comedy, he considers them. The picture being on a vaster scale,

it gives him greater opportunity for a wider range of comic pantomime.

So much has been said of Chaplin's genius and of his early discovery. It may not come amiss to write here for SCREENLAND, as from one who has been close to him, something concerning his discovery.

As a matter of absolute fact—Charlie Chaplin was *discovered* by the little children of all the world. He was not broke when he entered pictures—a lad of twenty or so. Instead, he had several thousand dollars—a considerable sum for a young actor. Besides, he had been well-known in England as a juvenile comedian for several years. It is well to bear in mind that he was recognized by shrewd theatrical men at that early age.

Another fact, not generally known by but a few people: Chaplin was the biggest man on the comedy lot from the day he made his first picture. Mack Swain, the giant comedian, now working with Chaplin in the present picture, was one of the first men to appear with Chaplin in that seemingly long-ago period. It is from no less an authority than Swain that Chaplin, from the very first day, divined and went beyond what was expected of him. Within a short time from his entry into pictures, the directors complained to the powers-that-be that Chaplin wanted his own way, and would not "take direction." It was great talent trying to assert itself—to climb out of the embryo into the uniform of the greatest actor in the world. Chaplin would not be standardized. He was conscious of ability in his soul, as great talent ever is. He fought to wear the baggy trousers and the battered hat. The children soon greeted him as the uncrowned King of Laughter. And within eighteen months he was world-famous and earning a million a year. No man "discovered" him at all. He first discovered himself, and the children of the nations responded. The highbrows came later—as they always do—trailing behind them—their second-hand approval.

Before this, Chaplin was always enthusiastic about the "movies."

Alfred Reeves, his present business manager, was also the manager of the company in which Chaplin appeared before he entered pictures. Mr. Reeves has known Chaplin from his fifteenth birthday. He has seen Charlie Chaplin's father

Q Surrounded by the trackless wilderness, Charlie, for the first time in his life, meets with a cold reception.



on the stage and pronounced him one of the most talented actors of his day. It is the period of 1910 of which Mr. Reeves speaks—

"While we played in New York Charlie conceived the idea of utilizing all his spare time away from the theatre in the making of picture comedies. He outlined his idea to all the members of the company, thinking then that all we needed was a camera.

"Charlie and myself, always the best of friends, agreed at the time to put up one thousand dollars each for the purchase of a camera. We thought then that all we had to do was to play as in our vaudeville act, in the open air, and it would register on the screen. The idea of scenes made in short lengths, long shots and close-ups, and inserts being taken separately and later assembled was never dreamed of by us. The cutting of the film, in which Charlie has no equal, was never dreamed of by him then.

"We entered into this agreement in all seriousness, but because our work took us from New York, it was abandoned. But Charlie always carried the idea in his mind. Since then we have often wondered what the outcome would have been had we carried out the original agreement.

"On returning to England in the summer of 1912 we combined business with pleasure by playing the theatres of the Channel Islands.

"While playing the theatre on the Island of Jersey, there was a street parade and carnival in progress and a news weekly cameraman recorded the event. He was here, there and everywhere, but wherever he went a very pompous gentleman, who was apparently in charge of affairs, would always be found in front of the camera lens. He would shake hands with the local dignitaries and always turn from them and face the camera as he did so. He might be termed the first 'Camera hog.' Always would he bow and register his greetings to the camera while his guests stood in the background, or off to one side. Charlie was completely fascinated by this bit of business and told me then that some day he would put it in a picture. In an early picture of his—'Kids Auto Races'—you will find the fulfillment of his resolve.

"We returned to America shortly afterward for our second tour and while playing in Philadelphia, upon response to a wire from Kessel and Bauman—theatrical booking agents—Charlie went to New York and there signed his first picture contract.

"And so, contrary to the general idea that Charlie was 'discovered' for pictures while playing in Los Angeles, Charlie arrived in California with a one-year picture contract in his pocket. The rest of Charlie's history is written by the children and himself.

"Charlie's greatest problem in his early picture days was his struggle with the comedy makers to allow him to portray his parts and ideas as he felt them. He wanted from the first to instill ideas, humor and characterization into his work. When, after much effort, he was allowed to do this

he found himself—and then the children found him. That Charlie was born to be a great actor is obvious."

The white light that beats about a throne is always pitiless. And Chaplin occupies a throne by world-popular acclaim. But—his tastes are simple—and his whole life is for the most part devoted to his work. His energy is tremendous. He never tires. Even at that, I sometimes feel that he is over-engined—that his mind is too strong and vital for his body—that he can run five miles more easily than the average man can walk that distance. It is a matter of Hollywood history that he neither drinks nor smokes—and that he really has a born appreciation for the beautiful.

I have been with this man during the silent hours through long months. He is a shy and sensitive human being with a great capacity for wonder. But a character analysis of the comedian is not within my score at this time. It has always seemed to me that the children have discovered and know the real Charlie Chaplin. A man cannot portray that which he does not feel. The children do not need to be told.

Those of us who have read the history of pantomimic art are aware that the greatest pantomimists have always had a streak of sadness in them. It is an inborn quality. Chaplin is no exception. But like other great artists of gesture, Chaplin has the high streak of laughter also. He is a panoramist of human emotions.

Chaplin's present picture will be followed by another comedy, as it is not the comedian's intention to enter the serious drama in a directorial capacity for the next few years at least.

While his picture, "A Woman of Paris," has been cordially acclaimed by the public and critics the world over, Chaplin, like all real artists, has certain stories locked up within him that he must release. These stories coincide with his vein for comedy-drama. Hence his decision not to reenter the more serious field for some time.

Lita Grey, Chaplin's new leading woman, will appear in this picture with him. Several years ago Lita played as a child in "The Kid." She is now a full-fledged young lady, and has received her first starring contract with the comedian, who told her years ago that some day he would make her a star.

Her work in this picture has borne out Chaplin's faith in her innate ability.

The epic of the north will be completed this year and will be of ten or more reels. Chaplin will journey to New York to attend its premiere. It will be an epoch making event in the cinema world.

This story by Jim Tully, Charlie Chaplin's friend, is the most remarkable story ever told.

Our Lady of Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, the Beautiful Lady of *Three Weeks*, has brought to the screen a new type of vampire. She is the seductive aristocrat, with poise and dignity.

Miss Pringle's air of being to the manner born is not assumed. It is hers by right of birth and breeding. As the beautiful and popular Miss Aileen Bisbee of San Francisco's "four hundred," she had every advantage that wealth and culture could give her. London, Paris, Vienna—she knew them all. Then in 1917 came her marriage to one of Jamaica's greatest land-owners.

It was while her husband was on a trip to Paris that Aileen Pringle felt the desire to act too strongly to be denied. She came to New York, and after vicissitudes that included going hungry—for she would not write either to her husband or father for funds—she finally landed a part with George Arliss in *The Green Goddess*, in the Broadway stage production. Success came but her health failed, so she was exiled to California. Little by little she made a place for herself in pictures, and in *Three Weeks* she established herself among the best of them. *True As Steel* strengthened that position, and now she is at the top of the ladder, an aristocrat among vampires.

She has chic, this dark-eyed, white-skinned woman of the lissome lines. Also, she has *cachet*, that indefinable but unescapable stamp of breeding. When she smiles, it is a studied thing, but tantalizing. Her eyes are pools of mystery. And her carriage is a joy.

Aileen Pringle has the class.

It wasn't a case of "from rags to riches" with Aileen Pringle. Quite the reverse. Compared to her former gay existence, her present life is one of hard work and study. Consequently her success has not gone to her head, nor will she ever be counted among the *nouveau riche* of filmland, who scarcely know how to spend their new-won wealth. She merely prizes her success the more sincerely, knowing the price of it in sacrifice of family and luxury.





Q The beautiful lady of *Three Weeks* has brought to the screen a new type of vampire. She is the seductive aristocrat. The vamps of yesterday were long on sex appeal but short on family trees. But Aileen Pringle has that poise and dignity that mark the caste of *Vere de Vere*, subtly and devastatingly blended with the lure of the flesh.

Will Rogers

By Anne Austin

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of England, wanted to be amused. "Send for that Will Rogers chappie, who makes them all laugh at the Follies," Edward ordered his equerry or the lord high chamberlain or the great Pooh Bah, or somebody.

And the deed was done.

Will grabbed up his two coils of intelligent rope, his old sombrero, and three packages of spearmint gum, and hastened out to Long Island.

And then the fun began.

The Prince—and about a hundred prominent men from both sides of the Atlantic—sat and listened to Will Rogers for fifty minutes. Will's speech was to the point—and the point was to kid the prince. He kidded him about the girls, polo, gold-braided pants, falling off horses, the late hours he had been keeping.

Kidded him, that's all, in his inimitable, irresistible, in-offensive style.

And the Prince liked it.

"I told him I didn't know what to call him," Will drawls as he twirls his almost human rope before the Follies' followers. "I said I knowed he wuz the Prince in the mornin', and Dave Windsor playin' polo in the afternoons, and Lord Renfrew at night."

I asked Will Rogers in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam theater the other night how he does it. That apparently inexhaustible monologue which he changes every night in the week, matinees included. How he can kid the Prince and make him like it. How he can lasso the headline position on a Follies bill with an ordinary coil of rope and a loose tongue.

"Wa-a-ll," Will drawls. "If I make any p'ticlar success in this here humor business I guess you could say it's due to one fact. I know when to stop. I've kidded the most prominent men in the world, I guess, and so fur as I know, they ain't airy one of them that holds a grudge agin me. I guess I'm about the only comedian can lasso a feller like McAdoo and make him come up on the stage and work with me. I don't aim to make nobody mad. I aim to give the people a good time and make 'em laugh and



Q Will Rogers is an actor; in fact, the most popular star Ziegfeld Follies ever had. Perhaps the reason is that he still remains a cowboy.



Q Will Rogers with his stage-going lariat entertains Louise Fazenda in one of the scenes of a Hal Roach comedy.

The Clown Who Kiddled the Prince

A WILL ROGERS' WISE CRACK

"I see by the papers there's a lot of folks going to Europe. Well, there was a lot went over in 1917. 'This ain't the same crowd.'"



Q Will Rogers doesn't understand his success on the screen. He says, "I ain't got no romantic appeal."



Q When a cowboy imitates a cowboy — Will as Tom Mix.



Q Will Rogers is the screen's only caricaturist. Here he is as Ernest Torrence.



Q You thought this was Ford Sterling. It really shows Will is an actor

Q Perhaps Will has some romantic appeal after all.

make 'em think, but I don't aim to hurt their feelin's none.

"As fur how I git my stuff, that's easy. I read the papers ever' mornin' and evenin' and I make a sort of runnin' comment on the day's news. And they's only one principle I work on—I allus tell the truth. I don't twist and distort the facts to make a joke of 'em. I try to hit what the public is thinkin' about things and say what they'd say if they knowed how to put it in words. A feller once said that he bet all the husbands who come to the Follies and don't bring their wives pull my gags at the breakfast table the next mornin', as they read the paper, and pretend they is original with them. Shucks! I don't

care. They's welcome to 'em. I ain't got no patent on my stuff.

"And as to how I keep it up, day in and day out, why, that's the easy part of it. It's only when I ain't been workin' for quite a spell that I git stale and can't make the gags come easy. When I work ever' day I git the habit of seein' something funny or ridic'lous in ever'thing I read. No, I don't read other humorists' stuff. I'm scared I'll git confused. I read the editorials and news, and I try to figger out what the average man is thinkin' and talkin' about, and I shoot some of my stuff at him, and if he thinks I'm great it's because I think like he does. Foot! They ain't no trick to it at all!"

Not all of us have seen him on the stage of the Follies, or have read his pungent and shrewd witticisms in the daily papers which pay him big money to write them, but Will Rogers is known to screen fans more favorably than any other comedian, in proportion to the number of times he has appeared on the screen.

For a long time it looked as if Will Rogers weren't going to find his place in the Hollywood sun. There was one great picture, *Jubilo*, about which picture fans have never quit talking. Then there

was a feature picture about a Swede longshoreman, I believe it was; and then—a long silence. But the movie fans did not forget. Finally along came *The Ropin' Fool*, which was rung in as a trailer to the regular feature at every theater in the land. And the exhibitors were surprised to find that more people came out to see good ole Will Rogers make his rope cut didoes than came to see the hero get the girl.

That set the exhibitors talking and the screen fans demanding more Will Rogers. And what those two want, the producers are bound to make. So in the course of time there began to trickle into the theater such pictures as *Jus' Passin' Thru*, *Hustlin' Hank* and *Uncensored Movies*.

For at last a producer had been found who saw the Rogers greatness in its true light. Pathe signed Rogers for thirteen pictures, the last of which, *Gee Whizz, Genevieve*, was released this October. For Pathe this has been a lucky thirteen. Gangling, homely, beloved Will Rogers was given his head in this baker's dozen of comedies. He was even allowed to write the sub-titles, in his own inimitable style.

And he cleaned up! The crowds talked Will Rogers as they poured out of the theater—and asked for more.

Why?

I asked Will Rogers that question as he chewed spearmint in his dressing room.

"I don't know why they like me in pictures," Will answered candidly. "I ain't got no romantic appeal. You know—like Valentino or Navarro, and it's the women that support the movies. And I ain't sure that I'm a movie comedian at all. I ain't no good at all at making up funny business to do before the camera. I guess I'm camera-shy. I know I'm funny to look at—but fer the life of me I can't think up funny things to do. All I can do is to jes' act like Will Rogers."

That's the secret of it. He's just Will Rogers in every comedy he makes. Will first makes us sorry for him—just a little bit, you know; then he makes us want him to

win out; then he makes us grin lovingly at his foolishness or his embarrassing predicaments. But above all he makes us love him.

I don't think any one gets a huge laugh out of a Rogers comedy. The situations are amusing and touching, but never uproariously funny. In pictures as on the stage Rogers is a humorist rather than a comedian.

After Rogers had gotten through his bashful attempt to analyze his appeal, I did a little theorizing on what makes Will Rogers America's most representative comedian.

"You've got honest-to-God Yankee wit, the kind that springs from the soil—typically American——"

"Say, looky here, I ain't no Yankee. I'm from Oklahoma," Will interrupted indignantly.

"I mean," I explained, "Yankee in the sense that it means representative of all America, as against British or French humor. You don't make jokes. You make humorous, pithy comments on anything that comes into your head. You call your gags over the footlights like a farmer driving through town on a load of hay exchanges quips with the other farmers."

"I guess you mean that all right," Will said ruefully, as he unwound his long legs from his chair posts.

I watched his slow, awkward movements as he gathered up his ropes, clapped on his leather chaps and his old sombrero, and shambled on off—the highest salaried comedian in New York, and the most beloved character comedian on the screen. Out front there the dress-shirt boys and the fashionably undressed, marcelled, bediamonded women began to smile affectionately and to clap every slow, awkward step which took him and his

intelligent ropes to the center of the stage. Then the clapping reached crescendo. New York loves its idol.

After talking with Rogers at the Follies I went over to Pathe's offices to see *The Truthful Liar*, one of the three comedies he has made around a typical American type of comedy character—Congressman Alfalfa Doolittle. When Alfalfa returns to the old home town after having been ambassador to England he tells his cronies a humorous and slightly exaggerated version of his experiences abroad. The climax of Yankee comedy comes when Alfalfa teaches the king to play poker—winning even his funny little gold crown from the august but unfortunate card novice. This comedy makes us feel what in our hearts we firmly believe—that Americans have it all over royalty, and that if you know how to approach 'em, the royalty guys are human underneath. Every one dreams of slapping the Prince on the back and calling him Ed. When Will Rogers does that in the picture we get a vicarious satisfaction out of it.

Now that his contract with Pathe is finished what will happen to Will Rogers, the screen comedian? Rogers himself says he doesn't know. He wants to make more pictures; he likes the movies. But Rogers still isn't convinced that he is a good screen comedian!

Will, we screen fans need you. That kindly humor, that lovable, gangling figure, that vacant, ugly face lighted by the Yankee-shrewd brain. We need what you stand for, Will—clean, kindly, inoffensive, pungent, earthy humor.

Aw, come on back!

From Will Rogers' Syndicated Newspaper Writing

I have a custom of introducing prominent people of our audience every night to the rest of the audience, and I have had some pretty big men. But I want to tell you that a few weeks ago when I heard Walter Johnson was 'way back in the house I knew he was so bashful that he would never stand up if I introduced him.

So I sneaked down off the stage and went out there and put my rope around his neck and with the aid of the other players I literally dragged him up on the stage.

Well, he got the biggest applause, and the most genuine, that I ever heard in our place.

Take PRODUCING COMPANIES

By Ted Taylor

“EASY MONEY” and “the movies” became synonymous so long ago that it’s a complicated job to disentangle them now.

Run a few thousand feet of practically worthless celluloid through a camera, exposing a few cuties or near-cuties in the process, dish it up with subtitled warnings of “Then Came Dawn,” and “A Little Child Shall Lead Them,” pick a few spicy words for a title, and there you are! Cost, a mere \$20,000 or so. Profits—who can tell? Maybe a million!

Although the film fans read vociferously every scrap of fact and fable available about the personal lives of the handsome boys and cutie girls of the movies, they seem to care not at all for dry business.

And the result is the fast-talking promoters of many a quickly organized “producing corporation” find the pickings very profitable. After selling stock in single shares or big blocks—and collecting the money—they quietly remove themselves elsewhere to spend the money. When it’s spent they organize another movie company.

Many an ambitious young assistant director “sells” his ability to sympathetic women who put up enough money to produce a picture. Then the ambitious young man incorporates “Rudolf Productions, Inc.,” rents space at a “leasing studio,” engages actors and makes a picture.

The picture costs out of all proportion to its merit. And

it takes as long to make as possible, because the young “producer and director” is drawing so much salary a week during production—as per contract with the “angel.” His friends are drawing salaries, too, as assistants and technical experts and managers and every other title imaginable. There is often more imagination displayed in inventing jobs about one of these independent units than there is on the plot and the direction.

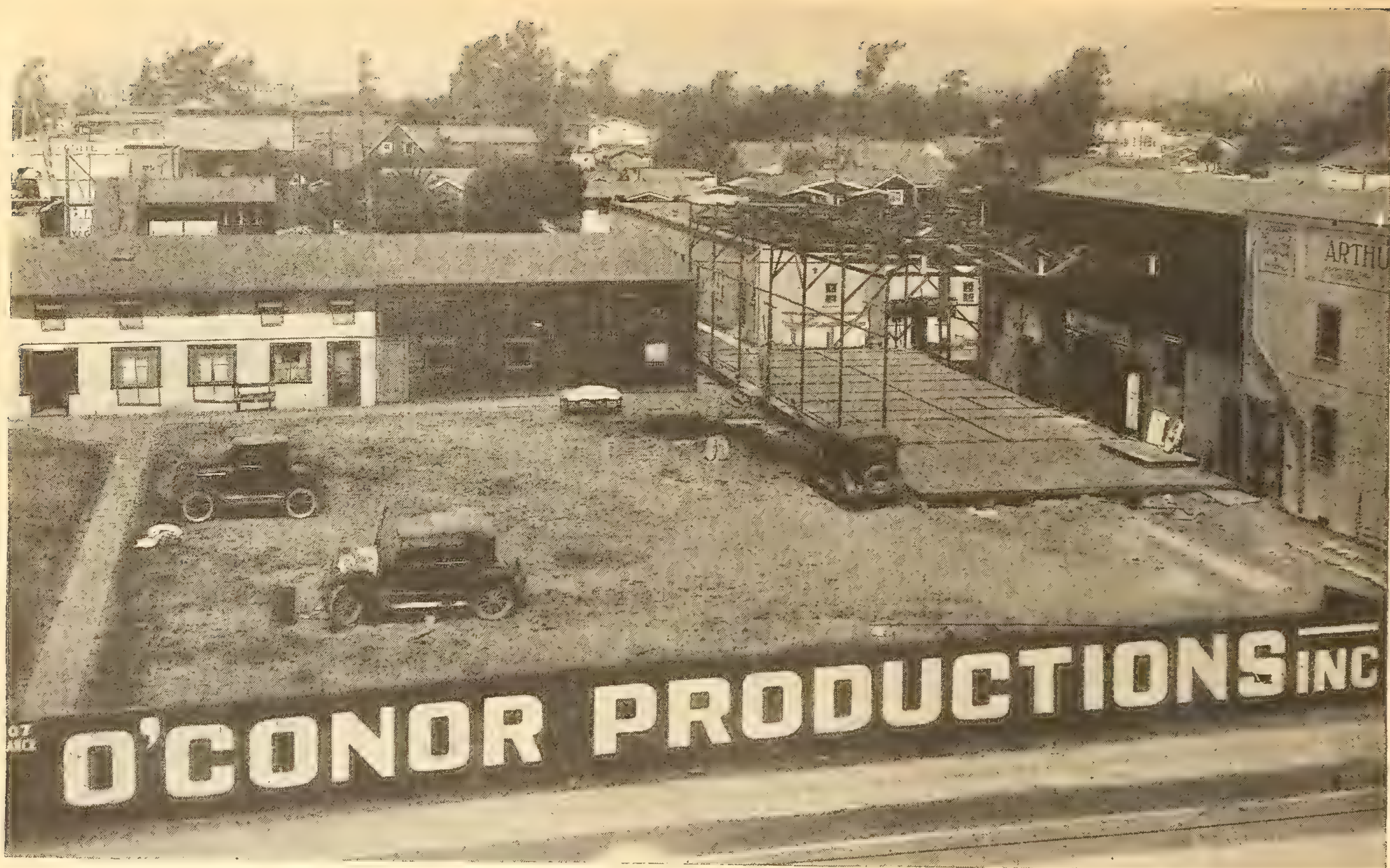
Another sly trick is to engage freelances for an “all-star cast.” The

freelance salaries run high in the hundreds, but the producer convinces his backer that “names” are necessary to put over the picture. The well-known freelance players show up one Monday morning, and shooting proceeds with frenzied rapidity. All the close-ups and foreground shots for the entire picture are photographed by Saturday night. Then the freelancers are paid their one week’s salaries and dismissed. And the director proceeds leisurely with the remainder of his picture, using inexpensive doubles, and splitting with his fellow conspirators the difference in the salary list for the balance of production—which may run several months.

The “shoestring” promoters even fool experienced motion picture men—sometimes. The most amusing instance of this that I know of occurred last year and involved one of the biggest production companies in the game.

Q This deserted building once housed dressing-rooms of successful players. But in the growth of the industry the successful companies moved to larger studios, and fakers have seized upon the deserted lots to hoodwink investors.





Q The Caswell studio, at 1107 North Bronson Ave., Hollywood, is typical of the studios used by fleeting "independent producers" who never produce, and also as the "acting academy" of various make-up schools. "O'Connor Productions, Inc." blazoned on the fence quiets any apprehensions on the part of students and investors.

Without a cent of capital this young man raised \$112,500, engaged a director and technical artist, got a first-class release promised for his unmade picture, travelled across the continent to the studios, was interviewed, photographed and put up at an exclusive club. With a little more shrewdness he might have gone ahead and produced the picture and today be among the best film financiers. But he made a slight error. Here's the story:

In an Ohio city there was a youth following his father's footsteps in the building of model bungalows. With some of his money he dabbled in home-talent movies—crude little short-reel stories that were shown in local houses.

The experience aroused his movie ambitions and he went to New York. A friend casually introduced him to a certain director who has been in the game since its early days.

"Maybe you can give me a tip," said the dapper youth from Ohio to the director. "I've got a man who wants to put \$150,000 into pictures and I'm looking for a good director."

The director cleared his throat modestly.

"Well, I've directed most of the big stars," he said. "I'm turning down contract offers just now because I want to produce a story of my own."

"What kind of a story?"

"'Gilded Profit.' It's a——"

"Say, that sounds good. Let me look over the script, will you?"

The director was delighted.

With script in hand the youth called upon the vice-president of a big film company that was releasing some independently made picture.

"I've the well-known director, Bob Marker, under con-

tract and I'm going to make a \$150,000 production of this story," he stated confidently.

The executive was impressed by the boy's "front," and offered to pay 50 percent of the production cost when the negative was handed to him. The youth persuaded him to make the guarantee 75 percent of the cost, and had the agreement in writing.

Then he went to the New York representative of a cinema financing company and got \$112,500.

The Ohioan then went to California with his director and his script and a press agent.

At the studio the young men were received with open arms by the studio manager. The publicity department hailed the promoter as "The Youngest Film Producer in the World" and scattered interviews and photographs among the newspapers. The "producer" engaged an art director, who insisted on putting up his new boss at the exclusive college club. And he started plans to produce his picture.

Where was he going to get his additional \$37,500? He didn't know, and he tried not to worry about it.

He might have actually got the picture in production had he not made one mistake.

In moving from his hotel to the club he neglected to pay a bill of \$150. The hotel recognized a newspaper picture of "The Youngest Film Producer" as its non-paying guest. The manager showed this circular to the art director who had made the producer his guest. Whereupon the art director compared notes with the press agent and Bob Marker, the director. None of them had received any actual money, and there were discrepancies in the young producer's various stories.

So they went to the vice-president in charge of produc-



Q The enclosed stage of the Brentwood Studio. Before the stock-selling companies made capital out of this pretentious lay-out, honest and ambitious adventurers sought to win a fortune here from the movie game.

tion at the studio. Telegrams flashed to New York and the contract with the "producer" was cancelled. The company officially announced that it was cancelled because the producer "had broken down in health." The young man's wife sent him railroad fare home.

Impersonators of famous film folk crop up in many parts of the country. A few years ago David Work Griffith appeared in Dallas, Texas. Notice that "Work."

Griffith was looking for a beautiful blonde for the lead in his next production. He found her in a shop in the person of Marguerite McCully, 22. He signed her for \$3600 the first year, to be doubled each year—and the fifth year she could name her own figures.

He took her to the leading department store and ordered that anything she desired be turned over to her. "Charge to Mr. Griffith."

Joe Luckett, who was handling Griffith films in Dallas, impersonated a plumber and inspected the stranger's room. "Not the real Dave," he declared. Then the cops walked in and arrested David "Work" Griffith, who admitted he was J. P. Staley.

A Mr. "Klein," claiming to be a casting director, was arrested, with two fellow officials on the charge of a 60-year-old woman that they obtained \$600 from her, promising to star her with her son and daughter.

Another Hollywood woman, Mrs. R. C. Richer, took advantage of a bargain offer—"Movie Stars Made, 2 for \$150." She paid the \$150 to see her two daughters twinkle on the screen. When she found the "producer" had disappeared she told the police. But she had neglected to learn the "producer's" name.

One motion picture company in Chicago has been in the limelight of the courts off and on—mostly on—for months. The company produced a picture called "Hope," just as promised. But when the cast was announced some fifty young women were grievously disappointed, each having expected the stellar role. Many of them had paid from \$35 to \$60 to be "made stars in five weeks," they said. But much of the producers' time was taken up by having students pose in bathing suits.

Charges against this company were filed by two members of the cast. The president and vice-president were arrested and pleaded guilty to conspiracy when confronted with overwhelming evidence that seemed to show their only motive in advertising for "movie actors with or without experience" was to extort money from them. Both were given jail sentences.

In Indianapolis is the office of another company. This concern announced a picture with Betty Blythe in the leading role, a statement Miss Blythe promptly denied.

Another picture concern in that locality sold \$200,000 worth of stock and never made a picture.

Another San Francisco promoter recruited would-be actors to act as his "partners" in his film company. When the picture was sold the investors were to get their money back and part of the profits as well.

But the officials paid themselves such enormous salaries that no profit was possible even had a picture been made and sold. However, the promoter simply broke up the company and decamped to Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles he rented an office in Loew's State theater building, furnished it with upholstered mahogany, soft rugs

and floor lamps, and hung out his sign as an "independent producer." Forewarned of his San Francisco activities a young woman friend of mine paid him a visit to learn, if possible, what he had up his sleeve for Los Angeles investors. Let her tell her experience:

"It was 9 in the morning when I entered, and already half a dozen prospective clients were waiting for Mr. McKeen, president, secretary and board of directors of the 'picture company.'

"At 11 o'clock Mr. McKeen entered, walked quickly and obliviously past the waiting roomful and shut the door of his office. Then the buzzer began ringing, and one by one the sheep filed in.

"When my turn came to enter the sanctum, the first thing which struck me was the personality of McKeen. A handsome man, with dark hair, close clipped moustache, and regular features, there was a magnetism about him which lent conviction to his words and compelled liking of the man himself.

"Your name?" he interrogated.

"Marjorie Gray," I replied promptly.

"How do you do, Marjorie," he smiled, shaking my hand warmly and waving me courteously to a chair.

"So you want to get into pictures," He looked at me closely, yet with a friendly twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Take off your hat, Marjorie."

"I did.

"Turn sideways. That's right. Now stand over there. How tall are you? Five feet four. Hm. Just about right." He paused thoughtfully.

"You have an almost classical profile. A face that would screen well. Are you athletic? Swim, play tennis a lot? That's fine. Always wear your hair straight?"

"He smiled engagingly when I declared that waves were too expensive for stenographers.

"Now, Marjorie, are you in a position to support yourself for a few weeks?" he inquired.

"Yes, I could manage that all right," I told him.

"You don't have a car, do you?" This very casually.

"I explained about my Ford, adding that I also was the proud possessor of a bank account.

"I think you'll do, Marjorie," he announced decisively. And he went rapidly into plans for photographs a screen

tryout and spoke alluringly of an opening in the cast of the company's next production."

"Marjorie Grey" did not return to become a film star, as per appointment, however. She knew a little more about Mr. McKeen's company than Mr. McKeen suspected.

To enumerate all the production schemes for exchanging hard cash for soft opportunities in film investment would be a tedious task.

There was an Albany man who cleaned up about \$40,000 in two years. His favorite scheme, according to the New York attorney general, was selling managerships in branch offices of "King Films."

There were three others accused by W. H. Kollman of Los Angeles with selling him a two-thirds interest in the "Cinema Stars Company," a movie publicity concern that did not exist.

There was Regal Brady, president of the Desert Feature Film Corporation, who had a jail cell as office for a time when five cowboys declared they had paid him \$100 a share for stock he was selling to others for \$1 a share.

There were any number of others who clinched with the law. And twice as many again who were careful to keep inside the law. There are some 50 studios in Los Angeles. And just 19 of them are occupied by legitimate, recognized producing companies. The remainder occasionally house regular producers, but most of the time are headquarters for production companies with stock to sell and little other aim in life.

The moral is: There's no easy money in the movies. That is, except for the "producers" who collect it and give nothing in return. And even they, as you see, frequently wind up in jail.

Real money made in motion pictures is the result of sweat and prayers and watchful waiting. And you have to have a fortune to play with from the beginning.

Remember that the only successful small movie stock-selling proposition in film history was the New Bedford Whaling corporation, which produced "Down to the Sea in Ships." Its third dividend to stockholders equalled the amount originally paid for stock. Yet the original investments were tied up for two years. And "Down to the Sea in Ships" was one of the high spots of last year's films.

The safe rule is: Don't buy movie stock unless it's listed on 'Change. And don't buy it then unless you can get along very well without the money.



Q A dilapidated street exterior on the ill-fated Brentwood lot, where King and Florence Vidor produced when they first came to Hollywood. With the great success of the Vidors to point to, it has been easy to convince unwary investors that this was the place where fortunes could be made.

She Has A Family On Her Hands

Q Baby Peggy pays dividends to her parents, but it is the loving care that she has in her home that has kept her the unspoiled, simple, adorable child she is.

THE most thoroughly human child on the screen is Baby Peggy Montgomery. We laugh at her antics on the screen and spank our own offspring for the very same brand of naughtiness. I strongly suspect that Mama Montgomery has a hard time explaining to Peggy why she gets punished for running the bathtub over at home when the director makes her do it on the set.

Peggy is any normal, healthy little girl of five.

That's why we like to see her round, merry little face with its shoe-button eyes gleaming unwinkingly at us from the screen. In Peggy we see ourselves when we were kids. We all like to think that we were terribly naughty and troublesome but just doted on by our fond mamas and too indulgent papas. Peggy keeps up the tradition of carefree childhood.

Baby Peggy is a great little comedienne. She makes us laugh joyously, with no tears behind the laughter; she makes us believe in the normality of life; she makes us go home to our own kids in a little more tolerant frame of mind, which often lasts through two or three peccadilloes that would ordinarily call down the wrath of the hairbrush or send them early to bed.

I claim that Peggy is not a real actress. She is a real kid instead. For which we fans should be immensely grateful. We can get acting any day in the week, but the spirit of childhood rampant is a much harder thing to snare and turn into celluloid.

Baby Peggy is a great little comedienne; true, but her greatness lies wholly in her naturalness, her lack of acting. We do not think of her as an actress but as a delightful kid,



Q Baby Peggy is the youngest star of the screen, but what she really is is a happy little girl who plays in front of a camera.



Photographs
by Bachrach.

Q When the interviewer mentioned the proposed European trip Baby Peggy showed a marked lack of interest.

the head lines years from now "Baby Peggy Mother of Baby Girl." Baby Peggy by her precocious labors has secured for herself loving friends for a life-time.

Q If you want to make a baby happy just give it a moving picture company.

By W. R. Benson

having one whale of a good time, and hence making us have a whale of a good time. We do not feel that the Peggy who grows up will remain on the screen. If she does I suspect she'll be doing the Colleen Moore type of devilish little flappers. Peggy has no emotional depths; her tears are the ready, quickly dried tears of childhood.

No wonder Peggy wanted to go back to Hollywood, where she has a big yard to play in and a big studio lot to do some more playing in. At the studio she is encouraged, entreated to "express yo'self, my child"; in New York she had to express herself as a visiting motion picture star. She had to "be nice" to reporters and governors and mayors and other uninteresting people, who said wearisome things about what a great little actress she is and who wanted her photograph.

She had to endure long sessions with dressmakers and designers; take dancing lessons from a society matron who had decided to earn a living; she had to lead the Smith demonstration parade at the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden; and she had to talk over the radio. No wonder her small head was in a whirl and her eyes had begun to get a hint of that Jackie Coogan wistfulness that makes the other "kid" such a different sort of comedian

from the happy-go-lucky Peggy.

Little Baby Peggy will never be forgotten even though she commits the very common error of growing up. In fancy we can see

HAROLD LLOYD OFFERS \$500.00

He Wants to Know Which

Tell Him the Comedy You Enjoyed the Most and Why

Q Limit your letter to two hundred words. Among the many prizes offered there is a very good chance that you will be well repaid for your study.

EVEN the most popular comedian on the screen has his troubles. Principal among them is just what to do next in the way of picture making. Ideas reach the scenario department of Harold Lloyd from all corners of the globe—a dozen a day, sometimes, giving him suggestions of every sort, and his own staff of skilled moving picture authors suggest many and various types of stories for him.

In the midst of all this material Mr. Lloyd frequently stands undecided as to just what to give his public next. Lloyd invariably has suggested the main idea for every story in which he has appeared. And it has been his policy to mix them up—that is, to vary the style of each succeeding picture. He is hard pressed sometimes to find something different to do, but he always manages to do it. He does not want to be identified with any certain type of production. There are too many in-

stances where stars figuratively have killed themselves by sticking too closely to one type of picture, and when they try to vary their style their public refuses to accept them.

Not long ago a well known comedian changed the type of vehicle in which he had been appearing and selected for his most ambitious work a story he thought would make a fine picture. It is sad to recount that while the public was very fond of him in certain roles, in an elaborate over-costumed production his personality was so swamped that even his most faithful fan became discouraged.

It is a matter of no small importance to a star to find out from his public exactly how they wish him to work.

Q Harold Lloyd in a hurry. He says this guy with the glasses got him into "Hot Water."



Q Here is the greatest comedy material in the world. How shall it be used?



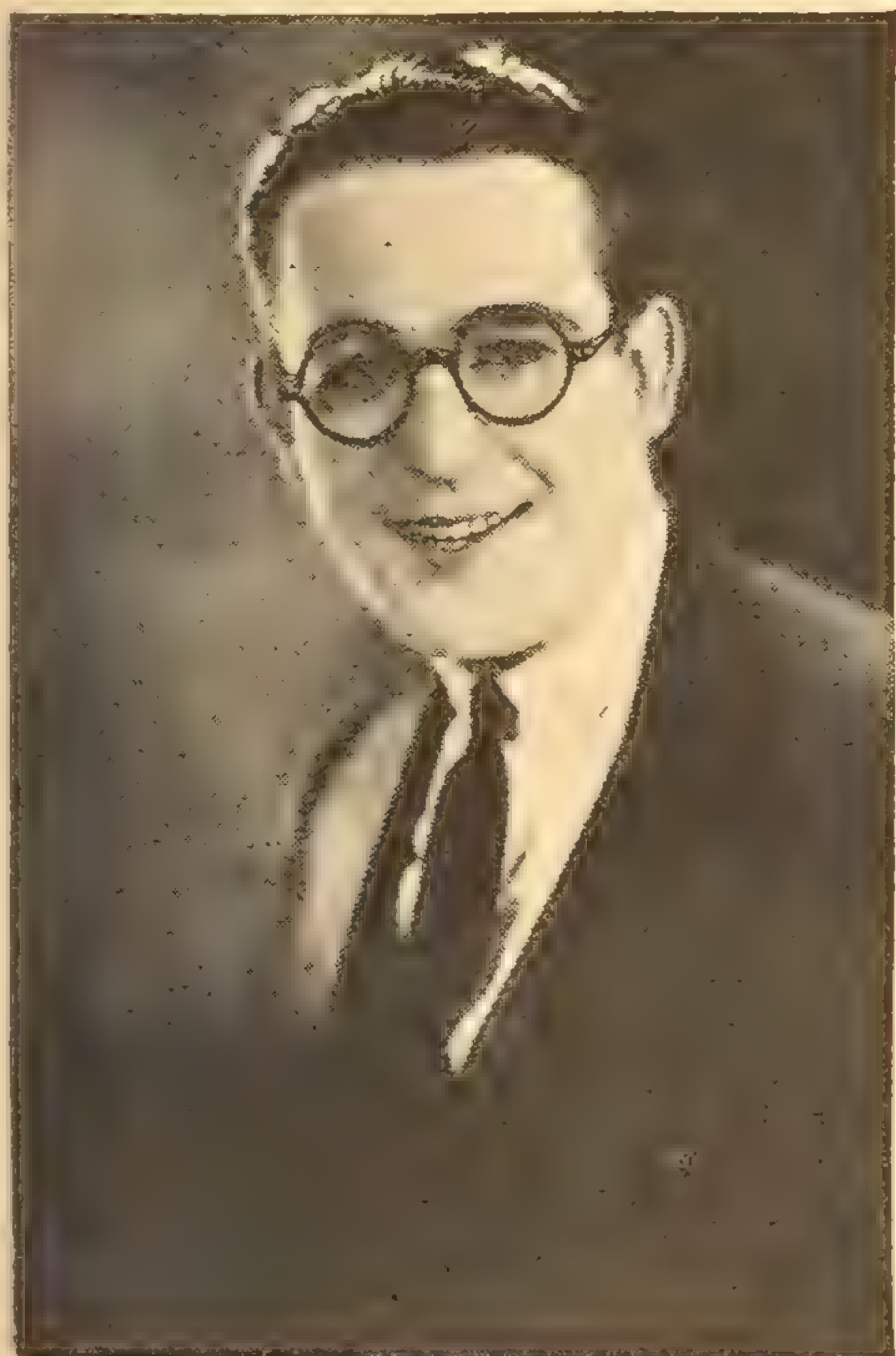
Q What d'ya say? Will you? Harold Lloyd challenges you to a high venture.

NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	
STATE _____	
DATE _____	

in PRIZES for YOUR LETTERS of His Films You Liked Best

HAROLD LLOYD SUCCESSES

<i>A Sailor Made Man</i>	-	1921
<i>Grandma's Boy</i>	- - -	1922
<i>Dr. Jack</i>	- - -	1922
<i>Safety Last</i>	- - -	1923
<i>Why Worry</i>	- - -	1923
<i>Girl Shy</i>	- - -	1924
<i>Hot Water</i>	- - -	1924



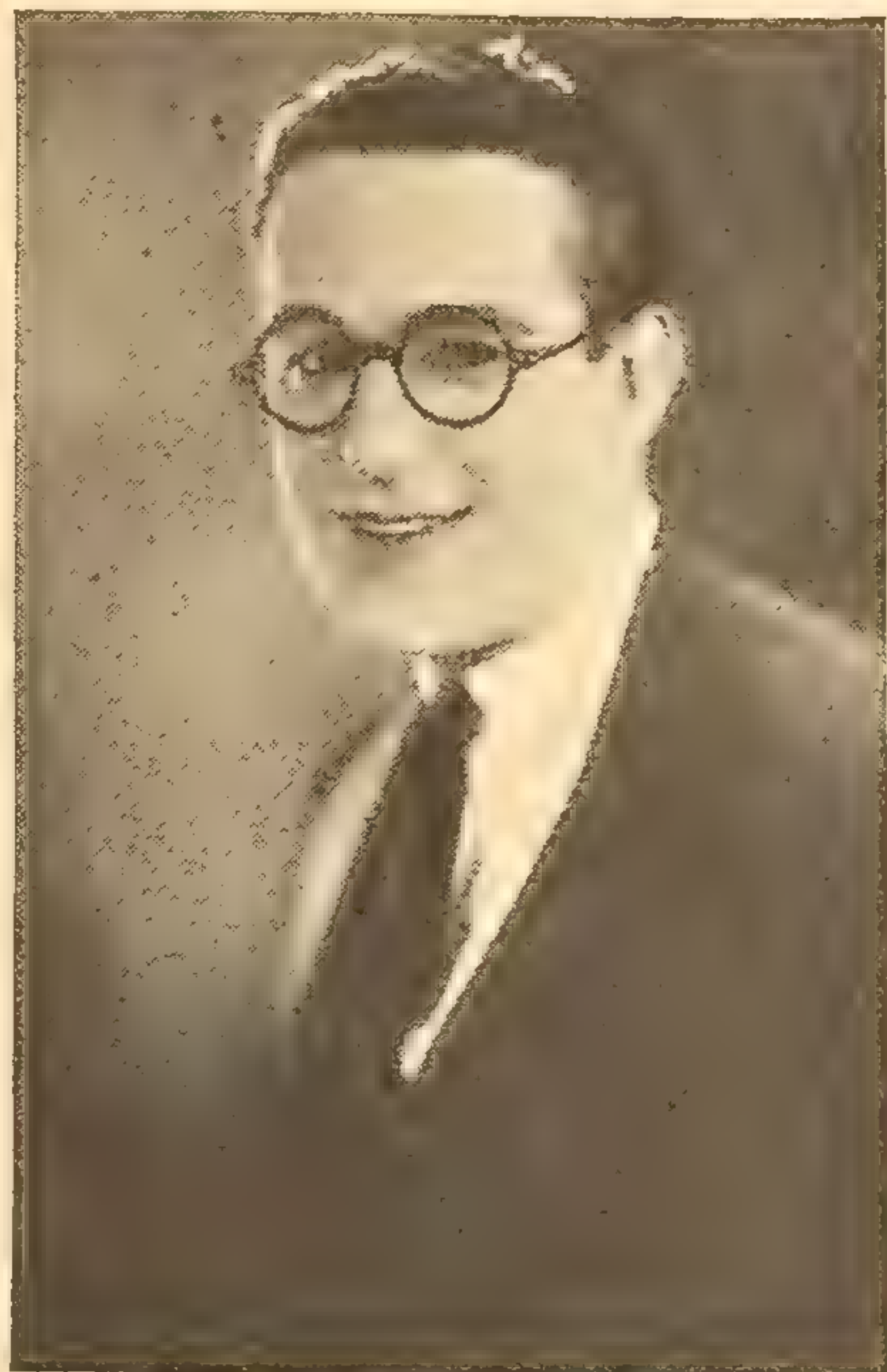
Q *What a quantity of good nature there can be in one smile!*

Harold Lloyd's problem is not, however, as desperate as that of many others, as his success in the past three years recounts. His policy has been more than approved by the public. But while he is expected to play a comedy role filled with the delicate shadings of humor of which he stands master, there are many difficulties presented in selecting roles in this classification, many questions as to just which type among all the many plays he has produced won him the most friends.

It would be possible, of course, to check up the sales of each one of these films and the records of attendance and find which had been the most popular, were it not that the returns are not in, and it is believed that there never will come a time when Harold Lloyd productions, even the old ones, will not draw among his large army of admirers.

If you have seen Harold Lloyd's films prior to the first announcement of this offer, and his appealing quality seemed better fitted at one time than another, write a letter to the Harold Lloyd Contest Editor of Screenland Magazine, explaining which picture you liked him best in, and briefly stating your reasons why.

There are so many prizes offered in this contest it would seem that any one who is anxious to do Mr. Lloyd the



Q *Harold may be "Girl Shy" but he at least is not camera-shy.*

In what type of play they prefer him, and learn from the ultimate consumer just what the market requires.



Q *As the years go by, things look rosier and rosier to Harold Lloyd, but his glasses stay the same.*



Q *There is a lesson for ambitious young America in the fact that Harold Lloyd, one of the greatest screen players, is also one of the least conceited.*

service of trying to help him select the type of his vehicles will also have a very fine chance of winning a prize. Send in your letters, on or before the first of December, 1924, and carefully study out all the conditions.

Typewrite your manuscript if possible and write only on one side of the paper. No manuscripts will be returned nor can we

enter into any correspondence concerning the contest. The conditions are all here and all must be complied with. The contest closes on December 1st, 1924.

The prizes will be awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE

\$100.00

TWO SECOND PRIZES

\$50.00 each

FOUR THIRD PRIZES

\$25.00 each

TEN FOURTH PRIZES

\$10.00 each

TWENTY FIFTH PRIZES

\$5.00 each

A contestant may send in as many answers as he chooses but no one answer should be longer than 200 words.

Address Harold Lloyd Contest Editor, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.

When "Jackie" Logan

*Styles for the Business Girl
on a Wintry Day*

By Vohdah Dexter



Q Miss Logan's suggestion for a dainty evening hat is this large black hat of chantilly lace, threaded with gold.

*Photographs especially posed
for
SCREENLAND
by
Jacqueline Logan*

LET'S call her Suzanne. I think probably she would choose that name! She was slight, auburn-haired and, oh, so beautifully dressed. I had journeyed out from bright New York to cold and dreary Long Island City where Paramount's eastern studio takes on surrounding color and by no external grandeurs betrays the presence of Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Jacqueline Logan and, latterly, Rudolph Valentino. Stepping into the business office, which for all the proximity of fame is much like your office and mine, I inquired for the star I was to interview. Around me was the unemotional paraphernalia of commerce, humdrum, workaday. A door opened and I beheld Suzanne. Who came to see a star, talked first with somebody's stenographer.

Suzanne, after a little persuasion, expounded her sartorial doctrine: To be well-dressed on a small salary—copy! Originality thrives not upon the short purse and the long office-hours. So pick out the well-dressed woman you resemble and, in professional argot, steal her stuff.

"I'm awfully lucky," gloated Suzanne. Yes, she gloated. So would any girl with her opportunities. "You see in weight, height and coloring, but



Q This chic little hat goes well with a suit, tailored dress or winter coat.

Sets the Fashion

unfortunately not in looks, I'm Jacqueline Logan. She weighs one hundred and twenty and is five-feet-four. You'll see her working on the set now. Whenever I have a moment I watch what she is wearing and while I can't afford her materials or cuts still I always feel 'way out ahead of the other girls in anything I've copied from her wardrobe. Then too, I'm learning all the time how and where to wear my clothes."

Winter-styles for twenty-five-dollars-a-week business girls established by an oh-how-many-thousand dollars star? It seemed unreasonable until Jacqueline Logan herself demanded,

"Why not? I'm a business girl. I have to come to work in all weathers just as any one else. That my particular work happens to array me in thrilling fabrics makes no difference. It's the *getting* to work through that," she nodded towards the window where sleet beat past from a harsh sky.

Said Jacqueline:

"First and foremost, the business girl must have a warm, serviceable, dark, yet chic suit: something to wear rain, hail or sunshine. This season is a particularly happy one for the girl who has to make one costume do for varied occasions. I pin my faith to an ensemble costume of brown wool suede fabric, skirt short, but not too short. The dress is straight of course, with a top of beige bengaline, buttoned from shoulder to hem with flat brown buttons. When I'm in a hurry, I simply undo two buttons. Then steps are strides."

The coat was a love. It was straight, too, and closed at one side with a big button and lined with the same material as the top of the dress. A snug collar of beaver had cuffs to match. Open or closed, it looked equally smart especially with the vivid boutonniere Jacqueline pinned inside the collar. A little brown felt hat, with slightly rolled brim, banded with tan gros-grain ribbon, brown pumps and beige stockings completed the outfit.

Sometimes Miss Logan wears with this suit a cun-



Q Miss Logan displayed a simple black satin dinner gown only slightly decollete and along slender lines, with a deep fringe of satin braid. "I like to wear black satin low-cut shoes and rhinestone buckles with this" Miss Logan said.



Q Jacqueline strongly advocates the chic ensemble costume. This one is of brown wool suede fabric. The dress is straight with a top of beige bengaline. The coat is finished with a snug beaver collar and cuffs to match. A knobby brown felt hat and brown pumps and beige stockings complete the outfit.

ning little polo hat of fawn-brown suede cloth—anything suede is all the rage this season, you know—pulled determinedly over her hair as though to challenge the world to a "chukker."

"What would you suggest for dinner and say a dance or theatre afterwards?" I asked.

"Black," replied Miss Logan promptly. "It can be made to look infinitely more striking than any color. Haven't you noticed how a black gown will dominate a roomful of multi-colored frocks? Look!" She displayed a black satin dinner gown of simplicity that is the season's mode.

The rounded neck was only slightly decollete in a model of slender lines and an unusual deep fringe of satin braid. "I like to wear black satin low-cut shoes and rhinestone buckles with this," she mentioned. "You know, buckles with pins so that it's quite easy to change them from one pair of shoes to another."

New Screenplays

Reviewed by Delight Evans

OME smarty said once, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like."

I'll change that "much" to "anything", and apply it to this month's celluloid banquet. Because I have been having the time of my life at the movies. But when I stop to think about it, I have no excuse for myself at all. So I hope you won't want any. There hasn't been any new "art form" evolved, or a revolutionary invention exhibited—to my meager knowledge. But there has been some great entertainment. So much of it that I don't know where to begin. And don't demand a critical analysis, because you won't get it. I forgot that I was seeing pictures for a living and pretended I had paid admission to almost every theater I went into. And that's a distinct departure, as they say in art circles; because sometimes I feel more like stopping at the box-office on my way out and demanding my pass back.

The best time was had by me and, if the gasps and chortles meant anything, by all, at "The Iron Horse." This was the surprise of my season. I had watched that darned airplane with "The Iron Horse" blazoned upon it in letters of fire flash through the skies so many times that I was all tired out. You know how it is when you hear an airplane, no matter how many you have been up in yourself. You know what they look like and how they work, but you can't resist rushing to the window to watch them fly by. Feeling as I do about airplanes, I lost a lot of sleep because that costly method of exploitation had occurred to William Fox to let the world in on the secret that in "The Iron Horse" he had a picture—a *picture*, my boys. Well, I agree with Mr. Fox, not because of the expensive publicity, but because, strangely enough, of his photoplay.

"The Iron Horse" has black-and-white scenes which are as stirring as the pageants in the old books. It's the reddest-blooded entertainment I ever saw. There are Indians—and everything. Added to the thrills there is a drama, and romance—not the puny romance of the hero and the heroine, though that is sweet and pretty; but the great romance of the building of the first transcontinental railroad.

Add to your list of inspiring screen sequences that of "The Iron Horse" which pictures the gallant men who stop in their work of making a railroad to take a casual shot at passing savages and then go back to their song, "Drill, ye terriers, drill." By the way, there's a tune for you to whistle! The musical score keeps pace with the action all the time; and that's saying a lot. Then there's the best Indian fight ever filmed. The work train is surrounded at "end of track." The hero and Corporal Casey—more of him later—jump on their iron horse and puff back for



Q THE IRON HORSE is a convincing record in celluloid of American history and more colorful than anything to be found in books.



Q Winston Miller in "The Iron Horse", an outstanding excellent bit.

help. The Indians draw in. There, under a freight car, are two of the three musketeers—the injured Private Schultz has a box seat at the battle which he isn't too injured to enjoy. The relief train with its fighting men—and women—joins the fight. And the hero has a little private battle of his own, and—oh, you'll love it. You'll eat it up.

There's much more. John Ford has done such good work in direction that you feel yourself one of the builders of the railroad, and find it hard to ride home in the railroad's little step-brother, the subway. "The Iron Horse," to my mind, makes better time than "The Covered Wagon"; but, while the stories are actually almost identical in outline, there is no question of comparison. Each picture has its place. Each is great. And if the people who rode in "The Iron Horse" seem more real to me than the pioneers in "The Covered Wagon," it is only because I found George O'Brien a more believable lad than J. Warren Kerrigan, and could get all worked up over his affairs—even that with the beautiful, but completely colorless Madge Bellamy. And there is Corporal Casey, the Ernest Torrence of this Fox drama. Played by J. Farrell MacDonald, he's a delight. His name is Winston Miller, and his scene at the grave of his massacred father is the most touching in the picture. Master Miller is a fine actor. It is easier for a very little boy to be a fine actor than it is for a bigger boy of Winston's age, generally known as awkward. But Winston manages.

Incidentally, "The Iron Horse" is another contribution to the screen anthology. Gradually we are getting a complete record, in celluloid, of American history, more convincing,

Q BEST SCREENPLAYS OF THE MONTH:

Q The Iron Horse

Q The Man Who Came Back

Q Open All Night

Q The Navigator

Q BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH:

Q Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien in The Man Who Came Back

Q Jetta Goudal in Open All Night

Q Pauline Frederick in Three Women

Q Charlie Ray in Dynamite Smith



more colorful than anything to be found in books. Children, don't fail to add this to your home work; but you might be generous and take your old folks along.

And now for the comedy relief. There is enough of it on this month's program to give you a chuckle a week—or do you guffaw? They are mostly chuckles this month. Let's begin with "Open All Night," which is our dear old movie all done up in long pants, or, if you prefer something more

applauding. Adolphe is—Adolphe; I've stopped quibbling over his lack of variety and gladly accept him for himself. His eyebrows express more than most leading men's whole set of features. Raymond Griffith thumbs his nose at prohibition and portrays a very tipsy party who is always amusing and never in the least unsympathetic.

Mr. Bern is a young man and this is his first directorial effort. He is a pupil of Papa Lubitsch, but he can step out of the class now and teach his teacher a thing or two. That is, if Paramount doesn't spank him and send him, supperless, to bed after "Open All Night." Paul was a naughty boy, but a clever one. However, considering the fate which probably awaits this comedy at the box office, it's a big "if."

"Merton of the Movies" is an old man now. He's been trouping a good long time, and it seems to me he's a little tired. Or it may be that I am tired of Merton. I've known him so long. I met him when Harry Leon Wilson introduced us in book form; I saw him on the stage. And somehow in his latest incarnation he fails to interest me much.

It is my theory that "Merton of the Movies" never meant Merton in the movies. The movies can't kid themselves and get away with it. A satire on the screen doesn't belong there. And that's why Merton, in the films, fell flat for me. It was all there: Merton's mimicry with the dummies; Merton's tryout in the studio; Merton's romance

modern, plus-fours. In other words, we have graduated. From "Pollyanna" to Paul Morand is a real leap, but the motion picture has made it. And today we have a farce far more genuinely amusing, and far more delicately done than two-thirds of the stuff on Broadway. In New York right now there is a comedy which skates on very brittle ice, and often skids. In another Broadway theater, "Open All Night," suggested by the stories of a Frenchman who excels at accounts of light amours and pastel emotions, is presented on the shadow-stage, and it is a credit to the screen. You know what you like and this may not be it. But Paul Bern has been so charmingly inconsequential about its direction, and the players enter so fully into the spirit of the thing, that the result is our first really naughty and sophisticated picture.

Viola Dana, more entrancing as a featurette than she ever was as a star, plays the petted wife of a man about Paris, Adolphe Menjou. She yearns for a caveman who'll brow-beat instead of baby her. She finds him in Maurice B. ("Lefty") Flynn, as a six-day bicycle rider with mustachios and a passion for onions. But she also encounters the athlete's love, Jetta Goudal, and while the six-day race is being run on the track outside, Viola and Jetta run an emotional race of their own. If Jetta wins, it's because she has a part which fits her as snugly as the daring dress she wears. Mlle. Goudal is seen in only one gown during the entire proceedings, but in it she provides more excitement than most actresses with several changes of costume. Jetta is great. She's unique in her catlike grace and strange beauty. There is nothing at all squeamish or lady-like about the way she tears this role to pieces, but you can't help



Q George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill in "The Man Who Came Back." *What a team they make! George O'Brien and Miss Mackaill are marvellous.*

Q "The Navigator" with Buster Keaton. *This is the best Buster Keaton picture ever made.*



Q *It is the best low comedy of months.*



with "Flips" Montague. But not even James Cruze could put it over. And I think, from the mental tone of the picture, that Cruze realized he couldn't. The story has been changed to permit Harold Parmalee to leer after "Flips"; but it isn't this change which prejudiced me. And not Glenn Hunter's screen Merton, either. Because Glenn is just as lovable and just as poignant as he was on the stage. It is a perennial performance and it belongs to the little list which we call great. Viola Dana is present as "the Montague Girl," and what a cunning kid she is. I'm awfully glad she's ceased starring and gone back to work.

But for a real, old-fashioned, stomach-laugh, don't miss "The Navigator." Buster Keaton in a deep sea diver's bathing suit may not sound funny. Buster Keaton in anything may not be funny to you. But Buster, or his "gag" men—give them credit; they have a lot to do with the laughs in any comedy—have actually managed to think up—"dope out" is, I believe, the more technical phrase—some perfectly original versions of the old jokes. There's no such thing, I suppose, as a new comedy idea, except, once in a while, when Charlie Chaplin gets busy; but there are all sorts of ways of making you believe, for a minute, that you never saw a comedian slip and fall before. For fast and furious fun, "The Navigator" is the best low-comedy of months. And I just love low-comedy, don't you? The idea is that Buster and his girl manage to embark on an empty ship which is set adrift. Both are spoiled children and are obliged to learn, bit by bit, the rudiments of housekeeping. Somehow, although his expression never changes, Buster contrives to give a very good impersonation of a very vacant young rich man—as good as some I've seen which required eyebrows, lots of acting, and an opera hat. Before they're rescued—I'm not giving away the plot, for there isn't any—Buster dons the diver's suit, mixes up with cannibals, and attempts solitaire with a deck of very wet cards—the real roar of the picture.

As far as acting is concerned, the histrionics are left to a still photograph of Donald Crisp as Battling Burrows of "Broken Blossoms," which scares the navigators almost to death, and I didn't blame them.



Q Glenn Hunter as "Merton of the Movies," and just as poignant as he was on the stage.



Q Glenn Hunter, showing Viola Dana how Merton resembles Harold Parmalee.

Q Viola Dana as the Montague Girl and what a cunning kid she is!



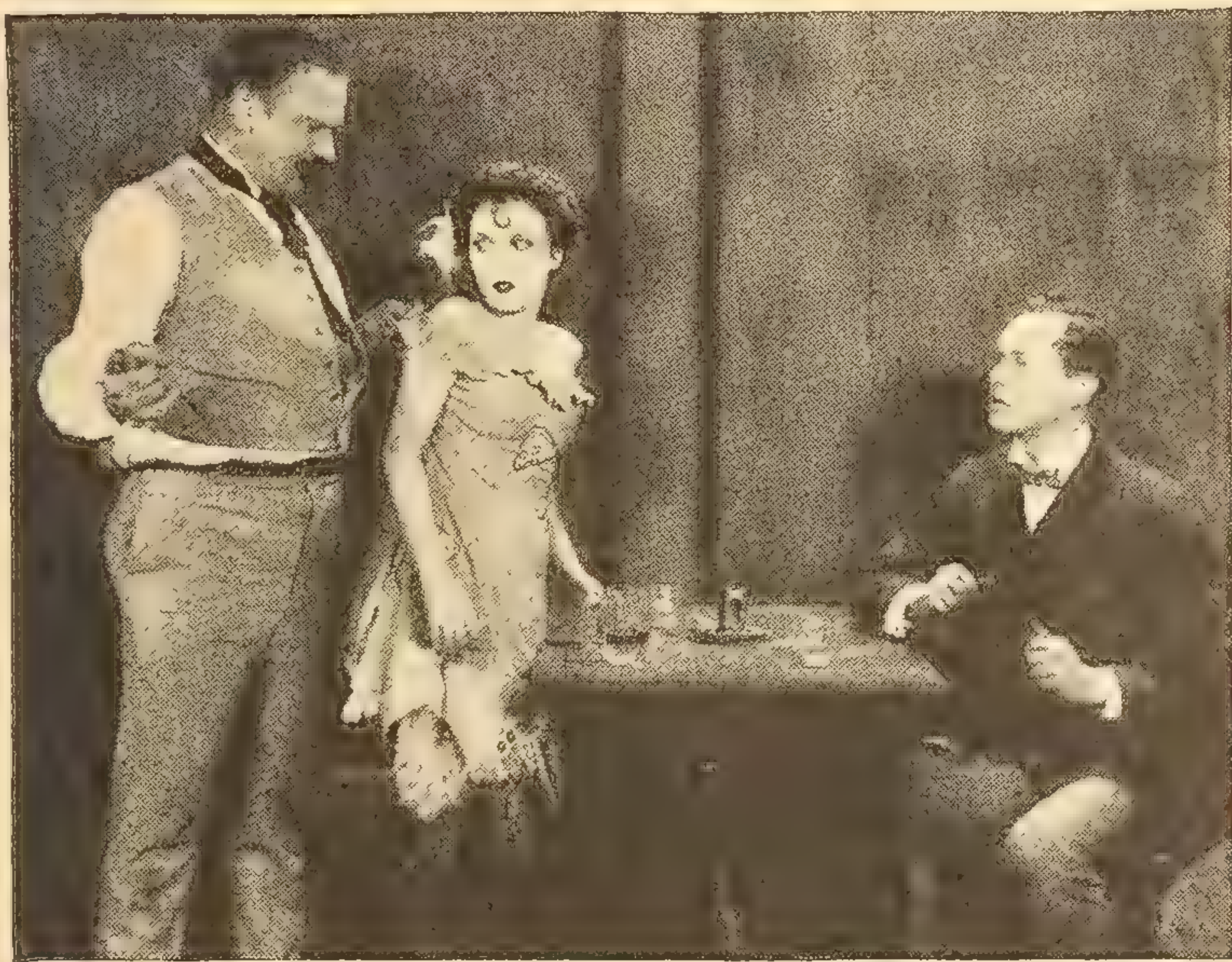
Q Elliott Roth as Harold Parmalee in Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies."

Before you die laughing at "The Navigator"—gosh, I hope Buster is as funny when you see him as he was at the pre-view—rush right out and see "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter." For some reason or other, you must not say "Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood." But that's the only restriction the picture puts on you. Otherwise, it's all yours to howl at.

Now, I don't put these two cloak-and-suit gentlemen among my favorite film acquaintances. But I couldn't help being captivated by their desperate efforts to make good in the movies. They begin by producing a film called "The Fatal Murder," featuring Irma and Rosie Potash, daughter and wife of Abe Potash, the president of the firm. Also employed are numerous aunts, uncles and cousins of the producers. But somehow that picture flopped. And so they decide to make a vampire drama, and they do, they do. The surprise of the evening is the appearance of Constance and Norma Talmadge in small parts—yes, really. The girls have at least one good-sized sense of humor between



Q Charles Ray in the title rôle of "Dynamite Smith," his first big Ince-Pathe feature.



Q Wallace Beery, Bessie Love and Charles Ray. Beery is the proprietor of a dive, "The Diamond Cafe," Bessie is his wife, and Charles Ray is the young reporter.

them, and they did this for a lark. They, with George Sidney as Abe Potash, are the stars of the occasion. Sidney is a rare actor, a Warfieldian character who is just as effective before the camera as the foot-lights. Alexander Carr can't seem to forget the camera and as a result isn't so good. The titles are by Montague Glass, father of Potash and Perlmutter; and if these are your samples, Montague, I'll order a whole case.

"The Man Who Came Back." What? No, not Charlie Ray; I'll get around to him later. Still, when I stop to think it over, Charlie is really the man who came back, and he deserves three cheers and a hand-clasp; and here's mine, Charlie.

"Dynamite Smith" is Charles Ray's return picture under

the old "Thomas H. Ince Presents." You remember Ince presented Ray in "The Coward," "The Clodhopper," and those other hits which established Charlie as the First Boy of the screen. Then ambitions led him away from the old homestead; he went out into the world to make his way. But the world wanted Charlie, not Charles. And that's why Thomas Ince welcomed him back the other day and set him at his old chores, which he does so much better than any one else, it's a shame he ever stopped.

C. Gardner Sullivan, who wrote the most popular of the old Ince-Ray rural dramas, was called in to do the churning. He produced a story which gives Charlie all his old chances to make good, and some new ones, too. "Dynamite Smith" is daring, in a way. I can't tell you why, for it would spoil the suspense; but it follows life somewhat more closely than is usual. Charlie isn't a hero; he's a human, somewhat scared, but always lovable boy. And—I'm not just being kind; I really think so—he has more power and depth than he used to have. Bessie Love helps him stage a scene which for pathos I have not seen bettered. It's the scene on the stairs. Watch for it. Wallace Beery is the conventional villain and Jacqueline Logan the conventional heroine, but they don't seem to matter so much. It's Charlie's birthday party. We won't count the candles; we'll just wish him many happy returns of the day.

And now for "The Man Who Came Back," by Jules Eckart Goodman. If you saw the play you will want to see the picture and if you didn't you mustn't miss it either. It's frankly a melodrama, but it is of that stuff which holds and thrills you—if it doesn't, you miss a lot. I'm almost willing to bet that even if you turn up your nose at the fantastic story, the romance will get you. Especially as it is acted by George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill. What a team they make! This, or "The Iron Horse," is O'Brien's first picture. He's the son of Dan O'Brien, Frisco's chief of police; and he broke into the movies by hanging around when film companies came to his home town to shoot scenes. He became an assistant director and then Fox gave him his chance. And if he doesn't make you throw away your cherished pictures of Rudolph and Adolphe and Ramon and other Latin lads, it will be because their secretaries never sent you

any. Anyway, that's the way I feel about George. If I said he looks like a young Greek god in his bathing suit in this picture, it would kill all my chances of ever interviewing Mr. O'Brien, and I am looking for-



Q In this picture Charles Ray has more power and depth than he used to have.

Q Wallace Beery puts over the villain.



ward to it. Besides, he's such a young rough-neck that men will like him, too, and I don't want to say anything to make them change their minds. Besides, again, he can act some. He and Miss Mackaill are marvellous. This girl

was in the Follies once, but she has lived it down. She has more promise than any other leading woman I can think of; and I only hope Fox doesn't decide to star her. Her wistful charm and fragile beauty barely hint at the tremendous emotional wallop she can pack when she chooses. Strong words, but it's that kind of a picture!

Now to pull myself and remingwood together and assume a slightly cynical expression in place of one of pure joy. We have with us today "Three Women." As a matter of fact, it should be only one woman, and that one, Pauline Frederick. She and Charlie Ray are both returning to greatness. Pauline was missed almost as much. She is the saving grace of the latest Ernst Lubitsch drama—and *what* grace! As the middle-aged mother of May McAvoy, Miss Frederick has all her old fire and much of her old beauty; but she has added the subtlety which perhaps she always had, but which was always successfully hidden in the hodge-podge of wretched vehicles which was her former film lot. The story started out to be daring and then somehow was side-tracked to permit a highly moral ending—the kind of moral which was the old-fashioned film standard, but which the films have outgrown.

Surely Lubitsch was not in accord with the development of his theme. His skill and humor are less in evidence than formerly; in fact, his name is the only thing to mark it as a Lubitsch picture. I suspect "Three Women" has been ruthlessly cut. There is only a glimpse of the third woman, played by Marie Prevost. And most of us want more than a glimpse of the plump little Prevost. The story, briefly, concerns a mother enamoured of a rogue—Lew Cody—pardon me, Lew—to such an extent that she fails to display the proper maternal affection for daughter May. The mother

Q Adolphe Menjou and Viola Dana—you can't help applauding.

Q "Open All Night," a farce, more genuinely amusing and far more delicately done than two-thirds of the stuff on Broadway.



Q Freeman Wood and Betty Compson in "The Female."

instinct is only awakened when Lew appropriates May, marries her, neglects her. Lew pays—poor Lew; he is always the screen villain who pays and pays. But he is as sincere as his role permits. The only believable thing about it is the mother, thanks not to the scenario writer, but to the splendid Miss Frederick. There are the usual "Ernst Lubitsch touches"; but a touch isn't what this picture needs. It needs a wallop.

"Tarnish" is a good picture. But your enjoyment depends entirely upon what you demand of your screen entertainment. If I were making a list of pictures not to be missed, I am afraid this new George Fitzmaurice photoplay would not be among them. It left me in a state best described as chilly. It is well written by Frances Marion from Gilbert Emery's play; it is well directed by Fitzmaurice; and it is exceedingly well acted. But it has little appeal.

The theme is: "All men are tarnished, but pick one that cleans easily." It's a great shock to the heroine to find that her lover used to know a manicurist, but she recovers in time to remember that real love is everything. All of which occasions the comment, "Well, what of it?" The nicest part of the picture is the presence of Ronald Colman, whom you would never take for an actor if you saw him on the street. He isn't handsome, and although he boasts a mustache, it is a very nice mustache and he never twirls it. May McAvoy is her usual sweet self as the heroine, and I can't say anything worse. The feminine honors go to Marie Prevost, who has become such a corking actress we are in danger of forgetting her Sennett past. There's no girl on the screen who can play a demi-mondaine like Marie. And she's always somehow so appealing in her rough roles that she steals sympathy from the good little girls. Albert Gran, as the philandering old father, eats up a fat role. That he doesn't over-eat is proof that he's a seasoned actor.

"Lily of the Dust" seemed to be almost unanimously acclaimed one of Pola Negri's worst pictures. I am going to be strong-minded and insist it is one of her best. It retains the flavor of Sudermann's "Song of Songs" from which it was adapted, if not the outlines; and in it, Negri

shows more of her old eagerness and what is generally known as abandon. One thing I like about her is her complete indifference to clothes and coiffure when her role calls for it. As a shop-girl she dresses the part, and gives her maid a day off. The Negri retinue must have had a real vacation during the first reels of "Lily of the Dust," before Lily marries the colonel and goes to live well in Berlin. But her young lieutenant enters her life again, still poor but ardent. And he breaks Lily's heart for the rest of the picture. We should thank the producers for the unhappy ending. Ben. Lyon should always appear in a uniform. I never liked him before. Noah Beery as the colonel is always in character. And Pola is picturesque. The worst thing about "Lily of the Dust" is its title.

Here's "The Alaskan," by James Oliver Curwood, starring Thomas Meighan, and made 'way up thar where men pose themselves against the sky, especially motion picture actors.

"The Alaskan" is Tommy Meighan and lots of scenery.



Q *Pauline Frederick in "Three Women" is the saving grace—and what grace! Also Lew Cody and May McAvoy.*

Q *May McAvoy and Marie Prevost in this latest Lubitsch picture.*



You can't be hard on a picture or a player when they have gone to all the trouble to hunt up accurate locations and leave their California comforts, all for us. It must be cold up there, too. In spite of all this, or it might have been because of the Arctic atmosphere, my impression of "The Alaskan" just about matches the scenery. But most Meighan admirers will gladly bundle up and go to see him, and there is a demand for the book, I hear. Besides, the dusky Estelle Taylor is in it; and Estelle makes herself useful around the set and ornamental, too.

To warm up a little after "The Alaskan" I saw "Sinners in Heaven." Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and company went down to the Bahamas where the tropic sun beats down on the white sand and there are plenty of palms for the



Q *Monte Blue and Marie Prevost in "The Lover of Camille."*

heroine to be chased from tree to tree if it's that kind of a picture. Bebe and Richard arrive in an airplane, but not intentionally. After that, it's not much different from the other stories of hero and heroine cast up by the sea, except that an airplane, not a ship, rescues them. But I confess I am slightly partial to shipwreck stories, also to Bebe and Richard; so I discovered a little glamor in "Sinners in Heaven," though I had to overwork my imagination to do it. And the scenery is just grand.

Watching the first reels unfold, I thought surely I had seen "Circe, the Enchantress" somewhere before. The lady with the head of fuzzy blond hair looked vaguely familiar to me. And when she was seen twinkling her toes in

a jazz dance before a group of admiring males, I was sure she was an old friend. Yes—"Circe" is Mae Murray—again.

Mae is clever. Mae is pretty. Mae is a divine dancer. But in "Circe" there is too much of Mae. It is all Mae—and not even Mae Murray is clever enough, exotic enough, or varied enough to have six whole reels almost entirely to herself. Particularly when such a story as "Circe" is employed to exploit her talents. Ibanez wrote it; but I would like to be present when he first sees the completed picture and to understand enough Spanish to translate his comments. There is just one thing in "Circe" that is real: Mae as a school-girl. But she grows up very soon, and there the reality ends.

Another case of a one-star picture is "One Night in Rome." Laurette Taylor is too good a showwoman to indulge in an over-abundance of close-ups; but she should have known that this J. Hartley Manners play would not make a good picture. I saw the play; and Miss Taylor, as always, charmed me. But in the picture, with its ineffectual story, the Taylor charm, which is so elusive and gossamer it

takes a clever cameraman to catch it, is scarcely evident at all. The star becomes merely a competent actress whose close-ups remind you that her youth is past.

Paradoxically, Laurette Taylor should always play children. As an Irish gamin, she is delicious—incomparable. Her close-ups as "Peg o' My Heart" were of a very young, very lovely girl. She sparkled with humor; her great eyes were the fresh dewy eyes of a child. But Laurette in long dresses

loses her screen identity. Not even the Irish Tom Moore can

enliven the dull affair. How I wish Laurette and Tom would play together in an emerald tale of young love! The title-writer wouldn't have to sprinkle his captions with "Wurra wurra" with them around.

Oh, Betty, how could you! After your Dodo in "The Enemy Sex" you do a thing like this. Perhaps "The Female" wasn't your fault.



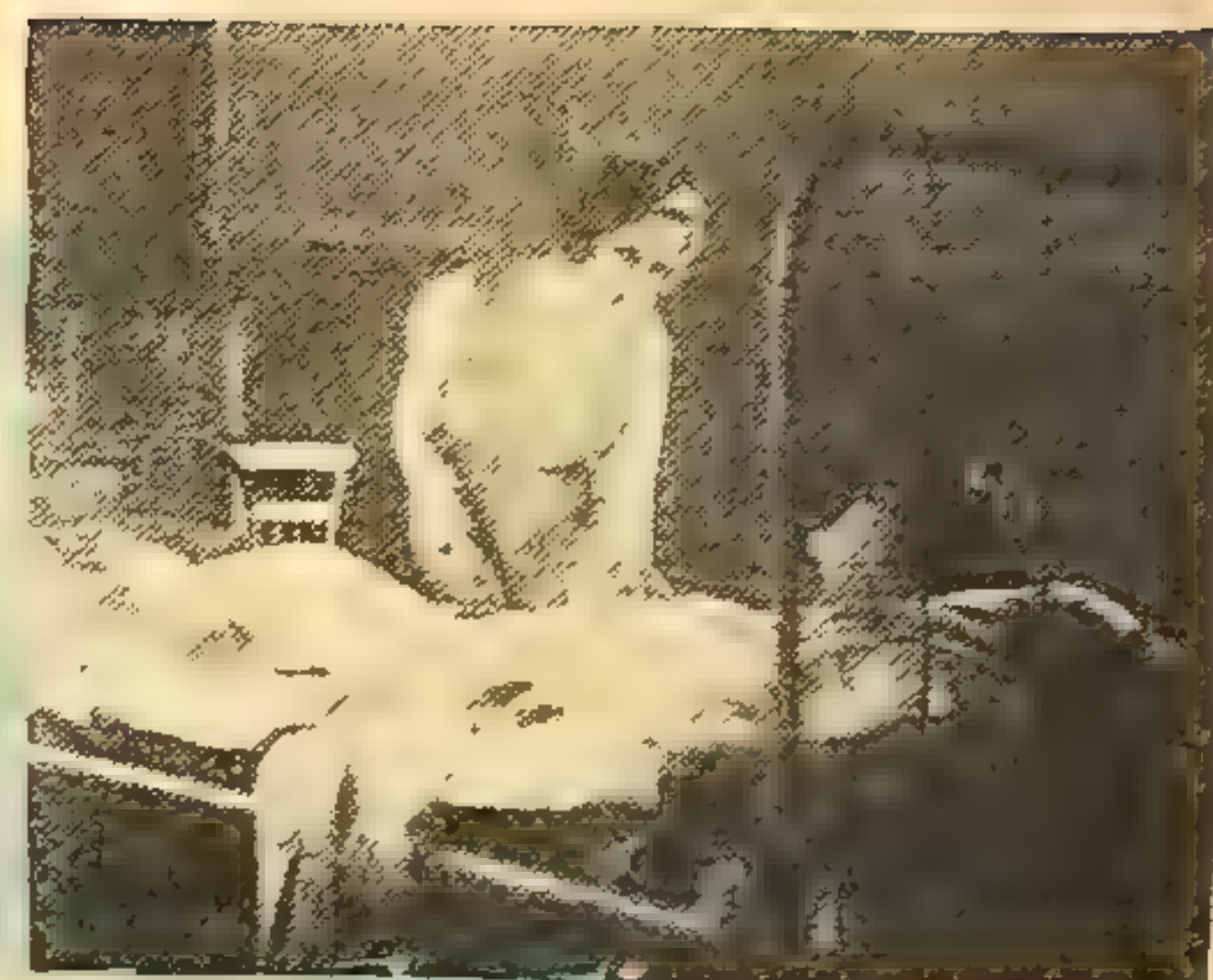
Q *Tommy Meighan and Estelle Taylor in "The Alaskan."*



Percy Marmont and Marguerite De La Motte.



Marguerite is much better than ever before.



Marguerite De La Motte and Percy Marmont in J. Stuart Blackton's masterpiece.

Percy Marmont in a touching scene beautifully played.

"Clean Hearts," the Vitagraph successful film of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel, is a film we recommend.

Dickstein's Reviews

HIS HOUR--*Metro-Goldwyn*—In this one, the love of Gritzko for Tamara might have lasted *Three Weeks* or *Six Days* or perhaps it was culminated in that *One Exciting Night* when Gritz locked Tam in a snow bound shack 'way out on a lonely Russian steppe. At any rate one cannot sit up with this newest brain child of Elinor Glyn and maintain any semblance of time elapsed. It's like walking the floor with it, you know, at midnight when an hour seems more like a year. *His Hour* is not so very much different from other Glyn screenings we have seen in the past. It has one (1) prince of the royal family of Suchalove; one (1) painfully beautiful princess who spends most of her time resisting the amorous advances of the dashing prince; five (5) ermine bedecked courtesans with names ending in *off*; and various other supernumeraries who jump when the director calls Sonia, Olga, Tatiana, Sasha or *Caviar*.

But, then, that is as it should be in all good Elinor Glyn productions. The movies will be no worse off for an extra prince or two and, besides, Prince Gritzko in *His Hour* is charmingly played by John Gilbert. Aileen Pringle is the Princess Tamara and who wouldn't devote at least one little hour to her?

VANITY'S PRICE—*F. B. O.*—And now even the beautiful and bland Anna Q. Nilsson has undergone the Steinach treatment of rejuvenation. Not really, you know, but in the role of Vanna Du Maurier in *Vanity's Price*, it is exactly what every one wanted her to do. Lines and wrinkles have no place on the face of one so fair as Nilsson. Since Corinne Griffith set the style in *Black Oxen* and with even the mundane Menjou affording himself a new

gland or two in *Sinners in Silk*, you're probably going to see more miracles of rejuvenation on the screen this year than there were dusky faced Arabs born of French noblemen during the period immediately following *The Sheik*.

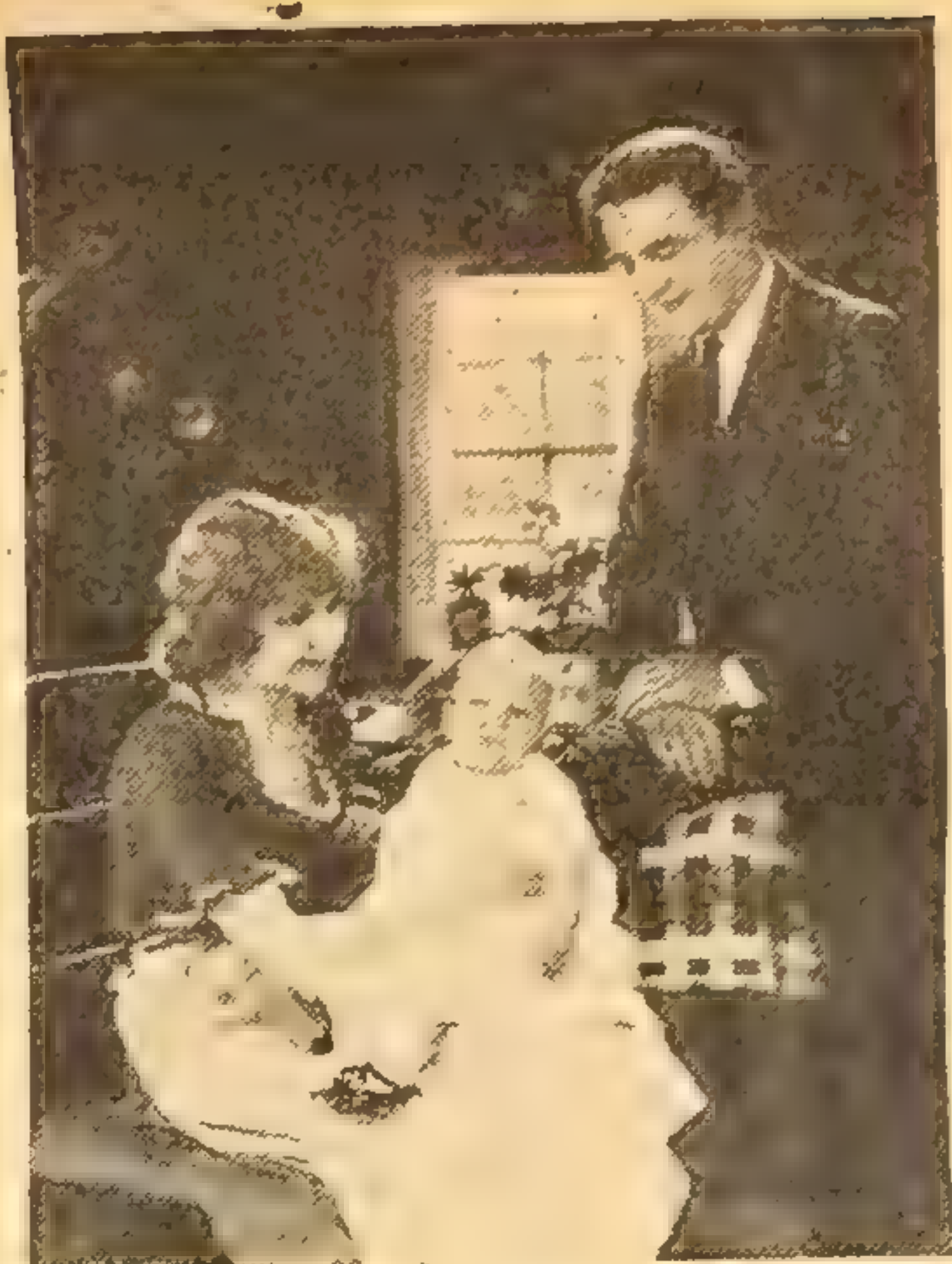
However, if Vanna Du Maurier hadn't been rejuvenated in *Vanity's Price* there wouldn't have been a plot, and without a plot not even Miss Nilsson or Stuart Holmes or Wyndham Standing or Arthur Rankin could have made a picture. As it stands, it is a drama chock full of arresting situations and amazingly frank disclosures in the life of a woman who was afraid to grow old. Miss Nilsson is especially convincing as the pre-rejuvenated Vanna and Stuart Holmes once more his wondrous villainy performs.

Naturally, no entertainment for the youngsters. They'd see no reason why in the world folks would want to be young again anyhow.

MEASURE OF A MAN—*Universal*—And while we're on the subject of rejuvenation, we are reminded of the limitless prowess and indeterminable energy of this fellow, William Desmond, whose latest Universal thriller is *Measure of a Man*. Bill will never grow old. He is the same virile, thick-chested he-man of the great outdoors today as he was when he was making hair-raising serials in the good, old Triangle days. As Jack Fairmeadow (swell name, that) Bill rocks 'em and socks 'em as of yore and he does it in a way that leads us to believe he never heard of Prof. Steinach and wouldn't give a hoot about his famous treatment if he did. Fairmeadow is introduced as a reformed drunkard who goes up into the lumber country bent on persuading the lumberjacks to vote the



Q "The Fast Worker," with Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante. You will enjoy it immensely.



Q "The Measure of a Man," with William Desmond. It moves along with a swinging stride.



Q "The Measure of a Man"—we rather like this picture.

Prohibition ticket. Whenever a hunkie tries to bolt the party, Fairmeadow stands ready to beat him up and preach the grapejuice gospel to him afterwards.

Measure of a Man should be the year's most perfect picture from the standpoint of the censors. It's thoroughly wholesome and in spots we weren't sure that we didn't see a halo over Jack Fairmeadow's well-shaped head. There isn't even the usual love interest. For that Arthur Rosson ought to lead the Grand March at the next annual Directors' Ball. We rather liked this picture. It moves along in swinging stride unhampered by the swish of petticoats.

THE CYCLONE RIDER—Fox—Jimmy Armstrong was doing construction work on a skyscraper thousands of feet up from the pavements—when he fell! He didn't hurtle through the air to certain death as you're probably seeing it in your mind's eye. It wasn't that kind of a fall. Rather he fell for the feminine wiles of one Doris Steele (they do pick out such appropriate names for steel magnates' daughters) and thereafter the film resolves itself into a mad chase for the lady's favor. There are more thrills to the foot of film in *The Cyclone Rider* than titles in a Cecil De Mille swimming tank. Men struggle on structural framework eighteen stories above the noonday traffic; the hero races his car off a dock and lands it squarely on the deck of a ferry boat already ten or fifteen feet out in the stream; an automobile turns turtle to avoid hitting a child playing in the street, and there is a corking hand-to-hand fight in the water mains way down in the bowels of the city. Reed Howes, in the role of Armstrong, proves himself a splendid stunt man as well as an emotional actor of sorts. Alma Bennett is pretty enough as Doris Steele but it will take more than soft focus close-ups to convince us that this player wouldn't benefit by some seasoning in less important roles.

However, if it's thrilled you'd like to be, don't miss *The Cyclone Rider*.

THE CLEAN HEART—Vitagraph—This is one picture J. Stuart Blackton can point to in his old age and say: "That is my gift to a once sex-crazed picture world. It is as clean as its very own title. It is my best work and I'm proud of it." And whatever the director of *The Clean Heart* will have to say about it in years to come, we'll back his every word if we have to get a leave from the Old Folks' Home to do it.

Blackton has taken A. S. M. Hutchinson's powerful novel and dramatized it in a way that would be a credit to a Marshall Neilan or an Ernst Lubitsch. Percy Marmont again scores in the typical Hutchinson character of Philip Wriford as he did by his memorable portrayal of Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes*. Marguerite de la Motte plays Essie Bickers so much better than other roles she has had that it was hard to believe it was the same player. And Otis Harlan—we'll never forget his splendid characterization of Puddlebox, the lovable old tramp who gave his life to save Wriford from dying a wretched death at the bottom of the sea.

This is a film we have no hesitancy in recommending. It is remarkably well acted, superbly directed, and it is a sensible picture faithfully adapted from a sensible book.

THE FAST WORKER—Universal—The exhibitors asked for more Reginald Denny pictures, and Universal had to



Q John Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and Elinor Glyn collaborate to make "His Hour" entertaining.



Q There are more thrills in a foot of film in "The Cyclone Rider" than there are in a load of dynamite.

let this one go in spite of the fact that its release was originally set for the Spring of next year. But, as we see it, *The Fast Worker* is much too tantalizing a morsel to dangle before the eyes of a waiting public without permitting the w.p. just one tiny, little nibble at it. The picture is probably Denny's best since *Sporting Youth* and, with Laura La Plante on the receiving end, the famous battery from the sand lots of Universal City will

probably hold the critics down to a few scattered hits.

The story is a rather uproarious adaptation of George Barr McCutcheon's *The Husbands of Edith* in which Denny is called upon to play the husband of another man's wife. The plot is too good to give away here but be assured that you will enjoy it immensely. As we did. Lee Moran plays a "straight" role in this production but the more serious Lee takes himself, the more you'll laugh your head off. And the more you laugh your—well, keep the date open when *The Fast Worker* comes to your town.

Norma Talmadge in

"THE LADY"

Q Norma Talmadge and Wallace MacDonald get married.



Q Norma has some sporty suitors.



Q Norma has a lot of luck, all bad.

Q But the baby grows up to love a mother who was always "The Lady."

He Who Gets Slapped

Victor Seastrom's production has more than equalled the charm of the play.



*With Norma Shearer
and John Gilbert*



Lon Chaney has made a lovable character out of the clown "HE."

This scene from "He Who Gets Slapped" is sheer beauty and Shearer beauty as well.

The romance of a lovely girl told in picturesque settings. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.



Lubitsch directs Pola Negri



"Forbidden Paradise" directed by Ernst Lubitsch is Pola Negri's latest starring picture.



Rod La Rocque as Olexei in "Forbidden Paradise."



Pola has a profile as well as eyes.

Rudolph Valentino in "THE SAINTED DEVIL"



The action of the film does not suffer because the hero is a ladies' man.



Rudolph Valentino a virile type who has raised the world's respect for film heroes.

"Rudie" takes up the Latin conquest again.



Nita Naldi is able and willing to fascinate the masculine part of the audience.

North of 36

With LOIS WILSON, JACK HOLT
and ERNEST TORRENCE



Ernest Torrence has found another part that fits him as well as Lois' becoming costume fits her.



Jack Holt as Dan McMasters in "North of 36."



Lois Wilson having conquered all on her side of the fence comes North of 36 to win all the male honors.

"North of 36" is a thrilling film. It is more than that—it makes you glad you also have a fight on your hands.

Baby Peggy in "THE FAMILY SECRET"



Q Baby Peggy and
undrest banana

Q The family secret comes out with Baby Peggy bigger
and better than ever, but not so large, but what you'
will say 'Isn't She Cute!'

Dramaland

Q The New Plays in New York, Are They Movie Material?

THE funny thing about *The Green Beetle* at the Klaw Theater is that it is a terrible stage play and yet would make a gorgeous movie. If I were the busy little bee who has such things in charge, I'd see that Universal got the plum, for I believe Carl Laemmle would know just what to do with it. First, he'd sign up Lon Chaney, and then he'd also have a grand use for Mary Philbin. I can't imagine a role which would suit her better than that of Elsie Chandos.

John Willard, who perpetrated *The Cat and the Canary*, is the author of *The Green Beetle*, and he was determined to make it the very spookiest, shiveriest Chinese melodrama possible. As a stage melodrama it is a good comedy. It is excruciatingly funny to hear the American-made Chinks hiss their lines in long speeches which are repeated over



ograph by Wide World Studio.

Q She is imported from France to appear in the new "Artists and Models" revue—Mlle. Lucienne Hervé.

Q Another "Artists and Models" principal—Flora Lea.



Photograph by De Mirjian Studios.

Q Muriel De Forrest, one of the loveliest. In "Artists and Models of 1924" at the Astor Theatre.

had loved the little lotus blossom, and he had never forgotten his vow to kill the man who had caused her death. So when Robert Chandos and his wife, Helen, came all unsuspectingly to the curio shop of Chang Hong, in New York's Chinatown, we know that Chang is going to wreak and wreak and wreak vengeance. Chang scares Mr. Chandos to death and drugs his wife, Helen. But wait—Chandos had first been presented with a green

beetle ring for his five-year-old daughter, Elsie. And it's the green beetle ring that leads Elsie—fifteen years later in Act Two—into all sorts of trouble, culminating in a young man's bedroom in a Chinatown hotel.

For the part of the unheroic young man who becomes a hero for love's sake, I'd choose Louis Kimball, who plays the part on the stage. And if I'm any prognosticator he will be out of a job pretty soon, for the play simply can't last long on Broadway. Kimball would play the part better than any movie actor I can think of, unless it be Harold Lloyd.

It is easy to visualize Leatrice Joy in the role of Helen Chandos, but she's under a starring contract to Famous Players-Lasky. The movies could make a great role out of Helen's part, while the stage play can only sketch her briefly. The unscrupulous Chang marries the wife of the man he has frightened to death, but she loses her memory and reverts to childhood. A fat screen part! There are two or three other good Chinese parts, a splendid irate father role, which is ably handled on the stage by Edmund Elton, and which, if I had my way, would go to Theodore

and over to keep the audience from forgetting that it is all a plot to avenge the death of Little Lotus Blossom, Suey Yen (she doesn't appear on the program; she's killed off before the show starts).

And *that's* where the movie will have it all over the stage play. Little Suey Yen can be shown—oh, can't she just? And the pathos can be spread on, until strong men weep and women faint at her death in China.

Lon Chaney would be superb as Chang Hong, the role played by Ian MacLaren on the stage. Chang, you see,

Roberts on the screen; and so much corking good comedy that the screen could utilize to the best advantage. Naturally the movie director would include a furious tong war, much gorgeous Chinese atmosphere, and a dozen spooky thrills.

THOROUGHBREDS

THOROUGHBREDS at the Vanderbilt Theater is little more than a marvelous character study of a noble horse-thief, as portrayed by that genius, George Marion, of *Anna Christie* fame. As a stage play it may lack stamina, though the sterling worth of its cast and the simplicity and force of its pathos may keep it in the realm of "Plays that Continue" for quite a while. But as a movie, it seems to me that it would be sure-fire stuff. As with most stage plays there is an enormous lot of good human interest and picturesque by-paths that must be hinted at rather than exploited.

I can see the movie so clearly. In the first place the scene is in Kentucky, the land of blue grass, thoroughbred women and thoroughbred horses. The first order that would go out of the scenario department lucky enough to land the script would be for the continuity writer to put in a corking good horse race. That alone ought to insure the success of the fillum.

The play concerns itself with a charming young girl lawyer, who leaves her home city of Lexington to practise in Tuckytown — charming name! — and the audience is quickly let into the secret by the nefarious prosecuting attorney that the lovely little blond lawyer has something in her past which will all come out before the third curtain.

And when a horse-thief, arrested by the young lawyer's sweetheart for having stolen a thoroughbred from him, becomes the lawyer's first client and she tells him that "somehow there is a queer bond between us," we all know that the lovable old horse-thief is the girl's father.

The prosecuting attorney tries to use his knowledge of the true state of affairs to blackmail the girl into marrying him and the noble horse-



Photograph by Nickolas Muray.

Q *Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, his wife, appearing in "The Guardsman" by Franz Molnar, at the Garrick Theatre.*



Photograph by White Studio.

Q *Keene Twins in "School Belles."*

thief father into letting him do it. Of course it doesn't work, and the girl ends the play in her father's arms, proud to claim him. For has he not stolen horses to support her?

George Marion makes the character of "Doc" Pusey one of the year's real gems of character acting. The company fortunate enough to have the filming of *Thoroughbreds* could do no better than to place Marion under contract. The only substitute that comes to mind is George Fawcett. Probably Famous Players-Lasky would do best by this gentle study in thoroughbreds, for it will require a lavish expenditure, coupled with a deft appreciation for the subtleties of the characterizations. Perhaps John S. Robertson, who has so successfully directed Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy in *The Haunted House*, would be the happiest choice for director. For the role of Sue Wynne, the girl lawyer, I'd like to see May McAvoy or Jacqueline Logan, if Ann Harding herself couldn't spare the time from the stage. Miss Harding's silver blond hair and dainty, perfectly formed features should film remarkably well. And she has that unmistakable stamp of the thoroughbred which is required. If I were casting for the movie I'd want Charles Ogle for the village judge, Katherine Emmet, who creates the role on the stage, for Miss Winchester, and J. K. Hutchinson, also in the stage cast, for the sheriff. And Richard Dix would do nicely for the insistent young man whose main duties are to propose to the heroine and to clench his fists at the villainous prosecuting attorney.

The movie could do wonders with that hinted-at love story of "Doc" Pusey and the little Kentucky thoroughbred, Sue's mother. And the comedy relief is already so thickly peppered through the pathos that adapting the thing would be simply pie for the scenario department. Undoubtedly we'll see *Thoroughbreds* under a different name, of course, as a feature picture on Broadway within six months.

BYE, BYE, BARBARA

I STRONGLY suspect that Sidney Toler and Alonzo Price took a dare off Billy DeBeck to write a musical comedy on his line, "So I took the fifty thousand——." If so, the hunch was an unfortunate one. It isn't pleasant, even in musical comedy, to see a male parent so intent on selling his daughter to best advantage that he holds up said daughter's fiance for fifty thousand before he'll let the engagement be announced. No one on the stage at the National Theater, however, seems to resent papa's mercenary manners. There is simply a mad scramble to get the fifty thousand, which becomes highly ubiquitous. The funniest scene in the alleged comedy is where the parachute jumper cuts the coat-tails from every guest's evening suit before he finally locates the disappearing dough. The chief reaction of the audience is to wonder how the coat-tails are neatly mended after each performance.

Barbara Palmer (Janet Velie) is trying her darndest to get herself formally engaged to Stanley Howard (Arthur Burckly), a movie actor whose shameful profession has been concealed from the male parent. Marjorie, her sis-

ter (Mildred Keats), really puts Barbara in the background, with her quickly cooked-up romance with Phillip Graham, the movie actor's publicity man. The fifty thousand is a cash bonus paid over to the wrong person by a musical comedy Englishman to secure the movie actor's signature to a British film company's contract. Graham is pulling wires to get a larger bonus from the company with which Stanley has been working. That's all there is. There isn't any more. Except Lillian Fitzgerald, who is the hit of the show as Paulette, and John E. Hazzard, the comedy support, in the role of "the great Karloff," parachute jumper, who is one jump ahead of the village constable, bent on arresting him for unpaid alimony.

Hardly movie material here, except for Mr. Sennett's slapstick shop.

PIGS

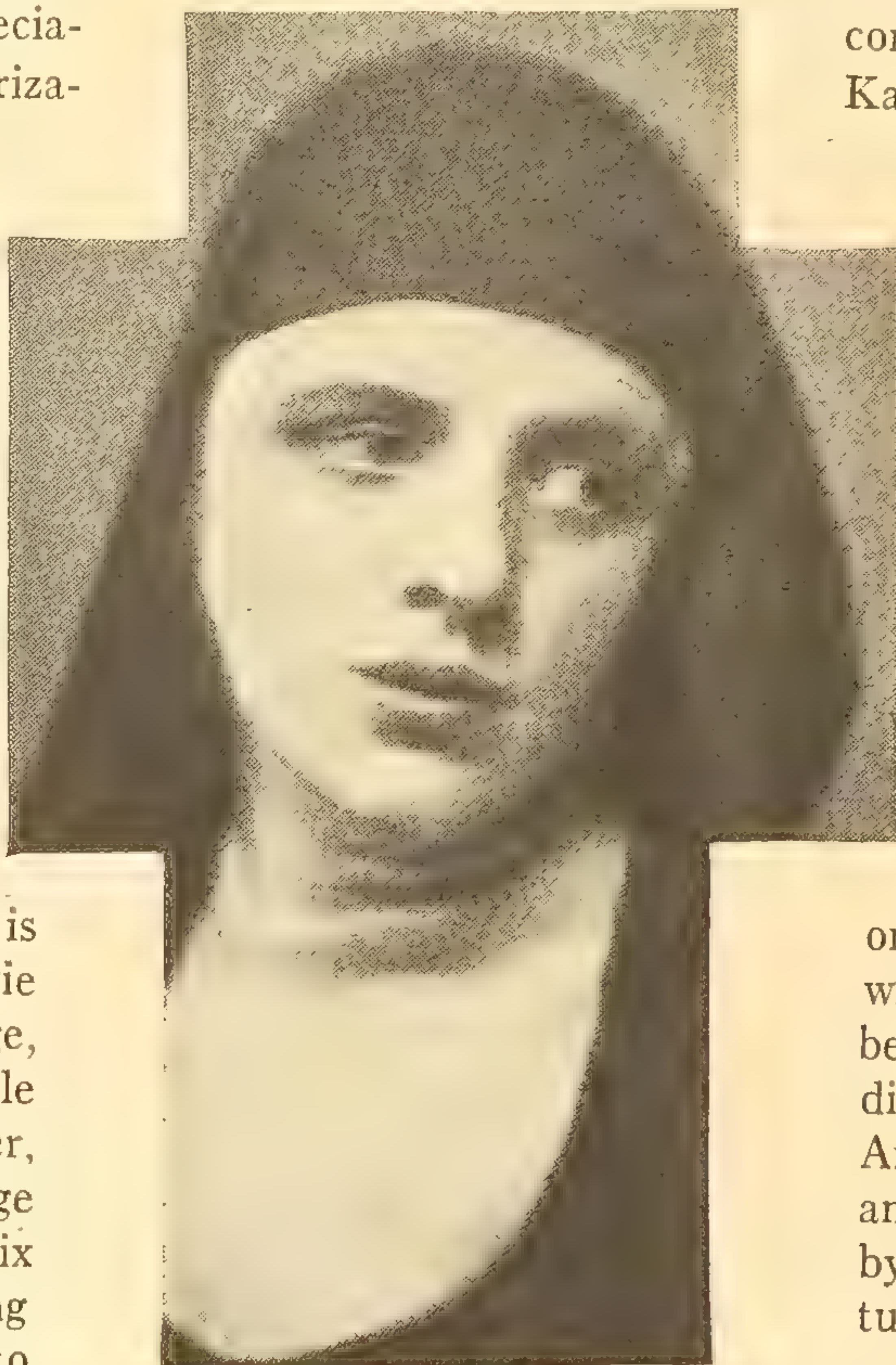
Now that John Golden, owner of the Golden successes, has joined hands with William Fox to make these golden successes into pictures, we can expect to see *Pigs* on the lot soon. And if intelligently done, what a grand little hokum movie it would be! It is almost a Tarkington. The chief difference between this opus as written by Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt and the same thing if it had been written by Tarkington is that the youngsters actually marry.

If William Fox does get *Pigs* I earnestly hope he'll keep the kids as young and immature as they are on the stage. And I hope he takes Wallace Ford and Nydia Westman for the leading roles; but if Miss Westman declines the honor, I humbly suggest Dorothy Gish, the greatest little comedienne of them all. The part cries out for Dorothy's zest and childish youthfulness, for her unerring comedy instinct.

It's another of those middle-class home life plays with which New York has been happily favored this year. Action centers around the home of Thomas Atkins, Jr., who craves \$250 with which to buy pigs. The pigs are suspected of having the cholera and are going for a dollar apiece. But Mr. Atkins, Sr., can't see the proposition at all. Neither can Mildred Cushing's parents. This cold-heartedness is just breaking Tommy's and Mildred's hearts, for they have just become engaged—at Mildred's proposal—and they *must* make a start toward financial independence.

There's a lazy Uncle Hector who won't work; a nagging, pompous Grandma who pets Hector and hectors Junior; and there's an older brother just home from college who writes sonnets to "Celestia"; and finally there's a mother—a real, not a stage, mother, who understands Junior and loves him and defends him against Grandma and Uncle Hector, and even against "Papa."

The plot concerns itself with Mildred's and Junior's schemes to get the two hundred and fifty dollars, their unexpected success, and the happy ousting of Uncle Hector from the Atkins home into one of his own with a girl he had "ruined" in the past. The comedy is extraordinarily young and vigorous and amusing.



Photograph by Caro Leonetti.

Q Rosamond Pinchoff as the Nun in Morris Gest's production of "The Miracle."



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Ruth Stonehouse

*"In dimension and the shape of nature,
a gracious person." — Shakespeare.*



*Shirley
Mason*

*"A new develop-
ment of imagina-
tion, taste and
poetry."*

—Channing



*Anne
Cornwall*

*There is to me a
quintiness that
touches me like
poetry."*

—N. P. Willis



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Patsy Ruth Miller

*"Charm is the glory which makes song
of the poet divine."—M. Arnold.*

Apple Sauce

By

Robert Cyril O'Brien

REX INGRAM and party are now in Europe (the place where the late war was fought, remember?) shooting scenes for *Mare Nostrum*, Metro-Goldwyn's forthcoming spectacular production. While we have received no information concerning what the story is about, judging from the title we imagine it is some kind of a racing yarn. Those things are always popular.

Antonio Moreno, who will have the male lead in the production (that of a jockey probably), has been practicing up on his horsemanship of late, his instructor for a time, so they tell us, being none other than the Prince of Wales himself.

Alice Terry is going to be in the picture too. Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice in *Scaramouche*?

Willis Goldbeck, scenarist, will be responsible for the story, an adaptation of the novel by V. Blasco Ibanez, the author of *Blood and Sand*, *Enemies of Women* (as if there ever were any!), and *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

* * *

IF ALL the imitators of Charlie Chaplin were laid end to end—why, we would be more than satisfied.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD, of whom some of you have probably heard, is in *Hot Water*. Harold will have to discard those spectacles if he ever wants folks to believe he's hard-boiled!

We read recently that the bespectacled funster did not always enjoy the prosperity that is his today. In fact only a few years ago his modest ambition was to be the proud possessor of a silk shirt! On his present income he can wear dozens if he wants to—although it's hardly ever cold enough in California for that!

* * *

THE SECRET is out at last! No longer can Milton Sills hide his past! Milt is a Doctor of Philosophy! It happened before he ever thought that the day would come when he would be a screen idol. And not long ago we saw him in *The Sea Hawk* and never even knew it. He was a galley slave in that picture. A Ph.D. galley slave! It all seems so terrible we shudder to think of it!

* * *

Unless somebody is lying, which isn't at all unlikely, Baby Peggy receives on an average of eighty proposals of marriage per week. She rejects them all, insisting that her career comes first.

"I realize that I may be thought idiosyncratic for saying so," she remarked, through an interpreter, to several interviewers the other day, "but in my opinion all men are alike, and I am interested in one no more than in another. Of course, it might be different if some gentleman who owned a candy store—"

Here the lady's mouth commenced to water and she became so excited that she almost fell out of her high chair.

* * *

There was a time when an actress, in order to be successful, had to know how to wear clothes.

OUR OWN ANSWER DEPARTMENT.

Inquisitive—The screen star you mention says it's none of your business whether he's married or not.

Dumbelle—Will Hays is not an actor. How do I know what he uses on his hair?

Worried—If, as you say, the hat holders under the seats are all busted, keep your hat on.

Ambitious—You want to know how many actors and actresses work in Hollywood? Very few of them.

* * *

THEY SAY BUSTER KEATON hasn't laughed since Bryan stopped running for president.

* * *

When the movie critics finally get to reviewing the news reels (as they should), we may expect something like this:

Pictorial News (23), a drama in many scenes. Cast: Secretary of the Navy Curtis Wilbur, Premier Herriot of France, Football Heroes, Daredevils, Policemen, Firemen, Beauty Contest Winners, Prohibition Enforcement Agents, Benito Mussolini and others.

The plot of this picture is absurd. Just to give you an idea we append a synopsis.

Several thousand school children call on Secretary of the Navy Wilbur; present him with a miniature battleship made from clam shells and invite him to attend a carnival at Nice, France. The scene quickly changes and we find ourselves watching the merrymakers parading through the gaily-bedecked streets of the famous resort. (Clear enough so far.)

But, instead of seeing the Navy Chief at the glorified block party, who do we notice but Premier Herriot. It is obvious from the ensuing scenes that the reason Wilbur could not be present was because he had to attend the Army-Navy football game which occurred a few moments later. Next we see a man, undoubtedly despondent because of the outcome of the contest, all ready to jump off Brooklyn Bridge. Then several prohibition enforcement agents empty ever so many barrels of perfectly good hooch into the Hackensack river. (Oh maybe it was the East River they emptied it into. We are a little befuddled here. Now, if it was the East River, that would supply a better motive for the man getting ready to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. Yes, that seems more plausible.) Then comes the cyclone in Kansas (which is very realistic), and thousands are left homeless. Mussolini hears of this and immediately lays the cornerstone of a hospital in Milan. Then, for no reason at all, some fashions are exhibited. All this time the poor unfortunate in Kansas remain homeless. A train speeding to their relief collides with an automobile and the sad news is conveyed to the Marines who are—you'd never guess—who are re-enacting the Battle of Gettysburg on the very same ground that the battle was originally fought on. They start on the run and arrive just in time for the Bathing Girl Parade which is being held in Pasadena (if that town is on the ocean, although that isn't entirely necessary).

That's the best we could make out of it.

Gossip from SCREENLAND

By Grace Kingsley
G. W. Marion

Epigrams by H. B. K. WILLIS

UPID is so active these days that it is hard to keep up with him. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan are going to be married in two or three-months, Marie says.

"But we are both working now," said Marie the other day, "and we want to wait until we shall have time for a trip. We do so want to go abroad, but I don't know whether we shall be able to go so far away or not. But at any rate, we want a trip of some sort. And we want to build a home, too. I think married people should have their own homes and a home life even if they do happen to be actors."

So Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reachi were married all the while—at least all the while for two months—without anybody finding it out! They were married down in Mexico. Just as soon as Miss Ayres finishes her picture they will go abroad for a honeymoon. They expect to go to Spain, as Reachi has some relatives there, and of course Miss Ayres will want to shop in Paris.

"I look forward to the castles of Spain and the shops of Paris," explained Miss Ayres. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we met King Alphonso! I'm not presuming, of course, to say that we shall have that honor, but with Mr. Reachi's political connections in Mexico it seems quite possible, doesn't it?"

Gag-men are not used in photo-dramas because producers are afraid they might sneak in a laugh and wake up the audience.

As for Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, they are parted, as Bert has gone to Tahiti to make a picture. Claire had wanted to go with him on the trip but the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people wouldn't release her, so she is staying behind. She went to San Francisco to see him off on the boat



When Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor parted and Bert sailed away to Tahiti to make a picture, they put a note of sincerity into the pantomime of farewell that surpasses the very high grade screen product which they are able to deliver.

that carried hi
the South Seas,
ever.

"It surely bro
both all up
parted," said
"but perhaps t
be the test."

Bert and
have been s
each other radio
sages, but as thei
only one boat whic
plies between Tahiti
and San Francisco,
and as Lytell and the
rest of the company
will return on it the
next trip it makes to
this country, of course
they cannot even
correspond during
the separation.

"I'm going about
very little," said Claire.

They cannot be married for more than a year, as Bert
has not yet secured his interlocutory decree of divorce.
This, though, is expected about Christmas time.

Then there are Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan, who
are to be wed within a couple of months. Larry is deeply
devoted to Miss Dwan, who is a sweet little girl just out
of the convent, according to report and appearances.

Of course they are going to Europe too.

*Betty Compton's past "pitchers" have always shown plenty
of curves—her own and lightly clad—but in "Female," her
latest, she doesn't even shed a tear.*

And by the time this is printed, doubtless Eddie Lowe and
Lilyan Tashman will be married. Here is a case of deep
devotion through three years. Despite the fact that they
have been parted a great deal, owing to different pictures
in which they were working, one in New York, the other
in Hollywood, they haven't even had a quarrel or a mis-
understanding, they say.

"Well, we have a sort of understand-
ing that each is to close the ears to
gossip about the other," said Lowe.
"Yet we don't try to curtail each oth-
er's liberty. It has worked out fine
for us so far."

The pair are figuring on buying a
beautiful home in Pasadena—a place
which Lilyan discovered one day when
working over there on location.

Charlie Murray is a grand-dad. His
daughter, who was married a couple of
years ago, has given birth to an heir.
Charlie is as tickled as a kid with a
new toy. He has given the baby a
gold ring, a Teddy bear and a slice
of Hollywood real estate. The baby
likes the Teddy bear.

Winifred Hart has moved to a
house within stone's throw of the
home of William S. Hart. Little Bill
Hart, big Bill's son, had a birthday the
other day, and big Bill sent the young-
ster a whole cartload of presents.

*Dorothy Dwan who is to marry
Larry Semon. She is practising
up so that she can put her cold feet
on Larry's back.*



*Agnes Ayres is now making
"World Goods" with Pat
O'Malley.*

...ed at
...an Camp in
the high Sierras to
appear in location
scenes for "The Bor-
der Legion," they dis-
covered the youngest
mountain guide in the
country.

He is Lee Summers; eleven-year-old native of Mono
County, California, and he has never seen a street car or
a motion picture, but he can read trails like a veteran.

The boy became a valuable aid to the movie players dur-
ing their month's sojourn in the uninhabited altitudes of
the mountains which are seldom reached by tender-feet.

Aside from his talents as a guide little Lee Summers can
shoot, ride and throw a lariat with the best of them.

The movie camera proved a source of wonderment for
Lee, and changed his life's ambition from that of becoming
the leading guide of the country to a movie photographer.

These are yachting days for John Bowers. Bowers has
chartered a yacht and is cruising southward around the
Coronado Islands, Catalina, and off the lower California
coast, sailing as far equator-ward as Ensenada harbor.

Bowers is crazy about life on the ocean wave, and about
the only complaint he has to find with pictures is that they
deprive him so long of nautical pleasures that he loses his
sea legs.

Jack Gilbert, who is being divorced from Leatrice Joy,
sees his baby, little Leatrice Joy, Jr., quite often, and of
course is crazy over her. Friends say
that it is through the baby the two
may be reconciled. Which will be just
like a picture plot, won't it?

Miss Joy is shortly moving back
from the hospital to the home which
she and Jack formerly occupied. Jack
had a sweet little nursery fixed up ad-
joining his wife's bedroom before the
two separated.

*Sir James, himself, picked Betty
Bronson for the Maud Adams "Peter"
role and the 2,567 disappointed aspi-
rants for the part have him on the
"Pan" for it in a perpetual "razz-Bar-
rie."*

Speaking of babies, Katherine Mc-
Donald, who retired from the screen
a couple of years ago to marry a Mr.
Thompson, wealthy financier, and who
is now living in Los Angeles, is shortly
to become a mother.

newspapers, but if not a little new two-reelers the perfectness that Dempsey Others say the imply makeup.

F.B.O. comes

Jack Dempsey, mother visits the champion at Universal City and meets Joe Benjamin, Jack's friend.



Robert Frazer, appearing in "Women Who Wait," the Cape Cod picture.

Mary MacLaren, Katherine's sister, is in Los Angeles, and expects to go to work in pictures again.

Now that they've put the world at rest about who will play "Peter Pan," along comes the question of who will play the lead in "The Merry Widow," Von Stroheim's next. Like "Peter Pan," it's going to be very hard to suit everybody. First the part was to be Norman Kerry's, then it was for Robert Frazer, then John Gilbert, and back again to Kerry. But some sage says that Kerry is signed to star for Universal. If that's the case he's eliminated in any Stroheim picture. Robert Frazer doesn't seem to be just the one for the part, and Gilbert is reported as signed to play the lead in still another picture. The only one who isn't talking is Von Stroheim himself. Like all good politicians he usually has a dark horse, and this looks like the time for him to spring something. Everybody always talks about him, anyway, and he might as well give them something to talk about.

Estelle Taylor, it seems, is about the most important



Antonio Moreno. Leading man for Constance Talmadge's next picture.



Walter Hiers with his special Thanksgiving Day expression.

hills while he makes "westerns" on our well-known American desert locations.

Whether or not you like Zasu Pitts or her newest production, "The Fast Set," there's one thing in the picture that will touch the heart of every woman who sees it. Were you ever the possessor of a nice "fox" neck-piece? I don't know what there is about a fox fur, but you simply have to catch it by the head, hold it at arm's length and give it a good shaking! How it helps the fur along is quite a mystery, but every woman does do it, and Zasu



Director Otto and some of the mermaids for the Fox picture "Neptune's Romance" which is being made at Santa Cruz Island. After one look at this picture, we guarantee that you will see the film at the first possible opportunity.

Pitts, with her old worn out white-fox, sends through you an intimate little feeling that that's just your stuff she's doing. But the male part of the audience can't understand it at all!

For the second time Pola Negri is having her portrait painted—by Styka, world famous artist and madly, jealously but uselessly in love with La Belle Negri. The first portrait Styka gave to Pola, who promptly presented it to that tragedian, Charlie Chaplin. The second work the artist is going to hang on to. Pola remarks that mentally Styka is most brilliant and interesting, but physically is not at all beautiful to look upon. If he would win favor, poor Styka should read old Mr. Bunkem's advertisements and discover the glowing beauty secrets therein revealed.

Kansas City Board of Education has adopted motion picture courses. Pretty soft for the truant officer.

The latest Bull-evard extra is that Bull Montana will play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—to show up John Barry-

more. The only trouble is that Bull is too good natured to play the part of the dastardly "Mr. Hyde."

The most astonishing part of the recent Agnes Ayres-Reachi marriage is the proof that a woman can keep a secret! For two whole months Agnes stuck to her colors and fooled the public by keeping her marriage strictly private. Three months ago her name was invariably coupled with that of Ricardo Cortez. The "movie" folks sure keep us guessing! To remember 'em all you have to have 'em in writing. Here are some of them, announced and rumored:

Agnes Ayres married to Manuel Reachi.

Betty Compson engaged to Jim Cruze.

Patsy Ruth Miller engaged to Matt Moore

June Mathis engaged to George Walsh.

Larry Semon engaged to Dorothy Dwan.

Claire Windsor engaged to Bert Lytell.

Lew Cody engaged to Nora Bayes.
Marie Prevost engaged to Kenneth Harlan.



Elmo Billings has played in more than a dozen big pictures. This is from "Locked Doors," a William DeMille film.

Larry Semon KNOWS WHY You Laugh

By Lynde Denig

THE American sense of humor is changing.

College professors have accused us of being low in our estimate of what is and is not humorous, but Larry Semon, motion picture comedian, who has been making America laugh over a period of nine years, and who speaks with the practical knowledge of one who has studied the whys and wherefores of comedy during all that time, states that we are improving. Semon points to his latest production, "The Girl in the Limousine."

"I can see as plainly as if it were written on the wall," states the comedian, "that there is under way an evolution in the American sense of humor. Perhaps it is because we are becoming more elevated and refined; perhaps it is because we have grown weary of the old methods used by stage and screen comedians for winning laughs. It takes brains to make a comedy these days.

"The difference between the motion picture comedy of seven years ago and that of today is simply this: then we used to depend on mechanical tricks. Some one fell into a tub of mortar or was pushed into a lake. A dozen absurd policemen drove madly about in an automobile that suddenly fell to pieces or was blown up in a cloud of smoke. Today it is different. We are forced to depend upon comic situations. It is the expression on a man's face when he finds his wife glaring at him in a compromising situation that wins the laugh.

"In 'The Girl in the Limousine' there is a situation where a bashful young man, played by himself, is captured by robbers and locked in the room of the girl he loved in silence. It is a situation that makes people laugh. There is no horseplay or rough house. An expression on a man's face—the mere raising of an eyebrow—and not a trap door that suddenly opens and swallows him, is deemed funny.

"All this means that the art of pantomime must be developed and improved. And this is what has happened with the screen comedians. The successful comedian of today must not simply grimace and gesticulate wildly. He must have restraint; he must get the utmost out of a



A few people know that Larry Semon who writes his own comedies was a few years ago the sport cartoonist of the New York Sun.

humorous situation by some simple expression or gesture.

"Not only the movies, but the vaudeville stage, prove this point. The rough and tumble act is passing, and the act with a more delicate and subtle humor is in vogue.

"I do not mean, of course, to condemn all that is generally known as 'slapstick.' But if slapstick is to be indulged in, then there must be some logical reason for it in the story. That is why a knowledge of how to construct a story is essential for a comedian or a comedy director today. He must be a dramatist. Seven years ago he might have been a mechanic and nothing more.

"Another quality that is essential to a good motion picture comedy today is thrills. A humorous situation is twice as valuable when it follows some thrilling episode that leaves an audience tense and excited. Their emotions are wrought up; they are eager and willing to laugh at some funny scene. In 'The Girl in the Limousine' there is what I believe the strongest series of

thrills ever incorporated in any one picture. Certainly never in my long experience, and I have appeared in almost three hundred comedies, have I ever worked so hard or suffered such narrow escapes from injury and death for the sake of an exciting sequence. There is a race alongside of an express train. A motorcyclist is trying to escape. He is followed by a limousine, which in turn is chased by another motorcycle, and this again followed by another machine. The motorcycle passes in front of the train at the rate of forty miles an hour. The limousine is skidded so that it makes two complete circles. It must be remembered also that every time a heavy limousine skids there is danger that it will overturn. And I was forced to skid this car twenty-seven times in order to film the scene correctly!

"I mention this simply to show that the thrills in this pictures are about as vivid as any one could wish to see. But immediately after the thrills comes more comedy—and I have never heard any audiences appreciate humorous situations more than at this part of the picture."

Corinne Griffith

in

"WILDERNESS"

Corinne as "Linda Lou" being persuaded by Ian Keith as Paul L'Estrange to elope with him to Canada.



Linda Lou receives word that her husband is dead.



Beautiful Corinne Griffith adding daily to her glorious reputation a yet more glorified record as an actress.

Corinne Griffith and Ian Keith discussing ways and means of making both ends meet.



Corinne Griffith as "Linda Lou Heath" in "Wilderness."



Colleen Moore in "SO BIG"



*Colleen Moore and Wallace Beery
in the First National Picture of
Edna Ferber's book.*



*Colleen Moore being very
pensive. She puts over "So
Big" and adds to her grow-
ing reputation.*



*Jean Hersholt, Charlotte Merriam
and Colleen Moore. "So Big" gives
Colleen her best opportunity.*

"Nothing Today"

On "location" with the primitive elements as primitive as love itself to test the strength of a woman's heart

By Hamilton Thompson

Peggy Dixon, extra girl for the Crimerian Films Incorporated, admits two things—first, she wants to be featured; and second, she thinks Ned Blystone, the leading man, is perfection plus. She is selected to go "on location."

Her crowd celebrates with a restaurant dinner, and here Peggy steps right into Ned and the leading lady, Gloria Thomas. The look which Ned bestows upon Peggy arouses something in the eyes of Gloria which bids fair to make life interesting.

Perhaps you would like to read the first installment for yourself. If so, send 25c and we will mail you a copy.

(Concluded)

LOIS and the others seated, four dinners were ordered by the time that Peggy reached the table. Lois now was smiling sweetly across at her room-mate. "Why didn't you drop dead and call it a week?" she inquired.

"That's Ned Blystone, isn't it?" inquired Sid who had taken in the incident with inward qualms.

Peggy nodded, now fully in command of herself, conscious of the little ripple of excitement that her meeting with the Crimerian star had aroused.

"We're going to work together in the next picture . . . on location." She was trying her best to speak as if it were a matter of no great moment but Sid read between the lines. "We expect to leave next week."

"Oh, do we," said Lois with aggravating interest. Then, with a twinkle in her eye, for the benefit of Sid who had suddenly become rather gloomy, "Look to your spurs, Sir Galahad. This is apt to prove an error of the old saw that a lean horse wins a long race."

When Peggy said good night, hours later, after an extra orgy at a movie house where a Crimerian picture was being shown . . . she had selected the spot . . . she told Sid that she had enjoyed a perfectly spiffy evening and that he was an old darling. Sid, as he trudged homeward with Bert, heavy-hearted, was certain of the genuineness of his late companion's statement, but had the sickening conviction that he had not been wholly responsible for her enjoyment, a condition that he would have given his soul to have accomplished.

"He knows I'm alive, anyway," Peggy whispered to herself as she settled down in her cot and drew the comforter up about her chin. Then Browning's words came back to her. But, at the moment, she was too supremely happy to hearken to the advice of a man, even a man as sage and wise as the kind-hearted scenario editor. It had been a

day of glorious adventure. She closed her eyes, sighed, and, being a normal, healthy creature, fell directly to sleep.

Peggy sensed a new and highly gratifying sensation when she entered the Crimerian studio the next morning. The underground had been at work while the bright lights of Broadway blazed their welcome. Three out of every four among the horde of patiently waiting extras had heard the news that she was to have a bit. They crowded about her, showering their congratulations, genuine most of them. She left them, exchanged a cheerful good morning with Lucius, urbane and pleasant as ever, and started for the dressing rooms. This, at last, was a real step upward. She carefully penciled her left eye. No detail, from now on, was too slight to receive the most painstaking consideration.

Out on the studio floor, she sensed an unmistakable air of suppressed excitement. Jordan, Gloria and Ned were in conference by the edge of the big set that was to be used for the first time. The carpenters were still putting on the final hurried touches. The property men, always important individuals in their own eyes, fluttered here and there as if the weight of a dozen features were on their shoulders. Browning and Dion entered and joined the little group at the set. Assistants who had been sprawled all over the big studio the day before, and the day before that, were displaying commendable energy.

Peggy crossed to the second cameraman, Ed Seeley, good-natured and red-headed, who had seen more of the world than a Marine Poster guarantees those who answer its call. He alone seemed unruffled, unimpressed, absolutely devoid of any suppressed emotion. When a man has helped film everything from the welcome of the Prince of Wales in India to a charging lion in Africa, he gets that way. Peggy looked up at him and nodded towards the little group of earnest consultants.

"Why the cataclysm, Ed?" she inquired.

The cameraman turned from his machine to Peggy.

"Santa Claus is coming to see us." His tone still further indicated how little he was impressed by the momentous occurrence that trembled on the edge of the near future. "The big boss is expected to blow in and see how things are shaping up. Look your prettiest."

"Me?" Peggy answered the cameraman's smile with one of her own. "I hope he likes my make-up."

THERE was a quick, simultaneous move on the part of every member of the group who, but a second before, had seemed oblivious to everything but their own business. They faced smiling the word welcome written in blazing letters all over them. The great man had arrived on the floor.

Peggy glanced in the direction their eyes had taken. She saw a keen-eyed man, who looked as if he might be almost any successful business man. But she knew, as every man and woman in the big studio knew, that he was Max Storer.

the man whose imagination, organizing ability and shrewd understanding of what the public at large wants in the form of entertainment, had lifted the Crimerian Films Incorporated to the point where it was one of the biggest factors in the film world.

Director Jay Jordan, with Ned Blystone but a step or two behind him, and even Gloria Thomas momentarily forgetting herself so far as to join the select coterie, crossed quickly to Storer. The big man acknowledged the greetings of his people but there was no arrogance, no ego visible in his manner; nothing but a keen interest in everything on the floor. Max Storer had not forgotten the days when he was a poor man in Chicago; the long, lean years before he sensed the money to be wrung from films. He had learned that fortunes are capricious things and that results, not volubility, were the things that counted in the gamble of hundreds of thousands on a single throw.

Peggy saw Jordan, as he crossed the studio beside his chief, point to the set with pride. In the silence that hung about the room, she could hear the patter of rain on the roof.

"I saw 'The Last Leap' today, Jordan. It's a money picture and well directed." It was Max Storer speaking. All eyes shifted to the director. Jordan's face expressed satisfaction. It was one thing to be complimented in the big chief's office. It was far more satisfying to be lauded, thus, before one's minions.

"I did my best," replied the director with Jordan modesty.

"Good stuff," continued Storer, his eyes the while taking in all the details of the studio. "Enough art without making it so strong that the average theatre-goer forgets all about the picture."

"That's my aim." Jordan fairly bubbled satisfaction. "I give 'em action an' realism, Mr. Storer. Let the high-brows pass out the super-photography. My eye is on the box office." The big man nodded his approval.

Storer covered the studio with remarkable speed, Jordan, Blystone and Miss Thomas, flanked by assistants, trailing along with him. A little group of extra girls, Peggy among them, caught his eye. He crossed quickly to them.

"Like to work here?" he inquired.

"They don't make them any better," replied Peggy so promptly that she surprised herself.

Storer smiled. The great man was pleased. He had always fostered a sneaking desire to become known for his altruism and intended to put this into effect as soon as he had placed the Crimerian Films Incorporated in its predestined place. As he crossed to one of the windows, Peggy whispered to a girl at her elbow.

"Darned if the old boy isn't actually human."

Storer, his mind on a dozen little things that he had observed and was determined to take up with his general manager later, stood looking out at the storm. Jordan pointed to the torrents of water that fell.

"Some storm," he said. Then, without the slightest realization of how the remark sounded, "Almost as good as my storm scene in 'The Last Leap'."

"Almost," agreed Storer. Jordan missed the twinkle in the chief's eyes when he said this. He was actually, at the moment, rather sorry that the elements could not produce the realism that his skill, as a director, did bring forth.

Fifteen minutes later Storer had seen enough. He jerked a thumb towards the set.

"When do you finish this picture?"

"Tomorrow. This is the last set."

"When do you start on 'The Shoals of Illusion'?"

"I figured to leave for Cape Cod the first of the week." Peggy's heart jumped as she heard this.

"Good." A short pause and then, "That picture should be a hummer; we'll spend a lot of money in exploiting it, Jordan. Hold the expense down as low as you can."

And the big boss was gone. Jordan stood for a moment looking towards the door that had just closed behind Max Storer; Max Storer, the man who held him in the palm of his hand. Then he turned abruptly about.

"That's that," he said curtly. "And if we're going to wind up tomorrow without night work we've got to move."

Sunday night was the "big event" in the girls' rooms in East Fiftieth Street. Even Aggie, who really should have been outside taking advantage of the fresh air, agreed to be there. After all, it *was* something of an occasion. Peggy and Lois had worked like beavers all day. There had been mysterious trips to the delicatessen, the joyous whoops over certain bundles that Peggy refused to explain, and, greatest of all miracles, the donation of a chocolate cake by Miss Cousins. The rent had been paid the morning before.

Every one who counted in their little circle was there, including five nondescript kittens that Mrs. Dubois watched over in a soap box. The arrival of the Dubois litter early Sunday morning . . . a most "indiscriminate hour" according to Peggy . . . had momentarily threatened to turn the event into a wholesale christening but Aggie had nipped it in the bud by announcing that, if this mad plan were carried through, Peggy and Lois could dig up some one to take her place. So the purring Mrs. Dubois and her family became the side show rather than the main tent.

The ironing board, deftly covered with a bed sheet—recently cleaned—served as the groaning board on which Peggy and Lois deposited chicken from a nearby rotisserie; long, iced shoots of celery packed with rochefort cheese; the inevitable cans of sardines—the openers had broken on every box so that the ends looked a bit ragged—and everything that a fair sum of money and two active and hungry girls could buy. In the center of the table stood a bottle of Chianti. This Sid had mysteriously, and not without pride, produced at the last moment.

IT WAS late before the orgy was over. Peggy, in order to shape up for the following morning, had suggested a Fifth Avenue bus as far as the Drive and a few moments in the river park. A chorus of protests and pillows failed to dissuade her, so Sid, the patient, went with her, leaving the others to do their best with the difficult task of transforming the room back from a scene of gastronomic wreckage to the semblance of a sleeping compartment.

Sid and Peggy left the bus at Ninety-Eighth Street and strolled across the grass to an empty bench. The river, placid, lay just below them. A late river boat, its lights like strings of illuminated beads, made its way between Uncle Sam's grey fighting monsters anchored midstream. Peggy immediately thought of O. Henry's expressive lines, "a stream of port-holes passing in the night."

Sid turned to Peggy. His big hand rested on one of Peggy's, and she didn't seem conscious of the fact. She was miles away on location with "The Shoals of Illusion" . . . and fame. Sid's voice brought her back to the present.

"I suppose you've got me classed as a first-class dub, Peg." She looked quickly towards him. He was more earnest than usual. "I don't range up with Ned Blystone."

"Sid!" Peggy made no attempt to disguise her petulance. "Are you preparing to bawl me out or merely working up to a proposal?"

Sid gave vent to a deep sigh.

"I know better than to try the latter." Peggy was



Illustrated by A. J. TREMBATH

This was no screen-acting, but a real battle with waves and wind. Peggy bent to the oars in a last attempt to reach the bit of rock to which Ned Blystone clung desperately.

genuinely relieved. In the beginning of their friendship every Saturday evening had been marked by a proposal and a rejection. "It's something else."

"Sid! You haven't gone and fallen in love or something equally damnable? You're not going to desert the Three Musketeers?"

"Not a chance, Peg." A short pause. Then, in a labored fashion, "I heard something last night. It may only be gossip but—but I know the man; and I figured I ought to tip you off."

Peg waited as patiently as a woman who wants to know ever waits. She knew, from experience, that it didn't pay to crowd Sid. After a moment or so, he continued:

"Spencer Morgan—he's a sort of bank promotor—has an interest in pictures, I think. He's from the other side and—that's how I know——"

"You're tipping little Peggy off to the fact that he likes 'em young and figures that the chortling bankroll justifies anything that he happens to get into his head. Yes? No?"

Sid nodded soberly.

"You've guessed it."

Peggy chuckled.

"Don't worry about this particular Miss Dixon, old thing. She wasn't born yesterday and, when she was, she grabbed off a fifth sense that warns her when a dog gets ready to bite. I'll come back just as I leave, which is nothing to cable the Hall of Fame about." Then seriously, looking up into Sid's sombre eyes, "But you are a dear to think of warning me and I'll keep both eyes wide open."

"Come back just as you are, that's all I want, Peg," said Sid earnestly.

"It's a bet," promptly. Then, with a little laugh, "Unless I get the chance to become Mrs. Ned Blystone," laughingly. Sid's fingers closed quickly about Peggy's hand. She looked down, then up at his face, turned, now, towards the river. She began to understand what had been on his mind. "You're hurting me, Sidney," she said quietly. "And I refuse to entertain that policeman looking at us."

THE trip to the Cape Cod coast was like a fairy dream come true for Peggy. Miss Thomas had motored ahead. For some mysterious reason, she had seen fit to sidetrack Jordan's suggestion that he and Blystone make a three-some with her and stop over at Eastern Point for a swim and some golf. Therefore, Ned was among the members of the company who went by train and Peggy had a chance to present him to Lois and Sid who had gone to the Grand Central to see her off in style. By dint of every artifice she could employ Peggy was in the same car with the star. The one thing needed to make her day unbelievably perfect was . . . well, whatever it was, it happened, just as things happen mostly in fairy stories.

They were rushing along the Shore Line, just east of New Haven, when Berry, the continuity clerk, came up to Peggy's chair and somewhat grudgingly informed her that Director Jordan wanted to see her in his compartment.

Peggy smiled up at the self-important youngster by her side.

"You tell me when I laugh," she said. "I never was quick with the high comedy stuff. I run to Sennett's."

The messenger from Mars frowned.

"Jordan wants you in his compartment, at the end of the car." He jerked a thumb in the proper direction. "They are going over the script. I'm not going to drag you there," he added with acrid courtesy, "but——"

Peggy entirely missed the finish of the sentence. During her wobbly dash down the swaying parlor car she narrowly avoided wrecking a waiter with a tray, and let a quick smile of apology suffice for a keen-eyed somewhat foreign looking man over whose outstretched legs she failed to step. He looked at her curiously, observed that she entered Jordan's compartment and then turned back to his Wall Street Journal with a satisfied smile.

Jordan, clearly upset by the unusual procedure that his male star had insisted on, looked up from the script on his lap as Peggy entered.

"Sit down," he barked. "Blystone has an idea that the author ought to have consulted you before he wrote this fool picture." As Peggy, amazed and a bit confused even for Peggy, sank down on a seat, he added: "The more I see of this damned continuity the more convinced I am that you couldn't hurt it any. As usual I've got to do over most of it myself."

With a concluding growl he turned back to the script and remained buried in it for the rest of the interview.

"Mr. Jordan exaggerates, Miss Dixon"—Peggy's heart smothered one of those silly jazz movements—"You're

going to double for Miss Thomas in some of the scenes, I believe."

"Unless some one kills me before they're shot," admitted Peggy, and Ned Blystone mentally noted the fact that her eyes were as attractive as they were unusual and that the lines of her throat were excellent.

"I thought I might go over some of the stuff that we are going to do," continued Blystone. "If Mr. Jordan will permit I'll give you a quick outline of the story. It will help, I think. Mind if I smoke?"

"I love it." Blystone cast another approving glance towards the girl by his side. She wasn't a mere ordinary human being, that was evident.

And so Peggy, for the first time in her experience with the movies, got a brief resume of the story she was to appear in. It dealt with Grace Ferguson, daughter of an old lighthouse keeper. She had fallen in love with Harold Livingstone, a young millionaire, whose society exploits and doings in Wall Street she had followed assiduously. It must not be understood that the two had met. Quite to the contrary, Grace's passion had been inspired, nurtured and fanned to a flame mostly by the Sunday supplements that visitors left when they visited the lighthouse. Visitors in stories have a way of doing such things so that complications and motivations and complex and a lot of other vital things can leap into existence.

Just at the moment when Grace in her day-dream is about to marry her hero, then comes the startling news. It is in a week-old society column. Harold is to marry no less than Gwendolyn Morganbilt, heiress, beauty, polo expert, etc. Peggy afterwards admitted to Lois that the author made a composition out of Gwen rather than a substantial human being. At all events Grace sat, by day, on the shore, and, by night, in the white house near the light, wishing that she might make some great sacrifice for her supplement hero and thus win his regard.

Days of longing pass. Then, from The Herald, but a day old, comes the fearful news that Harold, on his yacht, the "Fleetwing," is sailing from New York with Gwen and a lot of other metropolitans who furnish good copy. That night the old keeper burnishes his lights as never before. The sea is a raging thing, licking its chops, so to speak, for the dainty morsel that is to come ere long. A ship in distress is sighted. The old lighthouse keeper is too old to do anything. The members of the Coast Guard are not on their jobs. It is up to Grace.

"This is where you come in," interrupted Blystone. "You push off a small boat, make for the rock and save Harold. That's the part of the story I want to talk over with you, if you don't mind."

Blystone failed to give the finish of the film. Perhaps it was some finer instinct that warned him not to dispel the illusion that showed so clearly in the eyes of the girl by his side. What actually happened was that the crew, Gwen and the rest of the guests, saved themselves, as Harold would have done if left to his own resources. The finish came when Harold, drenched from his trip in the small boat, turned to the half-exhausted Grace and said, "Thank you, my good woman. If you, or your representative, will call at my New York office, you will be suitably rewarded. And if you don't mind, I'll go now and get a drink. I'm hanged near frozen." Whereat, Grace, hiding her sorrow, countered with, "It is nothing, good sir; I would do as much for a dog." And so her young romance was brutally busted on "The Shoals of Illusion," and she married Joe Sistare, the coast guard man, eventually becoming the mother of twins, which certainly seemed like shifting her revenge to a perfectly innocent person.

But Peggy didn't mind the fact that the finish of the story was not told. She, an extra girl headed for her first real bit in a picture, was seated in close proximity to Ned Blystone, her hero, and he was painstakingly telling her this and that which would prove important to the realism of the life-saving scene. So far as she was concerned, the picture didn't need to end. It was a burning shame that Max Storer had cautioned Jordan against retake expense. That particular "rescue" was going to be the greatest moment in Peggy's young life. If the cameramen dropped dead with amazement at her histrionic skill with the oars and the entire episode had to be done all over, Peggy Dixon was going to be the last one in the world to enter a word of complaint.

Such are the dreams of youth and how bitter is the awakening! The next morning as Peggy was starting forth from the cottage where "room" and board mighty reasonable had been secured for the extras, Ed, the second cameraman, sauntered by.

"Tough luck, kid," he said as she stopped to pass the time of day. "I always knew that Thomas was a thirty-second degree quince."

"What's wrong now?" asked Peggy apprehensively.

"She's decided that next to the Yale Olympic crew she's the niftiest little oarsman that ever slipped a rowlock." Peggy's heart stood still. "She's decided to work the rescue scene herself."

"That makes it unanimous," Peggy managed to say. But it wasn't what she was thinking at the moment.



Q Barbara La Marr has a soul-in-struggle appeal to the heart but she is ever a feast to the eyes. "Sandra" is her next picture.

THAT afternoon Browning, the scenario editor, who was taking his vacation at New London and had come up to the Cape in his forty-footer, to give the unit the once over, found Peggy sprawled disconsolately under a tree watching the company start the picture. Jordan, through a third or fourth assistant, had instructed her to stand by until he was able to use her. Browning, with uncanny rapidity, had picked up the story of Gloria's sudden change in front and strolled over to the disconsolate extra girl.

"How are things going?" he inquired genially.

"Nothing today," replied Peggy grimly. "The Fates have decided that I am not to out-Pickford the gentle Mary. At least not this season."

Browning looked towards the busy little company on the shore. Jordan, in his shirt sleeves, a megaphone in his left

hand, was bawling orders. Assistants ran here and there excitedly. Things weren't going the way the director expected. Off to one side, protected from the weather by a big red and white striped umbrella that her maid had stuck in the ground, Miss Gloria Thomas sulked. Blystone was still trying to convince her that she was foolish to chance messing up the rescue scene.

"I'm going to do it," said Gloria sharply. Then, with an angry flirt of the head, "I've never let any snip of an extra handle my stuff yet and I don't intend to begin it on this picture . . . even though you do seem anxious to have me, Ned Blystone."

"You may spoil the whole sequence," said Ned warmly.

"Then I'll spoil it, the part's mine and I'm going to do it," retorted the leading lady curtly. "If I fall out of the boat it will put an extra thrill into an absolutely inane picture!"

Browning turned to Peggy as Blystone walked away from the bright-hued umbrella. There were laughter lines at the corner of his mouth.

"There once was a highly born woman," he began, half as if talking to himself. "She had many servitors who did come and go and execute her slightest bidding. The time came when a new slave was brought in and——"

"I know what you're going to say," interrupted Peggy wearily. "And I know you're right, Mr. Browning." Then, wistfully, "but knowing it doesn't make the disappointment any easier to bear. I've dreamed that double I was to do for the last ten days. Now I'll go

home alone and take it out in a good cry."

The lids of Browning's eyes dropped until there were only two narrow slits of eye-ball visible.

"Cape Cod's a great spot for a vacation, with your expenses paid," he said with seeming irrelevance. "And Rome wasn't built in a day, my dear."

"Perhaps not," agreed Peggy, mustering up the ghost of a smile. "But it sure was wrecked elegantly in a mighty few minutes."

THERE was a hop at the local hotel that evening and Peggy went over to look on. She went up onto the veranda, past the rocking chair fleet, who nudged one another and pointed out "another of those picture actresses," and peered into the window of the ballroom. She saw Blystone. He was dancing with Gloria, and the lady, for

the benefit of her audience, was acting her prettiest. Peggy heard a man's voice behind her.

"You're with the 'Shoals of Illusion' Company, aren't you?"

"I'm not sure," she replied without turning to see who the speaker was.

The man laughed good-naturedly.

"I thought I remembered you. My name is Morgan."

Peggy whirled about her. She looked up into the face of the man over whose feet she had stumbled in the parlor car.

"You look lonely," continued Morgan affably. "I feel the same way and as we all belong, so to speak, we may as well be friends."

Peggy's steady gaze took Morgan in from head to foot. At close range she studied him. It wasn't the first time she had seen his type. Now and again they attach themselves to the show business for selfish reasons.

"I suggested that we might be friends," said Morgan with a smile.

"So you did," replied Peggy coolly. "But you forgot to add that you have an over-active imagination."

"I won't bite you," said Morgan quickly as Peggy started to leave. A quick step had placed him between the girl and the stairs towards which she had started. The music had stopped and the dancers were streaming towards the veranda for a breath of cool air. "I'm not a bad sort, really. And we both belong to the Crimerian Films. It may be possible to help you!"

Peggy hesitated. She remembered Sid's warning but, at the same time, she knew what this man could do. It might be just as well if she held his friendship. He might make some things impossible for her if he wanted to and, by the same token, he might make other things possible. She smiled. Morgan brightened.

"That's better." Morgan came closer. "What do you say to a little drive and a bite to eat somewhere? I know a great place not far from here. Found it this afternoon."

"I didn't know that you were Columbus," sparred Peggy gaily. "And I'm afraid of capes by moonlight. If you want to dance little Peggy flings a mean foot. But that's where she begins and ends."

Blystone had the second dance with Gloria. In fact that young lady intended that he should have all the dances that she saw fit to indulge in during that particular evening. She had overheard certain comments made about them and her selfish little soul was not above capitalizing what she recognized as good publicity. They had made a single turn of the floor when Blystone's eyes rested on Peggy as she swept by with Morgan. Blystone knew the man and cordially disliked him. Without stopping to analyze the sensation he resented the fact that his companion of the afternoon before was dancing with him.

"What's wrong, Ned?" whispered Gloria. She knew perfectly well why her partner had missed a step, stumbled back into the rhythm of the dance and remained silent. "Am I in such bad form tonight?"

"I guess it's me," replied Blystone. He was rather annoyed that an extra girl dancing with Morgan meant so much to him. "I'm a little frayed from the day's work."

A few moments later Gloria and Ned swept by Peggy and her partner on the floor. Ned did a perfectly inane thing. Even the best of us can do such things under stress and hate ourselves for it a few moments later. He stared past Peggy, in answer to her joyous little smile, as if utterly unconscious of the fact that she moved in the same world. Gloria managed to contain her satisfaction. The incident had not escaped her attention. Peggy drooped for a moment, then entered into the spirit of the dance with a new abandon.

"Do I get the next?" inquired Morgan. This girl in his arms was beginning to appeal, savagely, to all the instincts in the man.

Peggy smiled up at him. If he had been a man given to the real study of women he would have read a warning in Peggy's eyes.

"I never take them two in a row," she replied. "The one after this is yours if you think you can stand the strain." Then she was off like a flash, out of the room and into the night.

Blystone, out of the tail of his eye, saw Jordan strolling towards them as he and Gloria made their way through the chattering throng to the veranda. He muttered something about cigarettes, and the girl at his side, satisfied with the trend of events, made no protest when he stepped aside for the director to whom dances were "damned nonsense except in a big set."

Ned strode out into the darkness. For no good reason at all he had done a small thing. He did not attempt to make himself believe that Gloria Thomas had misinterpreted the incident in the ballroom. Gloria was a woman. Therefore, she understood perfectly. She was probably repeating the thing to Jordan who had a distorted sense of humor and would see that Ned was reminded of it at the first public opportunity. Not that that was the important thing, for it wasn't. Blystone asked himself over and over again, as he stalked through the night, what difference it made to him because Peggy Dixon saw fit to dance with a rotter like Morgan. And, because he was a man, he refused to accept the answer his common sense offered.

"You are in your second, third or possibly fourth childhood, if there is such a thing," he assured himself mentally. "You need a nurse. You never knew that girl existed until a little over a week ago and she probably has forgotten the fact that you are on earth, if it ever really meant anything to her. Darn this business of being popular because you happen to screen well. Why weren't you born to play heavies?"

THE moonlight painted a dancing lane of silver across the water and rested gently on a little point of land near where the company had been working all day. Ned's eyes made out a figure, huddled in misery, right in the ribbon of light. As he drew nearer he saw that it was a woman. Quickening his pace he came alongside. Peggy looked up at him and then, because there were rebellious, tell-tale tears in her eyes, she dropped her head again. Blystone felt awkward for no good reason at all.

"Mind if I sit down for a few moments? It's restful and quiet here and that dance hall is an oven."

Peggy offered no protest as Blystone dropped to the sand by her side. Twenty-four hours earlier this would have thrilled Peggy. But, during the moments spent on that point before the arrival of Ned, knowledge had been born of a hurt; knowledge that could not be wiped out as marks are removed from a slate. She was a little extra girl and Ned Blystone was the star of "The Shoals of Illusion" Company. The gulf between them was as wide as the dreams she had conjured up the night before! His actions in the ballroom had proved that. Gloria Thomas had won again, if indeed there had ever been a time when she was in danger of losing.

"I'm terribly sorry that you're not going to double in that scene." Ned was in earnest, but Peggy didn't move. "It's the big punch of the picture, and Miss Thomas doesn't know any more about a boat than a six-months-old child."

Peggy knew her conclusions had been right. It was the picture; only the picture so far as she went with Ned Blystone.

"She'll put it over," she replied listlessly. "It doesn't take a genius to handle a pair of oars."

"You've got to know *something* about it," protested Ned. "It may sound egotistical but I'm not wild about chancing a mix-up out there on that water. As it happens, I am a poor swimmer."

Peggy looked quickly up at the man beside her. His eyes were fixed on the water as if mentally going over the possibilities of a slip somewhere in the proposed rescue scene.

"There's no real danger," she said, after a moment's hesitation, in a dull, colorless tone. "Jordan isn't going to expose one of his best bets to anything like that! You don't need to worry."

It was catty but Peggy couldn't help it. And the shot found its mark. Peggy knew that from the hurt look that Ned gave her. She wanted to tell him that she was a miserable little fool and that she didn't mean a word she had said. But she merely sat there, looking ahead, splendidly unhappy.

Ned lighted a cigarette and puffed thoughtfully on it for a few moments. The quiet of the evening was broken only by the gentle swish of the waves along the rocks. Perhaps the man in the moon chuckled at the stupidity of the two humans sitting below him. If he did, they failed to observe his mirth.

"I'm going to see Jordan when I get back to the hotel," said Ned at last. "He may be able to persuade Gloria to change her mind."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," injected Peggy quickly. "It would get out, and there are a lot of people who might think that you were afraid to go through with the scene." She rose quickly to her feet. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to excuse me. I've got this dance with Mr. Morgan."

After which second catty remark, Peggy turned abruptly and ran away from Ned Blystone as fast as her legs would carry her.

Morgan, growing angrier with each moment of waiting, had retired to the seclusion of his room. He decided that Peggy was a bad bet and not worth wasting his time. Morgan was not in the habit of being turned down by women, particularly young women whose destinies, to a certain extent, rested in the palm of his hand.

In her room, her face buried in the pillows, Peggy lay, dry-eyed, her soul in torment. Her ears were dead to the strains of the orchestra that wafted from the hotel. At last she got up, washed her hot face with cool water, and turned off the light. As she pulled the coverings up about her shoulders she gave herself a bit of good-night information.

"Peggy Dixon, God made you a first-class fool but you will insist on improving the job. You belong in the mob scenes and in the mob scenes is where you'll stay, if you have an atom of sense in your silly brain. Browning was right when he told you to keep your eye on the steering gear or wheel, or whatever it was. You will get your ticket home tomorrow. You will take it, like a nice, sensible little girl, and go back to the burning streets of the hungry city. Oh damn!" And Peggy prepared for the sleep that failed to come until hours after Blystone had said good-night to Gloria. Peggy hadn't the solace of knowing that he had repaired to his own room to curse himself because he could not efface from his mind the blue eyes of a little extra girl, sitting on a point in the moonlight.

Director Jordan, despite the warning of the weather prophets, decided the next morning to shoot the rescue scene and get it off his chest. Peggy, who had not, as she expected, received word to entrain for New York, watched from under a tree the rehearsal of the scene. Jordan had

three cameramen at work and was unusually nervous. If the truth be known, Blystone *had* gone to him in his room before the director was up, and begged him to try and dissuade Gloria Thomas from going on with the scene as she had announced.

Jordan had dropped over to the stars' table at breakfast. Gloria was in one of her moods. Some one had heard of the meeting of Blystone and Peggy, which neat bit of gossip had been started by an assistant director. Of course, the director had no means of knowing this.

"You're foolish to go into that rescue stunt," he had begun with characteristic directness.

"Possibly," Miss Gloria had replied coldly. "But I'm going if it's the last thing I do in this world. You're putting salt in your coffee, Mr. Jordan. I presume you intended it for your melon."

Jordan carried that rebuff with him during the entire morning. He took it out on every one who came in touch with him. Over and over again, while the trio of cameramen waited and smoked indifferent to the hub-bub about them, he went through the scene. When even Blystone cracked a little under the strain and ventured to comment on the repeated rehearsals, Jordan snapped.

"This is all there is to this damned, blasted, blinkety blank so-called picture and I'm not taking any chances with it going wrong!" Then he turned to his corps of assistants and, for the next half hour, "The Shoals of Illusion" Company had a well-defined illustration of what a director can do when his brain is on a rampage.

Morgan strolled down just before lunch hour. Never at his best before the night lights went on he was feeling a bit worse than usual this morning. He had not slept well. Spotting Peggy, off by herself, he made his way to her and sat down.

"That second dance of ours was an enjoyable one," he said grimly.

"It might have been worse if I had turned up," retorted the girl by his side. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting but—oh, you wouldn't understand, only it was impossible for me to get there."

"I think that I understand perfectly." There was an angry purr in the man's voice. He, too, had heard of the meeting between Ned and Peggy the night before and placed his own interpretation on it. "You run more to troupers than to the man behind the guns." Peggy didn't answer. "Just as you see fit, my dear; but you're not showing good sense."

"I didn't know any one credited me with much of that," ventured Peggy wearily. "And, if any one has done so, he's off his stride."

"You can't make me believe that." Despite the repulsion of the evening before Morgan was feeling the return of desire. "I am in a position to get everything for you . . . if you'll be good to me."

PEGGY turned and looked the man beside her squarely in the eyes. There was an angry glitter in her own. When she spoke her voice was low, well under control, but every word carried with it the cut of a whiplash.

"You're right, but you're all wrong! You've got money, the thing that every soul here is gambling Klieg burns to bring home with them. You ooze into the picture with a full wallet and expect the world to fall at your feet and play dead dog. You talk about leads and exclusive apartments and comfortable limousines and figure that you're paying rather well for what you're after. And perhaps you are, sometimes. But this time you're playing in the wrong backyard. When I want a man, I know where there are real ones. When I want to smell gasoline I can climb onto a Fifth Avenue bus and deposit my own dime in the con-

ductor's jingler. You're a beast, a filthy, unbearable beast; and if I've got to climb to success with the help of a man like you, I'm going to be an extra when my hair is so white that they'll cast me for a snowdrift."

What Morgan said to Jordan during the lunch hour is not a matter of record. But he made the mistake of mentioning Peggy's name in a profane fashion and Ned, to the absolute disgust of Gloria, saw fit to object. When the money man left the unit and strode angrily back to the hotel the entire outfit was in a fit of nerves that promised good for no one and ill for the unfortunate who happened in the way of a spark. And through it all the cause of the whole upflare sat under her tree and nibbled at a box luncheon that a property man had brought to her.

"Got to eat, kid," he said with a kindly grin. "The old stomach keeps on operatin' no matter how the heart kicks up."

"Atta boy, Joe," replied Peggy with a weary ghost of a smile.

By three o'clock Jordan expressed himself as satisfied with the way that the scene was running. The members of the company who were to work in it and the assistants and property men were ready to leap at one another's throats. Perhaps the director realized this and decided that he must start the shooting unless he wanted to lose an entire day's work. What he did not realize was the specks on the horizon that had fanned out into low-hung clouds, threateningly black, and that the sea was slowly being whipped into action by the advance agents of the coming storm. Peggy, who knew something about the rapidity with which August storms arrived and struck, did notice it and moved, without really knowing why, closer to the shore.

The rescue scene required that Ned go out to a high-pointed rock that had been previously selected for location. Cameras, in advantageous positions, ground away as, under the lash of Jordan's megaphone, Blystone clung to the safety point to which he had presumably been swept after the wreck of his yacht. It went off without a hitch, the balance of the company watching anxiously from the shore.

"Cut," bawled Jordan. The cameras ceased grinding, and the men in the rowboats started back for the shore to get in place for the rest of the scene. In spite of everything the director was pleased. The waves were growing bigger, and he could see the effect that he was after. On a screen, with skillful cameramen to help him trick it, the picture would produce the thrill that he knew was all essential. But Jordan was not a sailorman; or he would have paid heed to the danger signals.

He called through his megaphone at Blystone. The wind had risen by now so that he had to howl to make himself heard.

"Rest up until I give the word. When I wave my megaphone you begin to signal for help. Your strength is almost gone. You can't hold on much longer. You know the stuff. We'll make a few close-ups nearer the shore later. But for the love of God give it everything you've got."

There were some delays on the shore while the cameramen again adjusted their machines and found the exact angles that Jordan was after. Peggy shifted uneasily. No one, not even Blystone, squatted on the little ragged tooth of rock, far out from shore, placidly smoking a cigarette, seemed to sense genuine danger. She did. The wind was rapidly increasing in strength, and the waves were growing bigger with every moment that passed. The skies were darkening. In the distance a small fishing vessel tossed like a splinter of wood while its crew hurriedly reefed her sails.

Jordan strode to where Gloria, her maid hovering about

her, was waiting, a screaming scarlet cloak hiding the garments of Grace, the lighthouse keeper's daughter.

"We're ready, Miss Thomas," he said tersely.

The red and white striped umbrella swayed in the wind. There was a boom from the shore as a huge wave pounded against the rocks and swept back again with an angry laugh. Peggy had seen that wave long before it reached the narrow strip of ledge on which Blystone was seated. Her heart had stood still as she watched. But Ned had seen it also and, with an uneasy backward glance at the waters growing momentarily heavier, had braced himself to the shock. When it passed he settled himself more securely, shivering from the cold which his wet, clinging garments accentuated now that the sun was gone.

Gloria Thomas failed to move.

"I'm sorry, Miss Thomas," said Jordan sharply, "but we've got to have action."

There was a stifled scream from one of the girls on the beach. She had seen a wave all but sweep Ned from his resting place. He was signalling for help long before Jordan's signal. The first cameraman, the picture instinct awakened, was grinding away, foot after foot, shooting through his reel.

"If you think I'm going out there in that egg-shell of a boat you're crazy," snapped Gloria. She was white under her make-up.

"You wanted to do the scene," snarled Jordan. "And, by God, you're going to."

"You have my resignation."

Jordan, frantic, white with anger, stormed, pleaded, threatened but Miss Gloria Thomas ignored him, spoke a few quick words to her maid and started away.

PEGGY had failed to catch the incident. Her eyes were glued on the bit of ledge, hardly more than the tooth of a saw now, and the man desperately clinging to it. Behind him the black, threatening clouds hung low, the waves were coming on in a seemingly endless procession of great combers, higher and higher. Then Blystone's words of the night before flashed across her mind.

"As it happens, I'm a poor swimmer."

She leaped to her feet, threw aside her hat and started for the shore and the little boat that two actors were holding. They were dressed as summer visitors and were beginning to wonder what was keeping Gloria Thomas. Jordan caught sight of Peggy as she flashed towards the beach.

"Grind," he yelled at the cameramen and the two who had not turned a crank as yet jumped into action.

There was no use to give the signal for action to Ned. He had been calling for help for what seemed an eternity to him. He wasn't acting. He was asking for help that he needed sorely. Standing, open-mouthed, Jordan watched. His heart was beating rapidly, he felt just a bit sick, but the instincts of the director told him that here was the real thing.

Peggy reached the boat, flung herself into it, seized the oars and snapped a command back at the astounded men. They obeyed mechanically and the nose of the little vessel was shoved out onto the water. Raindrops, the first warning of the torrent that was to follow, stung Peggy's face but she didn't realize it. This wasn't acting. Ned Blystone was out there clinging to a bit of reef that, inside of a few minutes, would be smothered by the waves and he was a poor swimmer.

She bent her back to the oars. She had swung the light little boat on into the waves. The spray flung itself in thick sheets all over her. Her arms were beginning to ache and she hadn't covered half the distance to the bit of rock that she could no longer see because her back was to it. She didn't dare turn and look for fear of lost motion; a

moment's let-up on the oars meant that the waves would sweep her back again; that she would have to duplicate the effort already given.

"You told 'em you could row," she lashed herself mentally. "Now let 'em see what you've got."

The company was huddled in a little knot on the edge of the beach out of reach of the waves that rushed in, growling ominously. Jordan, up to his knees in water, yelled to one of the cameramen.

"Get that bunch on the shore!" The camera swung in action. Then, as he looked out again towards the reef, "God almighty, how that kid can fight!"

Clinging desperately to the rock, his strength going more rapidly than he cared to admit, Blystone saw the boat coming slowly towards him. He recognized the little figure at the oars. Then the actor, even in that moment of danger, came to the top.

"Look at him work," screamed Jordan, as he waved his megaphone madly. He was no longer the director. All his poise was gone. His was the admiration of a man who had once done stunts that had thrilled hundreds of thousands. "What a picture . . . if she only can make it."

One of the women members of the company, whose nerves had snapped under the strain, was sobbing hysterically. No one tried to comfort her. There was a big drama out there on the water. And the cameras followed the boat, held Ned Blystone, covered the group on the beach, grinding evenly, surely, perfectly.

Morgan, a cigar clenched between his teeth, met Gloria as she climbed the steps of the stairway leading to the higher ground.

"Finished so soon?" he inquired.

"I'm finished, if that's what you mean," replied Gloria crisply. "This isn't any fake storm." She pressed down the cloak that the wind threatened to strip from her shoulders. "If you or Jay Jordan or any one else thinks I'm going out there and throw my life away, you're crazy."

Morgan's hand was on her shoulder.

"Didn't you wait for the scene?"

"I'm not a fool." Gloria brushed his hand from her shoulder and started for the door.

"Where are you going, Miss Thomas?" Morgan's voice snapped angrily.

"Back to New York. To tell Storer a few things."

"You don't need to bother." Gloria halted. Something in his tone made her stop. "I see your finish now."

Morgan's teeth went tighter about the big cigar and he raced down the stairway to the drama that was being enacted at the water's edge.

Peggy's face was wet with spray, rain and tears that would come despite herself. It seemed an eternity since she sprang into the boat and started for Ned. Every muscle in her body ached. The distant shore was a filmy haze. Perhaps she was going in the wrong direction. A sickening fear gripped her. Perhaps. She flung a quick, frightened

glance over her shoulder. She caught the white face of Blystone a few feet distant.

"Let go and grab the boat," she gasped.

Ned never knew how it was accomplished. One moment the little boat was bobbing towards him. A giant wave swept completely over the ledge; he let go. The next he knew he was hanging on to the side of the boat panting from exertion. Behind him were the mountain-high waves that tossed them up and let them down again as if they were on a straw. Ahead of him, growing clearer and clearer, as the waves swept them onward, was the shore with people dancing and screaming with joy, and Jordan, insane with relief and delight, waving his hands and capering about like a madman. Finally, his strength partly regained, Ned climbed over the side of the boat and fell heavily. And all the time the cameras ground, ground, ground, foot after foot.

Peggy heard the crunch of wood against gravel as the nose of the boat dropped from the crest of a wave and ground into the beach. Whereupon she did a very feminine thing. She fainted.

THERE were wild buzzing sounds. Little red pin-wheels revolved with astonishing speed and then stopped, gathered renewed vigor and started off in the opposite direction. Some one was pounding on Peggy's skull with hammers. She opened her eyes and looked up into Ned Blystone's worried face.

"Take it easy, dear, you're all right." It was *his* voice. He had called her dear. It was the end of the world. Peggy knew that. But what did it matter? Her head was in his lap, and he had called her dear. She closed her eyes with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Is she coming out of it?" Peggy knew that the voice, with a strange anxious note in it, belonged to Morgan but she didn't trouble to look up. She was too comfortable right where she was. Ned nodded, and Morgan went on, "That's the pluckiest exhibition I've ever seen and if I've any influence she gets the picture—the lead—if she wants it."

This time Peggy didn't dare to open her eyes. She was hearing things. It couldn't be true. Jordan's voice came out of the jumble of comment.

"She's a damned good little trouper, I'll say."

Then Ned Blystone's voice, low, even, genuine.

"She's the sweetest thing who ever lived."

This time Peggy opened her eyes and when she smiled Blystone saw something that he had never before seen in a woman's eyes, though he had played enough love scenes to have observed almost everything.

"Feeling better, Miss Dixon?" he inquired anxiously. "Anything I can do, Peggy?"

And Peggy closed her eyes again because there were tears, big, stupid tears of happiness filling them and she didn't want every one to understand how weak she was.

"Nothing today, Ned."

(THE END)

Help Yourself to a Movie Million

MANY letters come to the Editor of SCREENLAND offering to help the movies with services of some kind or other. Instead of laughing at these offers the Editor feels the greatest respect for the writers. They are the Future. Some one of them will come through and some day be the very personage he wishes to be.

However writing to SCREENLAND a letter about his scenario will not even be a tiny step toward his goal. Perhaps you budding scenario writers do not know the right thing to do. In that case, here is an Outline of the History of some screenplays.

Practically never is an idea purchased by a producing company unless it has been printed as a story or performed as a play. Assuming that you cannot reach the theatrical producers, then the best thing for you to do is to write your idea into a story. This protects your idea, for it is copyrighted, and the screen rights belong to you. The magazines buy only "First Serial Rights." If you can write a scenario, then you can write a story. The story will be accepted and paid for by some magazine and printed if it is good enough. There is no question about it. If you have the goods the story will sell.

All the magazines are studied by the producers to find material. If it is good, you will receive an offer. Finally it will appear under another title, and you will hardly recognize it, but your name will be on the announcement, and your scenario career will be begun. Go to it.

Searchers in the Dark

By Rose Gleason

(Concluded)

HOFFMAN stared, wondering at the ebb of that rich flow.

"And what's more," he said, "though I hadn't noticed it, you've got a great pair of grey eyes, kid!"

For a moment Sadie's frizzed hair seemed to require her undivided attention.

"Is that so?" she said, 'rattin' a strand, "well, Cutey, I'll say you got judgment."

Hoffman's injured knee permitted him to lean forward. He laid the fingers of one hand on hers.

"Girl, how long are you going to stay with me?" he questioned with just a note of gentleness.

"I dunno," she said, "guess I c'n hang 'round as long's necessary."

Hoffman surveyed her steadfastly.

"You're a good kid," he assured her gratefully.

The afternoon sped quickly. Hoffman read and took a nap, and woke up to find his knee rid of much of its soreness. The girl went for a walk. Not until after an early dinner did they again sojourn to the porch. Hoffman managed the trip easily, while Sadie drew forth another chair and soon was curled up in it.

"This is pleasant, isn't it!" he said, watching the shadows lengthen.

"I'll say it is," answered Sadie.

A wind touched her with a cool hand; a touch that soothed, yet at the same time stirred her, so that after awhile she said in a voice that seemed to have escaped from some hidden chamber of thought:

"I was thinkin' that, since that knee of yours ain't begun to give you any trouble, I guess that, maybe, tonight, I'll be beatin' it. Stickin' around here ain't goin' to pay my overhead."

Against the doily on the back of Hoffman's chair, she saw the turn of his head break the white line.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I forgot! There's the question of payment!"

"Say!" she said, "just because I grabbed at a chance to get away for a day or two in the country don't mean I'm troopin' it for the 'long-green'! I'm not expectin' you to come across!"

Hoffman's gaze left the lengthening shadows that were yielding to the end of

day reluctantly. He stared at her coolly, impersonally.

"Of course I intend to pay you," he said, "don't you always get—er—paid?"

Sadie looked very small to him as she sat curled up in the big chair, the soft light banking her young face against a background that was fading eerily.

"I do," she said, "but there're cases where I don't collect. You happen to be one of them."

A slow smile swept Hoffman's features. A slightly bitter smile, but mostly skeptical.

"Well," he said, "that's very nice of you, but you don't think I've lived this long not to understand that women of your type never do the things they *do* do out of sympathy? You don't suppose I'm laboring under the delusion that your kind are not out for anything but the coin you can rake in!"

His remark was invested with a brutal note, but they had entered upon a subject that could not be handled delicately. The effect on Sadie was noticeable. She drew herself suddenly erect, and whatever friendliness had come into her eyes began to creep out of them,—but began to creep out of them tiredly. A hard line drew her mouth. One of her hands reached out, and finding the other clung to it.

"Thanks," she said, "for the applause. It reads, too, like a press notice that, as it happens, shouldn't have been written about me. It's true, Cutey, I'm playing a punk act,—but if I am, it's not for myself I'm playing it!"

Their gaze locked and he asked cynically,

"No? For whom? Mind telling me?"

Sadie looked away uncertainly. Then her head bent and she sat still. And as she sat still, into her face came sorrow. And when she spoke at last, she spoke as though her thoughts were live things, stirring her and hurting her. Worrying her. Pulling at ragged nerves.

"I'm playin' it for—my husband," she answered. "He's—he's in a sanatorium."

Hoffman's voice cut through with a keen edge:

"For your husband? You don't tell me!"

"Once, not long ago," she said quietly, trying, it seemed, not to lose her temper,

and seeming earnestly to wish him to believe, "I saw a poor guy murdered. It seemed as though he stayed alive so long's they didn't touch the knife,—but once the interne took it out—," Sadie twisted in her chair, her hands wringing the chair-arms, "see? That's the way it is with Joe. So long's I keep him in the sanatorium, he—well, he keeps on living. But take him out an'—! You see?" she said with an expressive shrug, "he'd be like the stiff they took away in the ambulance. I take care of him because I love him. The rest of you guys don't count. To me, you're all just pieces of coin I hand over to the sanatorium!"

Hoffman eyed her mercilessly.

"Of course you couldn't keep him there and still live decently! You couldn't, for instance,—*work!*"

Sadie's smile was a badly crippled one.

"That's—that's what *he* thinks. Thinks I work! I pretend to him I gotta soft snap, but where could I get a swell job that'd cover the thirty-five bucks he needs every week?"

SADIE cupped her chin in one small palm. Hoffman viewed her derisively.

"Sadie," he said tersely, and not pleasantly, "you know, don't you, that that's pretty old stuff! To spring it on a bird as wise as I am—!"

"Oh! so you don't believe me! You don't believe me! *You don't believe me!* Well,—I'll show you! I'll show you something that'll wise you up! You'll believe me before I'm through with you! I've thought of a way! I'll show you—*damn* you!" Her voice, high-pitched, ended in a choke. She sprang up, her fingers going to her ears; began plucking at them,—stripping them of the black rings. "You guys kid yourselves a lot! You're wise, you are!" she said. She turned from the chair with the swiftness of a wild creature. "Well—!" Like an echo came back her words as she darted into the house. "I'll show you! You wait a minnit!"

Came just then the sound of a water faucet turned on. Came a ripping at something that might have been a towel caught hard. Following this, sounded the rub of energetic scrubbing.

Hoffman reached for and lit a cigar. Some minutes later, a sound drew his



Richard Dix in "Manhattan" his first starring venture for Famous Players. He has a fighting face and this picture of his daily training shows how he got it.

attention to the open door. Kept it there during a long minute in which he opened his lips to speak but did not. His look changed to surprise, then his skepticism receded into a vague background, and coming to the fore was an air of strong incredulousness.

For what he saw standing in the doorway was not a bit of little painted low-life, but a girl very fresh and fine and charming. A really, really *nice* girl whose fair-colored hair was pulled straight back, as though it had been wetted thoroughly and brushed with a stiff brush, a process that had taken out all of its former frizz. Her eyes were grey and finely set,—clear crystals beneath her forehead. Her lashes were long and curling,—not stiff and heavy and black. And her mouth was a lovely curved, but rather pale, line; not rouged and thin nor hardened; but soft-lipped,—a sweet mouth.

Attached to her was not a single ornament. What's more, she wore no dress, but just a cheaply trimmed white underslip that hung in a straight line from her shoulders. Her cheeks were pale and a trifle thin, but her skin, from where he sat, looked exquisite. Against the softened and dimming background, she reminded Hoffman of a lovely shot a camera-man might have taken slightly out of

focus. Delicate, spirituelle she looked,—a subject faded in with slight action on the lens.

"Why,—*Sadie!*" he said, his lips remaining apart.

"*Now!*" she said, "do you believe me? *Now!* can't you guess I might have been nice once,—before—before Joe got sick and needed me! Can't you guess *now* that under the muck—!" Suddenly her face went into her arms, and a moment later came sobs that tore at her while, at the same time, they rendered him thunder-struck. Sobs like those of a little child crying out in the dark when it feels lonely and unhappy. "Oh, I wanta be good! I'm not doing what I do for my own self. *Oh, my God!* I should say I'm not!"

Hoffman listened to the sobs and wondered what on earth he could do to stop them. Manlike, his reply came inadequate:

"Think of it!" he found himself saying as he looked at the pain that, when she lifted her head, he saw cringing far back in her grey eyes, "a woman doing all that for some cuss!"

TWILIGHT was shading into darkness when, to his surprise, Sadie, with dress and makeup assumed, came to say good-

bye. Her farewell was characteristic:

"Once your act's finished," she said, her gaze on a level with his as he sat on the porch in the big chair, "you can't ring down the curtain too quick. Here's my address in case you ever wanta look me up." She handed him a paper.

Hoffman fingered the crumpled slip. He decided the best thing to do under the circumstances was to let her go.

"Goodbye, Sadie," he said, "and when you get a check signed by a fellow named Kregg, get busy, child, and cash it. Sorry I'm not able to walk to the car."

At the bend of the road she turned. A rakish little figure in the gay-colored dress. Hoffman waved a hand, and for a long time after she had disappeared from sight sat thinking of her; recalling her odd ways and mentally comparing them with the personality of the girl who had looked at him from the doorway. Utterly different, the two,—yet, in a way, alike. One, a little hurt child,—the other, a small injured animal. No longer did he have to surmise how Sadie's face would look under the thick layers of powder and rouge, but he wondered as he sat there into the night how she appeared when frightened. It would be difficult, he thought, to scare Sadie, yet there must be times in the other girl's life,—the lit-

the hurt child's, when she had occasion to become terrified; panic-stricken; sickeningly desperate.

"Likable little mut," he said, "blamed if she didn't hesitate to take trainfare. Suppose she thought I might need it. Well—" he added, rising stiffly from the chair, "you've certainly got to hand it to old Bill. He scores when it comes to checking up these women. I'll wire him in the morning that he wins."

Things were quiet in the offices of Jacobson's Theatrical Agency. That is, quiet for Jacobson's. True, a stenographer pounded continuously on a typewriter, and the telephone rang incessantly, and the honk and rattle of cars out on Broadway jazzed into the room crazily, but, nevertheless, one might describe it as being quiet in Jacobson's. It took a casting day at one of the studios for things to liven up there!

Casting day at one of the studios! News of that day gets out through inexplainable channels and runs up and down Broadway! Peers in at stage-doors! Scurries in and out of the agencies!

A mob scene to be done up at Biograph! Character types wanted at Superior! Luxor's putting on some ball-room stuff. Filmright wants a couple hundred extras!

Tortured, jaded nerves tune up. The Street becomes electrified! Hope rises! Clothes are brushed! Taxis are summoned where taxis are not afforded! Stenographers phone! Hurried calls! Wanted,—such and such a gown! *Calls! Calls!* Round up the clan! *Hurry!*

That is the sort of day that succeeds in putting pep into the agencies. But this particular day at Jacobson's was not like that.

At this hour only two applicants were in the office. One was a short, dark girl who looked hot and uncomfortable and fat. The other was slight and fair and in spite of the broiling heat looked actually cool and sweet.

"Hulloa, Virginia!" exclaimed the fat girl, "how you been since I seen you last? You ain't been around here for over two weeks! By the way," she added, "I gotta bone to pick with you!"

"I've been away," answered the girl called Virginia.

"So I heard," went on the other, "Marcia Thompson said you was. Las' time I saw you was one night at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. You was checkin' a grip up in the 'L' station. Same night you phoned Marcia to take care of your trunk when the expressman delivered it to her place. You had on a funny costume that I suppose you'd been wearin' in some act, though you weren't made up. Wondered how it happened you hadn't changed it."

"Sorry, Nellie," said the slight girl evasively, "but really, I didn't see you."

A Semetic-looking gentleman appeared in the open door.

"Will you come in here, Virginia?" he requested.

A few minutes later she was facing him.

"See here, kid," he said, "you should beat it right over to Filmright. I know you got only vaudeville experience, but try to get in pictures. You should screen well. Castin' day ain't till next week, but if you go now you might happen to strike somethin'. Had lunch today with John Kregg, and I know he's to be in all afternoon. At any rate, kid, no harm tryin' it. This is a tip, so you needn't mention it."

"Kregg!" said the girl, her tongue slightly cleaving to the roof of her mouth, "then it's at Filmright he directs. What street is that on, Mr. Jacobson?"

"East Fifty-second. You take a Forty-second street crosstown an' transfer at Third Avena."

"Thanks," said the girl with a grateful nod, "I hadn't thought to do it,—but, after all,—there's no reason why I shouldn't."

Jacobson looked after her—puzzled.

"Funny," he thought, "how them that stick to the legitimate still think they're better'n them in pictures!"

But, for once, Jacobson was wrong. Virginia was not entertaining a prejudice. What she was thinking of was a director named Kregg, and wondering just why she should have hesitated to apply to him for work.

Cleverly gained interviews with vaudeville booking agents had taught Virginia that it is not wise to register extreme timidity when addressing office boys, but that, often, by asserting a strong air of assurance, one can bluff one's way to the desired interview.

Consequently, when, on entering through the outer door of the Filmright studio, she found the lobby unoccupied by any but an elderly guardian of one of the above alluded-to gates, she addressed him with an assumed air of confidence.

"I'm here to see Mr. Kregg," she said.

"Card, Miss. I'll see if he's in."

With a sense of failure, Virginia handed over her bit of pasteboard, doubtful of its ever getting any nearer to Kregg than his private secretary, and refused the questionable comfort of a wooden bench upon which the doorman indicated she might sit.

With the latter's exit into a narrow hall, matters might have turned out very differently, had there not come to Virginia the stirring of an aroused curiosity. The place seemed so somehow alive and appeared so interesting!

Stepping close to the high bars, she peered through them to an open doorway directly opposite. A portion of the main floor, which seemed to be chiefly occupied by men in working clothes,—

men subject to the orders of a coatless man in shirt sleeves—came within her view. From other parts of the room drifted voices whose owners she had no means of locating. Also, what her present prospectus permitted her to take in was a quantity of lumber of various lengths and thicknesses leaning end-wise against a high wall as though waiting a cue from the carpenters before coming forward and being used for various purposes.

She saw, too, that suspended from a lofty ceiling, row upon row of enameled-like electric bars attached to a framework in a way that reminded her of a broken continuity of inverted footlights illuminated the huge space.

A sickly pallor lay upon all countenances. Odors, pungent and tinged with the exotic and hinting queerly of somewhere a smoking arc, weighted the air that floated out to her.

What a whiff of the race track does to the nervous thoroughbred and the smell of grease-paint and sawdust does to the circus performer, the heat of burning lights and mingling of theatre scents never fails to do to a true professional.

And Virginia was a true professional.

Stirred and vitalized by the tang of things, she pressed closer to the high gate and began visualizing what the studio must be when ablaze and in production.

Through bare, dim halls leading from dressing-rooms to the main stage, no doubt beautiful women swept along in gorgeous costumes. Good-looking youths, she judged, stood about in dress clothes. In imagination, she peopled the floor with hundreds of extras gazing eagerly toward the big stage, and, added to these, she decided there must be the radiance and the brilliancy that comes from powerful lights!

Too, there must be the gleam and the sheen and the rustle of rich silks! And furs! Russian sables! Also, a medley of gay quibs! And laughter! And shining eyes vying with the flash of jewels!

But aside and above all this, there must be, too, the fierce heat and the keen struggle! The despair and the wild hopes, added to the disillusion and the disappointments, the expectations and heart-breaking drawbacks, that go always with histrionic attainment.

Well, but wasn't all this another part of her own life? Weren't these people *her* people! Wasn't the pulsating Thing in their blood the same as that in her blood! Professionally, hadn't her family been well rated!

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the studio call to Virginia. It even had the effect of arousing a mental resistance that, presently, took complete possession of her.

For a full sixty seconds she stood weighing facts. Her chances, she knew, were slim of getting to Kregg. Yet, once she got to him she might persuade him to give her even if only a very small part. The doorman's procedure, she knew, would be to return with her card and the usual suggestion that a written communication would, after all, be the best means of reaching the director.

Old stuff. Treatment due an amateur! Yet, unquestionably, that is what would happen unless,—unless—!

Virginia's gaze turned to the latch.

Settled there keenly figurative.

She noted that even though the bars of the gate were set close that one's hands,—if they happened to be quite small—!

Without further hesitancy she reached through.

Lifted the latch after a sharp struggle.

A minute later she was entering the big room.

Here she encountered a compelling force of concentrated energy. Men, standing about in groups, were heatedly discussing the building of sets. Electricians and props were memorizing orders. In one corner of the immense space a coatless man was examining old tapestries. Another, whom she judged might be head carpenter, was intently studying an assortment of complicated-looking blue-prints.

There were chalk marks running across cleared spaces. Lettered signs stood at the corners of these, warning trespassers to "Keep Off!"

Picking her steps over electric cables, and carefully avoiding a man busily engaged in photographing a telegram attached to a blackboard, she proceeded with a sense of intrusion toward a huge cage through whose locked doors she could glimpse numerous electric switches.

Beside this cage, with his back toward her, as though in an effort to obtain just the right light on a photograph he was examining, stood a man in a well-tailored suit.

Because this man seemed less occupied than the others, Virginia decided he would be the best of whom to inquire where she might find the director.

"I beg your pardon," she said, making an approach, "but would you be kind enough to tell me where Mr. Kregg is?"

The man turned and was about to reply, when suddenly he laid aside the portrait. Nor was the information Virginia had asked for forthcoming. Instead, he straightened and bent forward at the very same instant that she, herself, gave a deep gasp.

That which happened when Virginia's and Hoffman's glances encountered was like twin searchlights sweeping and meeting over troubled waters. For a long time she stood wide-eyed, while the star stared amazed and puzzled.

"Good gracious!—you—YOU!" she exclaimed, impelled by frantic and hitherto unknown emotions,—when just then out of chaos came his astonished voice, familiar and warmly welcoming:

"Holy smoke! If it isn't little Sadie. Can you beat this! Of all the people in the world!—Sadie!"

The astonished thrill of that accidental meeting lasted for what seemed a long time to both.

"How the deuce," questioned Hoffman finally, "does it happen that you're here?"

Virginia's gaze absorbed him in a mental alchemy, though her reply was apropos of no previous reference.

"I must say you don't look sick," she said, trying to summon up a measure of her usual self-possession, "not," she added, "even under these lights!"

"Sick!" he assured her vehemently, "why of course I'm not sick! What made you—?" His thoughts reverted several weeks back, "Oh, yes," he said with a short laugh, "well, you see it was this way, Sadie—"

Something in the girl's face made him pause. A look that was a mixture of anxious concern and something that seemed to him divinely sweet,—a something of which she, herself, was unconscious, and which was strangely out of keeping with the suddenly assumed sophisticated mannerism with which she turned about and faced the entrance.

"I came here because I thought I'd try breakin' into the movies," she explained in the tone and accent of the old Sadie, "but around this joint I guess I ain't got a chance. Funny, ain't it,—our meetin' though? How come they let you in?"

Taking in every exquisite detail of her, Hoffman continued to stare while he, at the same time, did some deep thinking. Mentally summing up her apparent refinement and charm, and comparing her present appearance with that of the girl he had known in the country, the result formed on his tongue an expression, expressive as it is worn-out:

"Kid, there's some things one can't do without a make-up! For you to continue trying to convince me you're nothing but a low-life is one of them." Here his glance lowered and touched hers. "You just come on in here to my dressing-room. I'm getting a strong hunch that you've been miscast!"

Determinedly he led the way to his own quarters. Virginia followed, mutely wondering. Placing a chair for her, the



Now It's My Turn To Laugh at Him!"

WE were dancing together to a beautiful, lilting melody. I led her gracefully around the room, keeping perfect harmony with the music. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

And then, suddenly, I saw Jim standing near the door. He was watching us. But he wasn't laughing this time! His eyes followed us around the room, wondering, curious. He seemed a little lonesome standing there in the doorway, and I just couldn't help drawing it to Jeanne's attention. "Now it's my turn to laugh at him!" I said.

She grinned up at me. "He'll never laugh at *you* again!" she whispered.

"I'll be there," I said

"and I'll dance"

I remembered that other night, a month ago, and was glad. Jim had invited me to a dancing party, although knowing very well that I hardly knew one step from another. And he urged me to ask Jeanne for a dance, knowing that she was the most graceful and talented dancer in the room. I was horribly self-conscious, clumsy as a boor, stepping all over her toes and leading her right into other couples. It was torture. And then I saw Jim standing in the doorway, laughing. Other couples had stopped dancing to watch us, and were laughing too. I was the goat!

It was a humiliating experience, and the next time Jim invited me to a dance

I refused. "Tired of dancing already?" he asked, laughing slyly. That laugh, somehow, irritated me. "I'll be there!" I said grimly—"and I'll dance!"

I sent for the five three lessons

That evening I sent off a coupon to Arthur Murray asking him for the five lessons that he offered free. I would show Jim—I would show all of them! They'd never make me the goat again. I'd become a good dancer, as popular as any of them.

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And then—that wonderful dance with Jeanne! She had hesitated when I asked her, but she was too polite to refuse. The orchestra was playing a fox-trot, and I swung her gracefully into the rhythm. She was an exquisite dancer, and we interpreted the dance like professionals. It was a triumph. Everyone was amazed, and especially Jim. He stood in the doorway watching us—the very doorway where only a short time ago he had stood and laughed. Laughed! Well, it was my turn to laugh now!

Jeanne and I finished the dance together. Others stopped to watch us. Jeanne was smiling—others were smiling—soon everyone was smiling and applauding. I was popular.

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actor seated himself, and soon she was listening to his side of their story. Listening to it as told in concise detail.

"And now, young woman," he exclaimed, having explained the circumstances of the bet and aware of her evident amusement, "for the love of Mike, tell me who you are!"

Five minutes later he sat mentally digesting what she had said.

"Just let me get this," he said weightily, "you say Gregg hired this Monroe girl to impersonate a low woman; that you, at the time—in order to reduce expenses—shared her apartment; that, when Gregg had succeeded in convincing the Monroe girl that there was foundation to the cock-and-bull story he told about a friend of his whom he described as a down-and-outer,—a story she, in turn, repeated to you an hour later when she joined you in the restaurant, you feeling that the only right thing for you to do,—since evidently Gregg's 'friend's' future depended upon it, and since this other girl reiterated her determination of pulling something crooked,—was for you to step into the role of the street-walker and outwit her?"

Virginia was not unhappily conscious that one of his hands reached out and covered hers.

"Yes," she said, and he was aware of an earnest little note in her speech, "and another reason I got ahead of Rita that night on Sixth Avenue was because I was anxious to see if I could put over the part professionally. You see I had nothing in the world to do and as I've acted in some sketches in vaudeville and happened to own a costume that would fit the—"

"Speaking of putting over a part," Hoffman broke in reflectively, "I'll see that you get one in my next production, even though it's all cast except for the leading role. Haven't any one who just suits me for that yet."

In the dressing-room there was a quiet, during which the actor looked across a strictly masculine room, and during which Virginia's glance remained on him. Held there by something not definable.

"Why?" she asked. "Is the part unusually difficult?"

"Difficult and a big role! It'll make the actress who does it as it should be done. It took me a long time to see that. I'm thoroughly convinced now, however, that the play's a fine thing!"

Going into greater detail than he had gone when describing the events connected with their meeting, he described Graves' play and the woman's role.

As he talked, Virginia listened, her eyes widening, and now and then she drew a faint breath. When he finished a little sound came from her; a little whimper like the cry of a wish, newborn

and sucking hungrily at the heart of a Great Desire. Into her gaze, too, came the light of far vision. Into it, also, came creeping something poignant.

"Well," she said, leaning ever so close and in a tone in which there was a fervent hope, "the one you select to play such a role should be an artist with whose work you are familiar. And, at some time or other, she should have convincingly played some such role. Can't you recall ever having seen any one do similar work? *Some one you've seen act the thing out in every detail?*"

Manlike, he was unconscious that a prayer was shadowing her grey eyes until they lay in her face like something buried under a layer of fine dust. Manlike, too, he was thinking that she was really lovely, and was even deciding that, undoubtedly, she would photograph.

"Not a soul," he said, "that isn't under contract. There's Mae Ferris, you know,—she might do, but she's so darn good there's no getting hold of her. And there's Stratton, now, but she's objected to the 'character' touch—"

Virginia's look was penetrating, even though her remark came to him keenly suggestive:

"Imagine!" she exclaimed, "refusing to portray such a role on the ground that one objects to doing 'character'! Why any real artist would sell her soul!—well, it's not likely I'll ever get such an offer,—but—!"

Hoffman turned suddenly and looked frowncd. Then his gaze concentrated, and when he spoke he spoke as though there were something he had just discovered.

"You get such an offer! You! Why, Great Caesar's ghost—!"

He broke off and again glanced around the room. Virginia felt a thousand years settling down and weighting them,—suffocating her until, at last, he laughed slightly.

"Why,—why, I hadn't thought of you! You don't suppose, do you, Sa—, Virginia—?"

Again he stopped and again Virginia spoke:

"No, sir! When you pick *that* baby you want to pick on some one you know,—some one in whom you can place every confidence because her acting can either be so bad or so good that she can kill your part or else build it up tremendously!"

Virginia's hands twisted in a tight fold. Some of her loveliness, for the moment, departed. Little crying lines revealed themselves in her features, while in her eyes there burned a consuming hope.

Hoffman rose and thoughtfully crossed the room. Having crossed it he turned and came back. Some thought, it seemed, had finally crystallized, and from behind

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it he looked down and regarded her. Virginia met his glance with a straight look. A look that prompted him to stare a little awestruck. Then his lips parted and finally he said with that fine smile that when registered on the screen caused mothers to think of their favorite sons and old ladies to write him of their first loves.

"Why, of course! Great Caesar! You! It's *you* who shall have the leading part! After that performance of yours which only *I* have seen, no one else could ever qualify. By Jove — of course — now that I come to think of it——!"

Virginia rose, and in gripping him, stepped close, the while her heart pounded so that she wondered if he could discern her throat beat.

Hoffman, with arms folded, smiled confidently. There are moments too utterly

full, and he was guessing that to Virginia this was one of them. When she looked up and he saw she was tremulous, a warm gust, almost like perfume, swept over him.

"I ought to thank you," she said, her eyes mist-filled, "but, Jim, there are some things too great for expression! All I can say is, that I'll make good!"

A vivid light seemed to strike the star. A light that pierced through and broke an innate reticence. Very simply, and in a way quite new to him, he reached out and encircled her affectionately.

"See here," he said, "I'm glad it's to be you. And after this play there're to be others——!" Their gaze met, hers shining, his whimsical, yet, in a way, serious. "Stick around, honey," he added quietly possessive, "you and I have just started getting acquainted!"



Miss Vera Reynolds in "Cheap Kisses," the C. Gardner Sullivan production.

SCREENLAND'S covers have created much favorable comment. We are pleased to print the letter below from John W. Barrett of 441 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken Heights, N. J.:

EDITOR OF SCREENLAND:

For years the movie fan has been obliged to turn hastily past the cover of the magazine to find pictures of his favorites which bore some slight resemblance to the players themselves. There is no doubt but what portrait artists are entitled to view the subject with an eye which has been trained to secure effects and perhaps the painter should be excused if he does not always secure a perfect likeness. But as a matter of fact while covers of movie magazines have in the past been often very beautiful, it has been a rare occurrence for one to bear a striking resemblance to the supposed sitter. Your "photographed in color" cover is a great success. The October SCREENLAND cover is the finest moving picture magazine cover ever shown on any newsstand.

Not only is the color pleasing and effective but there is a sincerity and truthfulness which is fascinating and I have studied this picture with the feeling that this indeed is Hope Hampton.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. BARRETT.

How to win and hold love

"I love you!" When a girl hears those three little words whispered in her ear by the "only man in the world," her supreme moment has come. She has won his heart. All her dreams, her hopes, her longings, have ended happily. She stands on the threshold of womanhood with the love of a good man locked in her bosom. Happy, happy girl!



"I love you"—the supreme moment in a girl's life.

But unfortunately, many girls never experience such bliss. They wait and wait for their "Dream Man," but he never comes. It's a startling truth that three out of four girls can't marry. That is because every year a million marriageable men have four million marriageable girls from whom to choose a mate.

Then, too, many an innocent girl has been led to undreamed-of heights of happiness by these three little words "I love you" only to learn later that the man was using her as a plaything, a passing fancy. These three little words may lead to infinite happiness or a broken heart. What are the motives behind them? You must know and you can know if you are familiar with the rules of the fascinating game of love.

You can't afford to lose

Many broken hearts, wrecked fortunes, suicide and ruin—all caused by men and girls playing in the game of love without knowing the rules. All of our schools teach many important subjects, but the most important subject in your life—the subject of love—you are expected to learn in the "school of bitter experience." Love is a dangerous game if you do not know its rules. Those who know the rules are rewarded with happiness and success. You play in the game of love—what do you know about it?

Love problems solved

Sana Swain, a recognized authority on affairs of the heart, gives the necessary advice to enable you to win in the game of love. Sana Swain lays bare the innermost

thoughts of lovers and frankly reveals the scheming and planning of men and women. The intimate problems that confront your mind are completely answered in the latest sensational popular book—"Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice," explaining how to win and hold love.

Mr. H. A. of New Jersey writes, "The author certainly knows life as it is lived today. Best 97 cents I ever invested."

The rules of love

This wonderful book tells you how to make friends and how to impress them favorably. You no longer need yearn for the sympathetic companionship of the opposite sex. You need no longer be bashful or shy, for Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice tells you what to do and say on all occasions. It banishes gloom and loneliness by newly made friendships.

Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice follows the man and woman through the period of courtship, answering hundreds of intimate questions—questions men or women wouldn't dare ask their closest friend. It tells you how to change mere interest into love; how to avoid long-drawn-out courtships; and how to quickly read every man's intentions. A letter from M. E. B. of New York says:

"Just a pal" but never a sweetheart was my trouble. Men played around with me until the girl they eventually married came along. Gradually I realized that I was playing a losing game so I got your book. It made me see how poorly I had played in the game of love—and I thought I knew it all. I followed your good advice—and now I'm a happy bride."

What do you know about love?

When does jealousy destroy love?
Do men prefer cleverness to beauty?
How to control an ardent lover?
Does unrestrained spooning kill love?
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How to cure a flirtatious lover?
How to handle a jealous lover?
How to hold love at 17, 27, 35?
How to develop charm and personality?
How to recognize your love mate?
Spooning privileges before engagement?
How, when and where to propose?
How to encourage a proposal?
Should secrets of the past be told before marriage?
When is dancing dangerous to morals?
Petting parties—are they wrong?
How to prevent undesirable spooning?
How to be popular with the opposite sex?
How "old-fashioned" girls get husbands?
When should a lover be romantic?
When is a "good night kiss" permissible?
What is an ideal mate?
Proper etiquette at the table, the theatre, the dance?
How to win back a lost love?
How to resist temptations?
How to prevent blushing?
How can a disappointed lover forget?
Must a girl kiss to keep a sweetheart?
Are mixed marriages always unhappy?
How to attract a desirable suitor?
How should the modern young man make love?
Should the girl regulate spooning?
How much money must a man have to marry?
How to encourage "steady company"?

Get the answers to these and HUNDREDS of other vital love problems. They are given truthfully and fearlessly by Sana Swain, a recognized authority on affairs of the heart.

This book is not a "story book"—it is a valuable reference book listing almost a thousand questions—giving the answer to each frankly and completely.

Spooning of lovers

Some girls may kiss before engagement—others can't. "Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice" carefully analyzes your emotions. Every girl and man of spooning age should read this valuable, intimate book. Married men and women should read this book, too, for it tells how to hold the cherished love they have won. It is after marriage that jealousy and temptation start their bitter work.

Mrs. L. J. O. of Conn. says, "Your splendid answer to one question was worth a thousand times the cost of your book."

You need this book

When your "Dream Man" or "Dream Girl" comes along, are you going to be caught unprepared and allow somebody else to win a love that belongs to you? Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice gives you information that will make you more fascinating, more charming, more alluring.

If you hope to win love or hold a present love you must know how. If you know the rules you will win, if you don't you are doomed to fail. Sana Swain gives you all the rules—not a lot of "don'ts" or prudish advice handed down from grandmother's time, but in frank simple language answers your problem—how to win and hold love.

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Mark Gonzales who will be seen on Broadway as a young Italian officer in "Dangerous Money," late in October, has been selected to play an important role in "Argentine Love," under the Famous Players-Lasky banner. Mr. Gonzales wishes to say that he is not another Valentino nor a Navarro—he is a Gonzales, first—last and all the time. He is the grandson of one of Havana's most celebrated physicians and deserted materia medica for the screen.

All the color and drama incident to Paris night life in the higher circles of society and the slums of the French capital will furnish a background for "Parisian Nights," the second big Gothic Pictures special to be released by Film Booking Offices of America.

The production will be made for Gothic under the supervision of B. P. Fineman. The story was written as an original by Emile Forst and adapted by Doty Hobart. Al Santell who recently completed "Fools in the Dark" and "Lights Out" for F. B. O. will direct.

Jack Collins, former well known newspaper cartoonist in New York and more recently a gag man in the service of Mack Sennett and Lloyd Hamilton, has been added to the production staff of "The Go-Getters" by General Manager B. P. Fineman at F. B. O. Hollywood studios. Collins will co-operate with George Marion, Jr., author of the "Go-Getters" stories.

Elmer Clifton writes from Timaru, New Zealand, that he saw "Broken Blossoms," in the most southerly theatre in the world. He reports that this screen masterpiece with Dicky Barthelmess and Lillian Gish went over big and the drama held everyone from start to finish. "You could cut the tense silence with a knife," he adds. He is now on the high seas bound for India.

When are freckles an asset? Occasionally—only very occasionally in motion pictures.

Joan Standing, appearing with Mrs. Wallace Reid in "Broken Laws," has the largest, highest salaried collection of freckles on the silver screen.

Wesley Barry became a star on the strength of his freckles. Little Micky of "Our Gang" comedies draws a fat weekly envelope for his, but Joan Standing is the only "female of the species" who cashes in on what most women consider a disfigurement and spend large sums of money to get rid of.

In "Broken Laws" Miss Standing, who by the way, is a daughter of the late Herbert Standing and a sister of Wyndham, plays a maid servant whose years of service in the Allen family have made her a privileged character. The comedy

of Miss Standing's characterization is greatly enhanced by the fact that she uses no make-up at all, but displays her freckles to the advantage of her salary envelope.

Mae Marsh arrived in Los Angeles this week; where she immediately went into conference with a producer who it is rumored is to star her in two productions. Miss Marsh could have stayed abroad and made two more pictures, but after completing "Arabella," in Germany, she decided to return to the United States.

Here is Walter Long's new role: A London opera singer crazed on the night of his sensational debut, commits murder, escapes to Africa and becomes a river thief and slave trafficker of the jungles. All of Walter Long's previous characterizations put together will barely equal in color this new part which has been awarded him by B. P. Schulberg in the Preferred Picture, "White Man."

"Trigger-Fingers" is the title of the first of the Texas Ranger series starring Bob Custer, which Independent Pictures Corporation is making for F. B. O. release. "Trigger-Fingers" is a very high-class Western production, which was written especially for Douglas Fairbanks and re-purchased for Custer. Bob Custer's horse, a handsome animal with human intelligence, will play an important role in the production.

Reeves (Breezy) Eason has been chosen to direct the series. Mr. Eason is a well known director.

The story that the blase residents of Hollywood, Culver City and other movie capitals are so used to seeing pictures made that they pay no attention to street chases, mob scenes, etc., is a myth.

They do not tire of seeing pictures made any more than the farmer in the field tires of seeing the Twentieth Century Limited pass. He will always stop work to watch it go by, and so do people living where pictures are made every day.

Street "shots" at Culver City, home of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, will hold a crowd of natives all day long, while several thousand persons almost broke down the fence to watch night scenes recently.

S. L. Rothafel is arranging another of the elaborate programs for which the Capitol Theatre is famous, to provide the surrounding atmosphere for the Elinor Glyn production, "His Hour," William Robyn, with the support of Florence Mulholland, Marjorie Harcum, Gertrude McKinley, Vivian Kelly, Joseph Wetzel, Avo Bombarger, Pierre Harrower, James Parker Coombs, Sneddon Weir and Frank Moulan, the popula-

median, the Capitol Male Ensemble consisting. Mlle. Gambarelli, ballet mistress and the entire Ballet Corps will be seen in a series of Hungarian Folk dances; the Capitol Grand Orchestra will play Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slav," and Rachmaninoff's "In the Silence of the Night" sung by William Robyn and Ruth Williams provides the opening atmosphere for "His Hour."

The first of a new series, "Celebrities," shows some intimate close-ups of Rex Beach, Neysa McMein, Rube Goldberg, Hudson Maxim, Anita Stewart, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Seena Owen, Eddie Cantor, Grover Whalen, Johnny Hines, Brooke Johns, Vincent Lopez and Phil Payne, editor of the Daily News.

Gasnier's knowledge of Africa is serving him in good stead for the direction of D. P. Schulberg's Preferred Picture, "White Man." This is George Agnew Chamberlain's story of the African wilderness in which Alice Joyce will return to the screen. Gasnier once occupied a governmental clerkship in the Franco-African colonies.

Priscilla Dean as a committee of one representing the Los Angeles screen stars greeted the world flyers upon their arrival in San Diego and afterward entertained them.

Miss Dean, it will be remembered, kissed each one of the flyers good-bye and presented them with good luck tokens when they started upon their globe-encircling journey.

After the formal greeting at San Diego, Miss Dean flew with the air heroes to Clover Field in Santa Monica where a public reception was held after which Miss Dean carried them off in triumph to her home.

"Trouping with Ellen" from Eastern Productions, Inc. with Helene Chadwick in the stellar role heads the October list and will be released on the 5th. It is a story of theatrical life by Earl Derr Biggers originally published in The Saturday Evening Post.

This production is the second picture production by Eastern Production and was directed by T. Haynes Hunter. An exceptionally strong cast including Gascon Glass, Tyrone Power, Ernest Hilliard, Riley Hatch, Basil Rathbone, Mary Thurman, Jane Jennings, Charles McDonald, Zena Keefe, Kate Blanke and Esther Banks appear in support of Miss Chadwick.

"The House of Youth" starring Jacqueline Logan is an adaptation by C. Gardner Sullivan of Maude Radford Warren's popular novel of the same title. This is a Regal Pictures offering produced under the direction of Ralph Ince, and is set for release on October 19th.

The names of several popular players appear in the supporting cast that includes Richard Travers, Hugh Metcalf, Barbara Tennant, Edwin Booth Tilden, Vernon Steele, Nola Lustford, Lucila Mendez and Elsie Manning.

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FRECKLES

THE OLD THEORY AND THE NEW

By Helena Rubenstein

BROWSING the other day among my books—and I am fortunate enough to have on my shelves some of the oldest and rarest on the subject of woman's beauty in almost every European language—I came across a remark which curiously illustrates, by way of contrast, the tremendous progress that has been made in beauty culture, and makes extremely interesting a comparison between the notions in vogue in the old days and the scientific principles that have taken their place since. The particular remark occurs in a book published in London as far back as 1694, with the quaint title, "The Ladies' Dictionary, being a General Entertainment for the Fair Sex, a Work never attempted before in English," and it reads as follows: "Freckles are found to be the Product of Fuliginous Vapours, and like Smoke, molest those most who are fair of skin." (Fuliginous, by the way—an expression but rarely met with—means sooty, dusky.)

We, of a more enlightened era cannot help but smile at the theory that there is a sort of smoky vapor issuing from the sun which, settling upon the face, imprints freckles. When science succeeded in analyzing the sun's spectrum, separating the various rays of the sun, and fixing their colors, she has made possible the discovery of the fact that it is not the heat nor any smoke or soot or vapor generated by the sun, but certain of the rays of well-defined color that have the power of etching out upon the skin the irregularly shaped spots known as freckles. To these same rays, called actinic, is due also all the sorcery of the photographic camera.

Although photography would be unthinkable without the actinic rays, yet its reproduction by printing would be impossible if actinic rays could not be harnessed, allowed to go thus far only and no farther, and excluded altogether for the purpose of developing the imprisoned image. And this has been accomplished by having only such light in the developing room as is free from the actinic rays; hence the dark room with the ruby or orange lamp.

The same process cannot, of course, be applied to protect the human skin from injury by the sun. But, one step leading to another, it has become possible to discover and adopt a substance—chemical, but entirely harmless in itself—which when combined with a cream, lotion or even powder, and applied to the skin of the face, shoulders, arms or chest, neutralizes; or perhaps, deflects, the actinic rays, so that they are rendered

harmless in the same manner as they are in the dark room, with this tremendously important difference that in photography the action is confined to the dark room while as a preventive of freckling the chemical principle in question acts in the open air and under the full play of the sun. One would be very much embarrassed, indeed, if called upon to name as interesting a discovery to the credit of modern chemistry as this one, practically paralyzing the action of one class of the sun's rays while permitting the full play of the others without seeking refuge in an enclosed or shaded space, without the use of screen, shade or parasol.

The idea that heat may have something to do with the appearance of freckles has been disproved easily enough by the fact that explorers of polar regions, where heat is of course quite out of question, and men and women who spend their winters in the pursuit of seasonal sports in the high altitudes of the Alps, not only acquire a coat of deep tan, but freckle considerably and suffer from extremely painful sun-blister. In those regions the sun's actinic rays beat down unimpeded and work havoc unmercifully.

It may not be without interest to mention in this connection that during the great war many of the British soldiers had been sent up to Swiss mountain resorts for convalescence during the winter and had learned from their English nurses the trick of protecting their faces from severe sun-burn. These nurses had been supplied by me with sun-protective creams with the result that although they were almost continuously exposed to the blazing sun, they yet succeeded in remaining unaffected by it, to the great amazement of the Tommies in their charge.

One may say almost without fear of contradiction that it is easier—and it is certainly more rational, to prevent freckling than to completely remove freckles once they have established themselves. Generally speaking, all freckles can be removed, but to do so, the application of corrosive substances is frequently necessary and the severity of these applications is rather distressing at times. And the deeper the freckles are imbedded, the more heroic must be the treatment. My advice, therefore, is that the scientific preventives I have mentioned should be made use of rather than reliance be placed on obtaining relief from sun-burn or freckles when they have already appeared.

HEARD in HOLLYWOOD

By Margaret Reid

THE eternal triangle—without which no tale of love is complete—starts early in wild Hollywood. It already threatens to break up the touching romance of James Kirkwood and Leatrice Joy—whose mutual affection was apparent to every scandal-monger in town. James Kirkwood Junior and Leatrice Joy Gilbert the second—to give them their full titles—made their debuts recently at the Good Samaritan Hospital, within a few days of each other. Jimmy's mother—Lila Lee Kirkwood, and Letty's mother—Mrs. Jack Gilbert, watched with delight the young people's joy in each other's company. Then in stepped the mustachioed man-about-town. Marshall Neilan—back from abroad with a mustache and corresponding European ways—one dark evening evaded Blanche Sweet Neilan and called up the Gilbert residence. "Have Miss Gilbert dressed, I'm coming around to take her out," he said peremptorily to Leatrice Senior, "but not for an hour yet. I'll have to shave and dress and look my handsomest if I'm to cut this guy—Jim Kirkwood—out." And such is the lure of the Irish—some time later he was seen leaving the Gilbert home and stepping into his car—accompanied by a petite brunette, ravishing in lace ruffles, who quite obviously beamed adoringly on him.

It has lately been observed along the Boulevard that the tempestuous Negri is once more on the verge of writing finis to another affaire d'amour. Pola—the brilliant and irresistible—has for some weeks been conferring the honour of her friendship on young Rod La Rocque. Everywhere they were seen, always together. Pola wore an enormous solitaire on the usual finger and waxed positively demure when questioned as to the donor. Rod was an obviously devoted and worshipful slave. But it is the general opinion that Pola found him an amusing, refreshing playfellow—a vigorously, adoring admirer—and nothing more. It is but natural that a woman of her brilliant intellect, wide experience and restless temperament should tire, after a time, of the surface of living. And it would need to be a great man indeed—as great as Charles Chaplin, but with a balancing strain of placidity—to fill at once her heart, her mind, and, I suspect, her soul. So the little affair is terminat-

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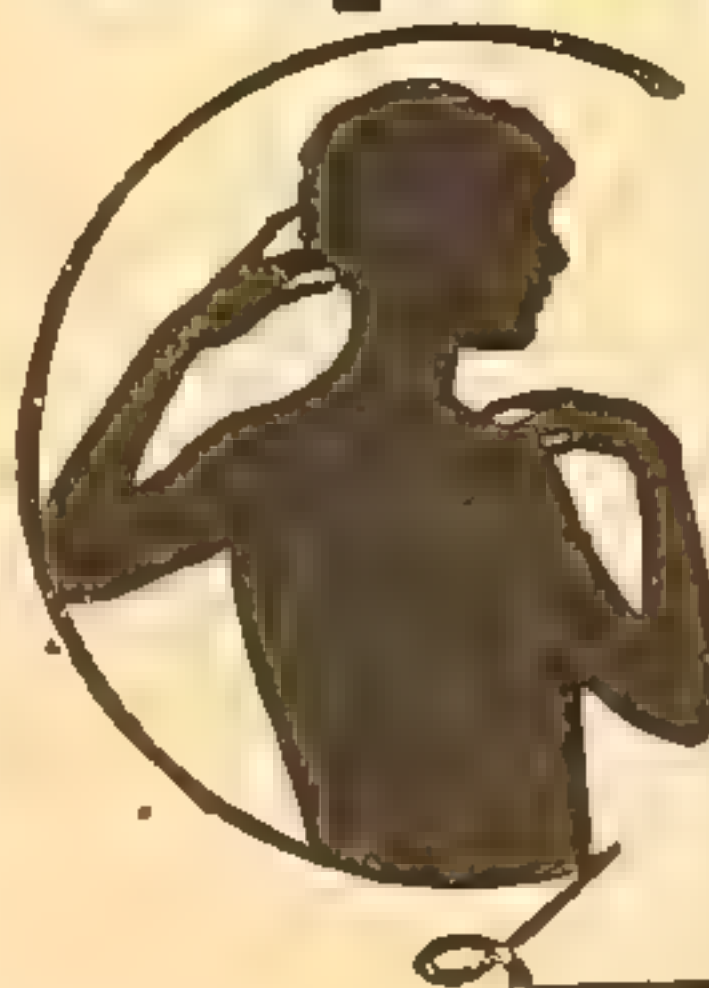
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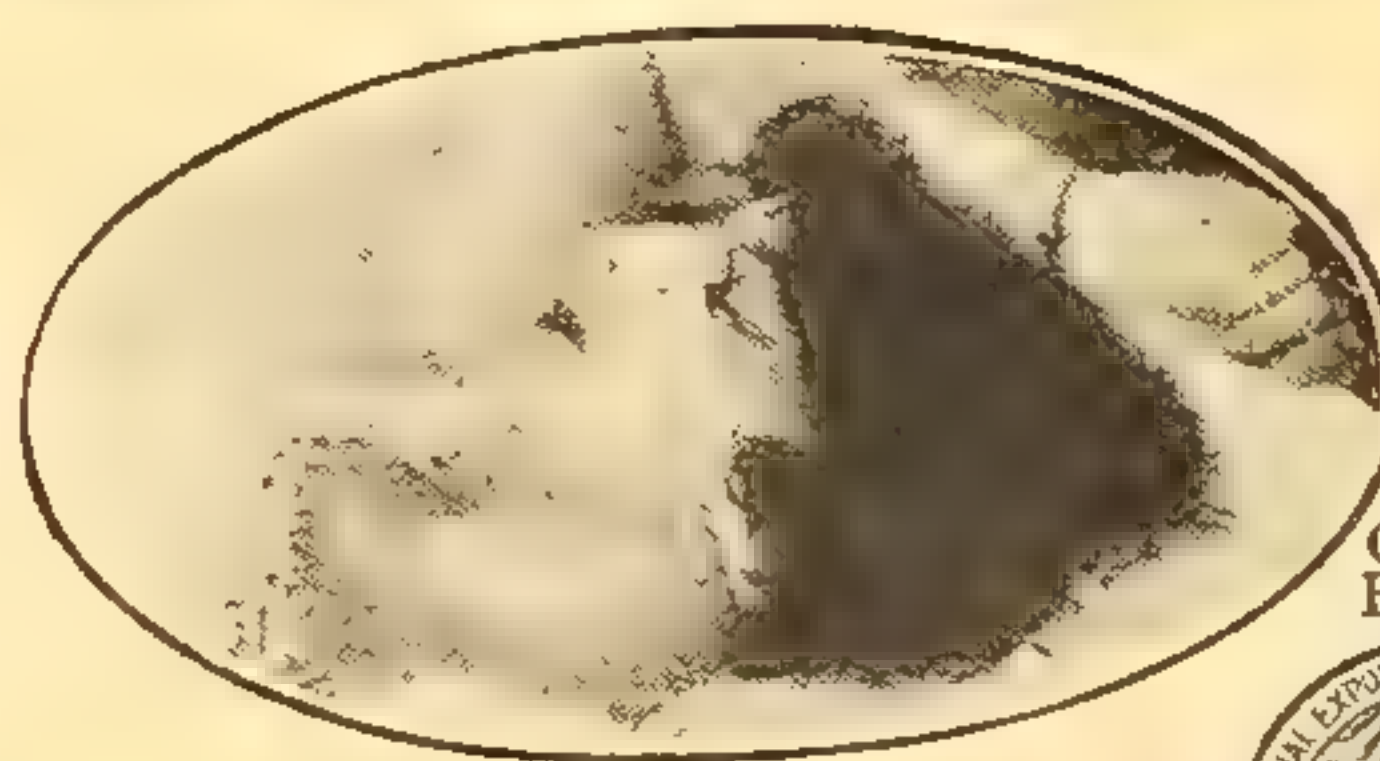
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ing—for Pola, without the agony of the Chaplin sequence—but apparently, for Rod, with rather youthful bitterness and sorrow.

The fans who have read various lady-interviewers' enthusiastic reports of Mr. Rex Ingram—the greatest of the younger directors (discretion forbids me to say the greatest of all, although I really think so) and who have been regaled with artistic photographs of him, have an opportunity of seeing him in motion in his "The Arab". Inconveniently enough, Mr. Ingram's "bit" is unheralded in the program, and only a discerning eye could recognize him in the brief close-up he allows himself. However, if you watch alertly during the scene in the cafe of the Arabian dancing-girls, you can't miss the close-up of every personable young man in Arab costume—performing an utterly ridiculous trick with a cigarette. It may not carry the dramatic essence of the picture—but to young ladies with an eye for manly beauty, and especially to those—like myself—who have seen the gentleman in person, it will be eminently satisfactory!

Announcement

by the

MAE MURRAY COMMITTEE

To the Slogan Fans:

At the very last minute it is found impossible to decide the winner of the prize offered by Mae Murray for a slogan for the delightful film "Circe, the Enchantress."

Among the thousands of answers received, there have been selected for special consideration a number of excellent slogans but the prize winner of this group has not yet been determined and the result of the contest must, therefore, be announced in a later issue.

Miss Murray has taken a close personal interest in this award and wishes to thank the many contestants for their kindly expressions.

MAE MURRAY
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Martin B. Dickstein's reviews of current films will be found in the special holiday number, and there will be stories by well known writers of screen literature.

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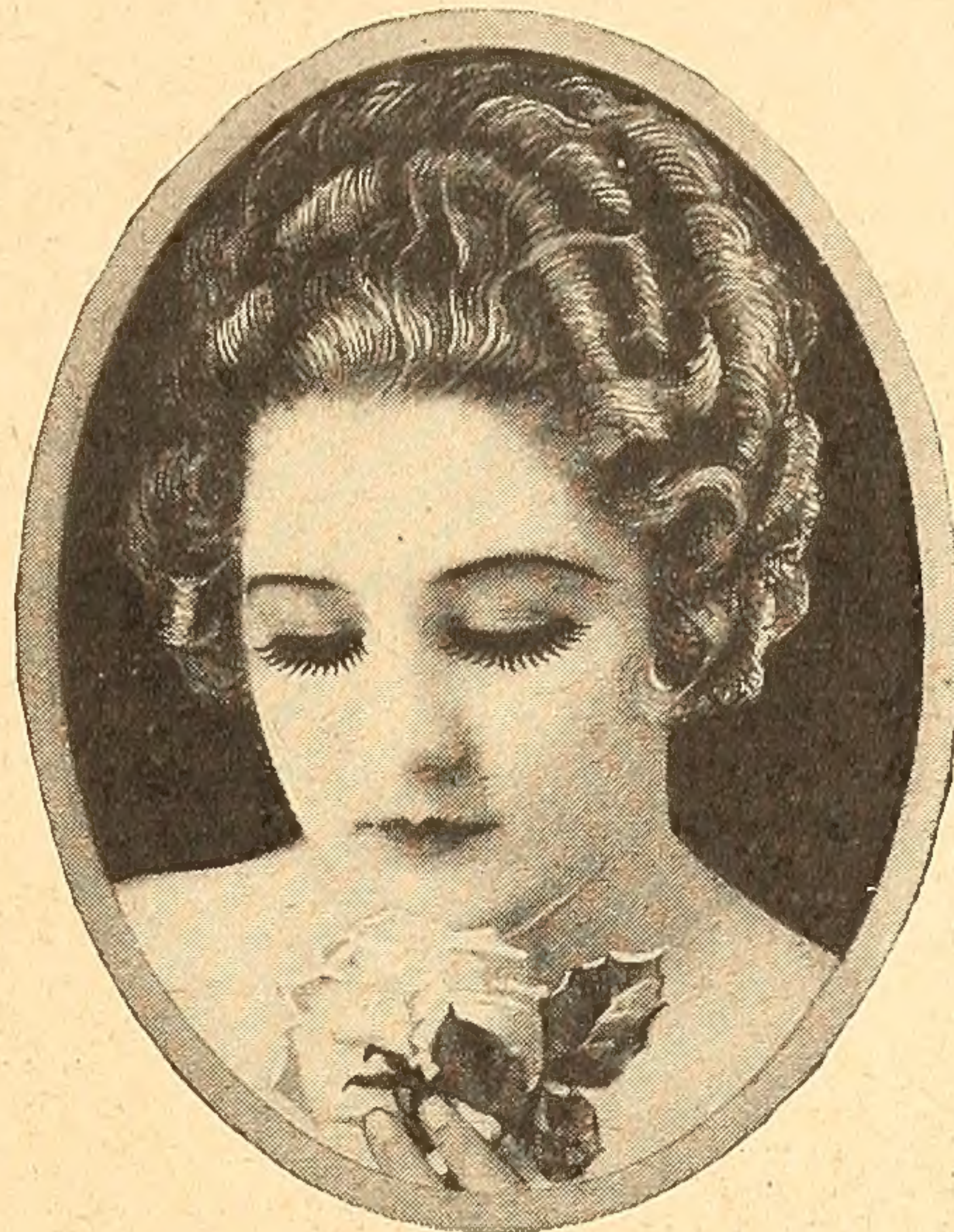
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MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-98 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

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Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum tune, play it by ear. Self-instruction—no teacher required. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons which you master

At Home in Your Spare Time

Send for **FREE BOOK**. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. 6c. in stamps brings interesting **CHART** also.

Niagara School of Music
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**NEW SIMPLE DISCOVERY
CLEARS THE SKIN**

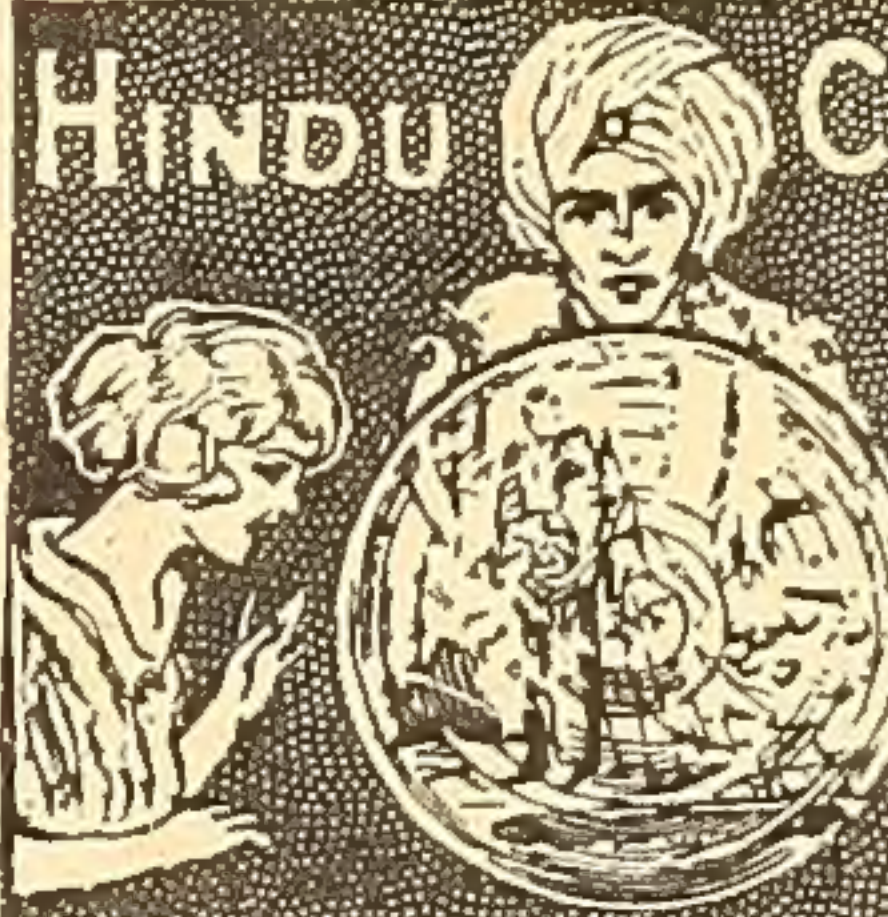
If you suffer from a burning, itching and irritated skin, blotches or eruptions, we will send you a free trial of Sana-Cutis to prove that it will heal the most stubborn cases after everything else has failed. It is used like cold cream. Just write for free sample. Address **SANA-CUTIS CO., Box 36-N Sedalia, Missouri**

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Will you have Luck, Wealth, Love, Happy Marriage? Hindu Crystal Ball answers ALL questions!

ANYONE can use it instantly. Questions, Answers and Instruction Book given **FREE** with each mysterious Crystal Ball game. Two sizes \$2.00 or \$3.00. Pay postman or send money.

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**Only \$5.45 for this \$20 value
White Gold Wrist Watch**

25 year 14K white gold-filled case, richly engraved, latest Tonneau shape, sapphire crown, gros grain ribbon with white gold-filled clasp, 6 jewel movement. An excellent timekeeper. Comes in beautiful velvet and silk-lined case.

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that will make any girl or woman happy. We specialize in this watch exclusively and are in a position to offer it at a price lower than the usual wholesale price. If after receiving and examining this watch, you do not consider it equal to any watch priced up to \$20.00 by jewelers, send it back—we will promptly refund amount paid. Send only \$5.45 and this beautiful watch will be forwarded prepaid, or if you desire we will ship C. O. D., you to pay postman \$5.45 plus 18c charges on delivery. Order now as this offer may not be repeated.

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Grow New Hair in 30 Days

LUMCO, a powerful scalp remedy, (not a hair tonic) grows new hair in a surprisingly short time. **DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR and ITCHING SCALP** quickly banished. LUMCO may be the means of saving or making a beautiful head of hair for you. Six weeks treatment sent postpaid \$2.50 LUMCO Laboratories, Kimball, Nebr.

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Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

Write today for my **FREE BOOKLET**, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

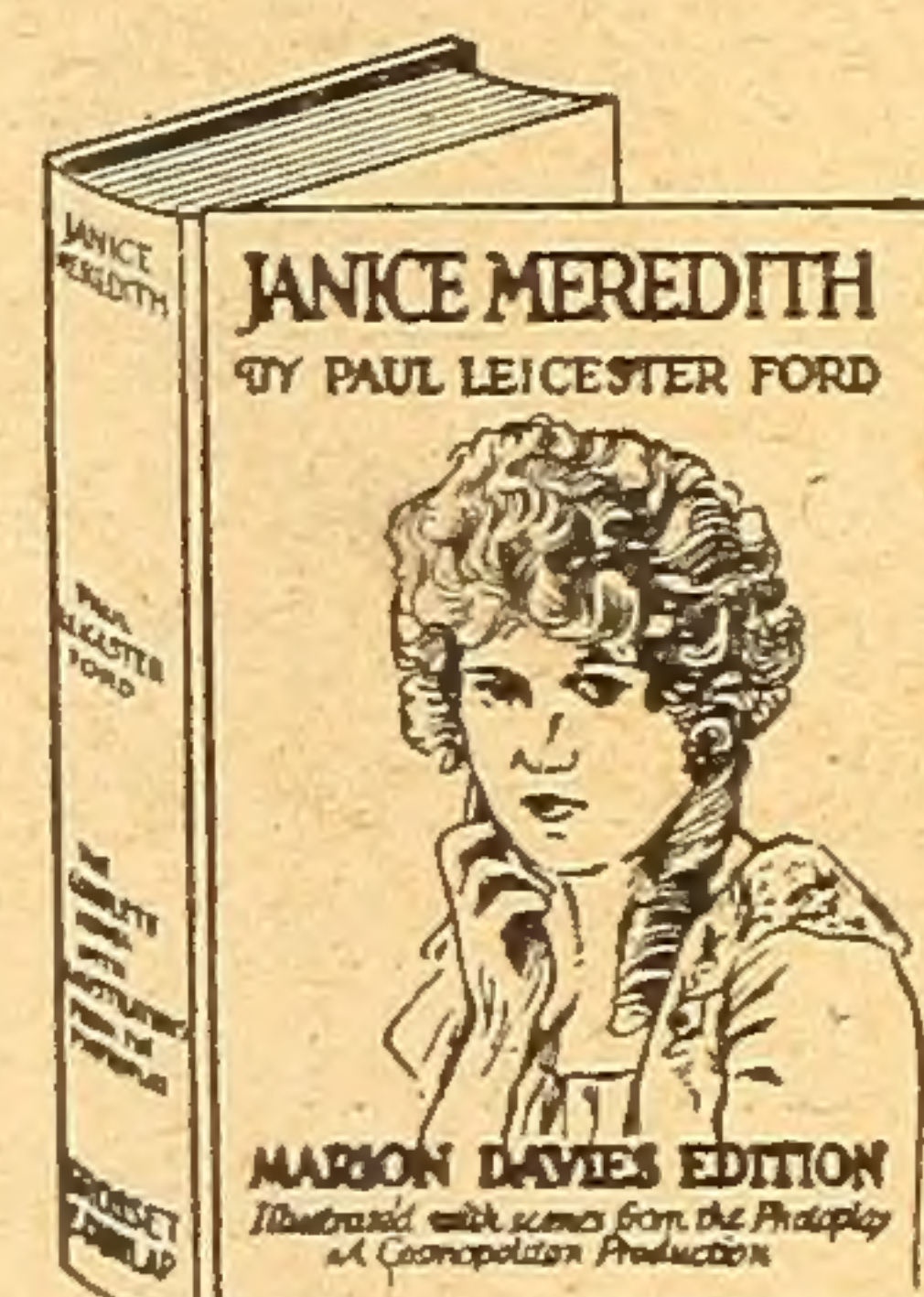
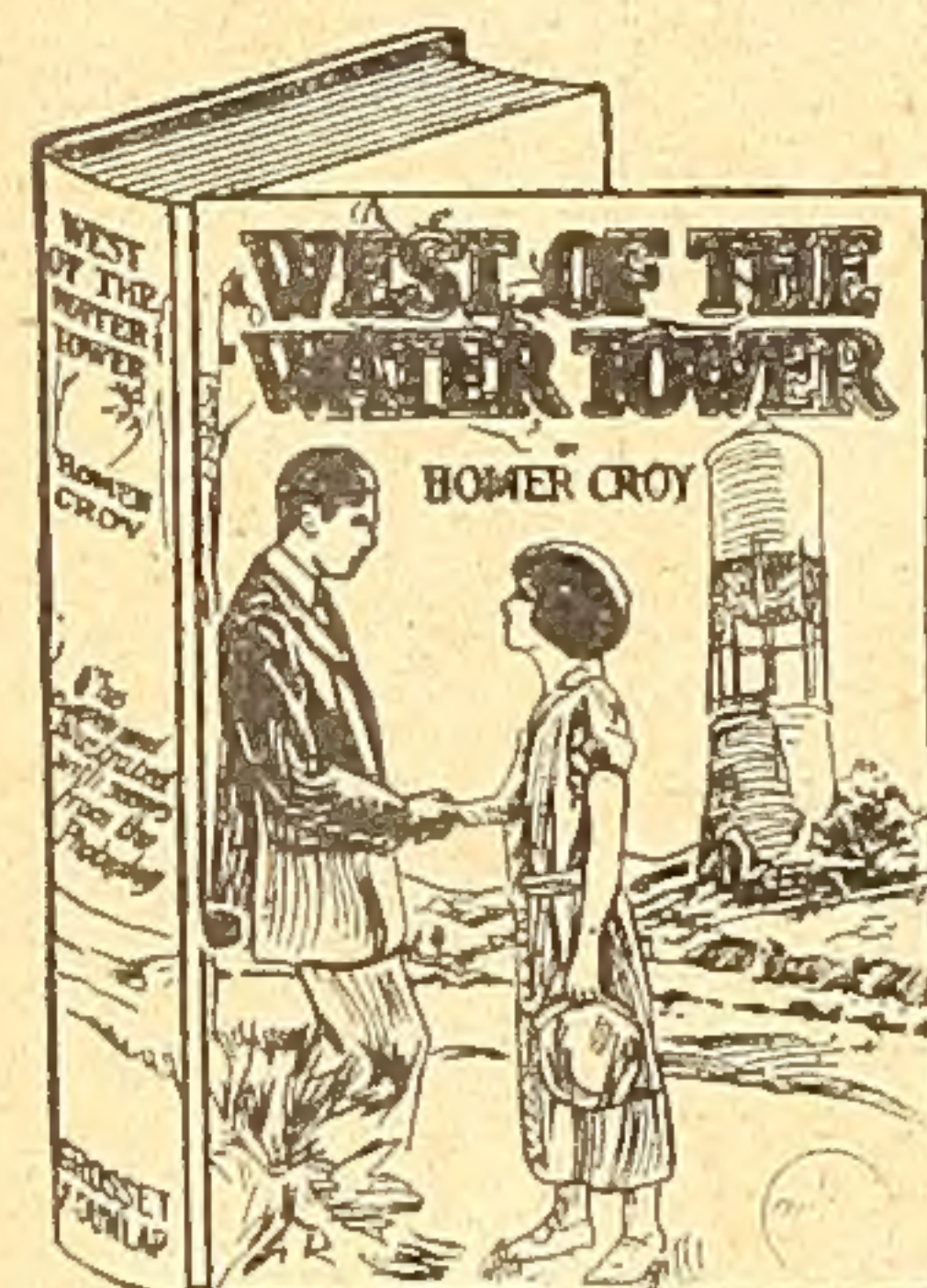
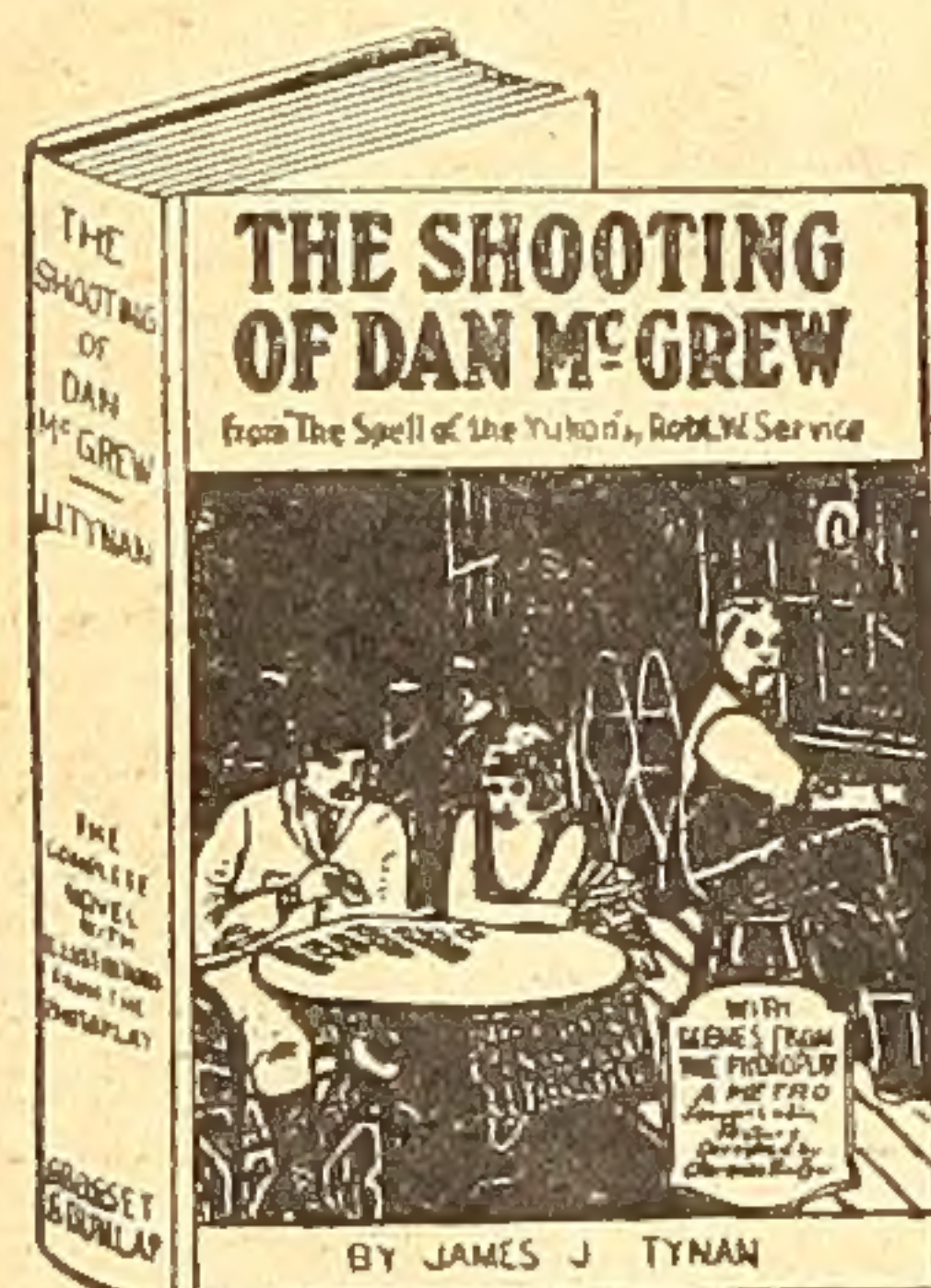
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E.S.GIVENS, 213 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Popular Pictures Are Made from Popular Books

JUST recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen during the last few months or expect to see during the present season. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will find their names listed on this page. Not every good book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book.

A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it, to place on your book shelf as a permanent treasure, or to give as a gift to a friend. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.



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All books included in this announcement are full size standard cloth bound and price \$1.00 each or six books for \$5.00, includes insured delivery charges to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Address Order to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, (Book Dept.), 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Loses 23 Pounds With Madame X Reducing Girdle

In only 2 months—without diet, special exercises or drugs—Miss Kenney remoulded her figure to the straight, graceful lines you see in the picture. Just by wearing the comfortable Madame X Reducing Girdle—which makes you look inches thinner at once and soon brings real slenderness.

"I HAVE just stepped from the scales and was overjoyed to find that the hand pointed to 142 pounds.

"Previously I found that no matter how I tried I could not bring my weight below 165 pounds. I was hopeless. I did not bother, thinking it useless. Finally, being so uncomfortable in heavy bone corsets I decided to try the Madame X Girdle for comfort if nothing else.

"During June and July I wore it constantly as it improved my appearance immensely. I noticed that I was gradually getting smaller. My friends say I look years younger, having lost 23 pounds with a decided improvement in health.

"I am three or four inches thinner in waist and hips.

"Everyone has noticed the change. I shall continue to wear my girdle as it is so extremely comfortable."

(signed) Anne L. Kenney,
505 W. 170th St., New York

Miss Kenney's experience is by no means unique. Women everywhere write us enthusiastically to tell us of the amazing reductions which this marvelous girdle has quickly brought about.

**Look thin while
getting thin**

Best of all you don't have to wait to LOOK thin. As soon as you put on the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment, in place of a corset, you appear several inches thinner at the waist

and hips without the slightest discomfort. And day by day, as you continue to wear the girdle, it gently kneads away the excess fat and moulds your figure to new beauty and slender grace. The massage

action, though powerful, is imperceptible—but your scales, mirror and tape measure quickly tell the story! Women usually lose from one to three inches the very first week, and almost before you know it, four, five and sometimes even ten inches have disappeared for good from waist, hips, thighs, and you look and feel younger and better.

What Others Say

Reduces Waist 9 Inches

"It gives me long waist lines, something I never expected as I am very short waisted. Reduced hips 12 inches, waist 9 inches."
Mrs. G. F. Raymond
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Five Inches Smaller at Once

"The very minute I put it on I measured five inches less around the waist. To date I have lost 32 pounds and my former constant backaches are gone."
Lillian Greenwood
North Uxbridge, Mass.

"No More Corsets For Me!"

"Have been wearing the Madame X steadily for three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken 5 inches from my waist and 4½ from abdomen and hips. No more corsets for me!"
Belle Folsom
517 Main Street
Watsonville, Cal.

Loses 21 Pounds Quickly

"When I started to wear Madame X Reducing Girdle in March I weighed 192 pounds. I am now down to 171, giving the girdle all credit as I gave up nothing that I really wanted to eat."
Edith C. Manning
246 Thomas Street
West Haven, Conn.

Physicians endorse it

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is based on scientific principles of reduction by *rubber massage*, which have long been advocated by health authorities and professional athletes because of the ease, quickness and safety which this method takes away 5, 10, 20 pounds—or more. The rubber is scientifically cured by the dry heat method, so it will be specially strong and resilient.

You can exercise—work, play, sit—in perfect comfort, for it is so soft and flexible, it allows the utmost freedom of motion.

**Miss Anne
L. Kenney
after
reducing
23 pounds
with her
Madame X**

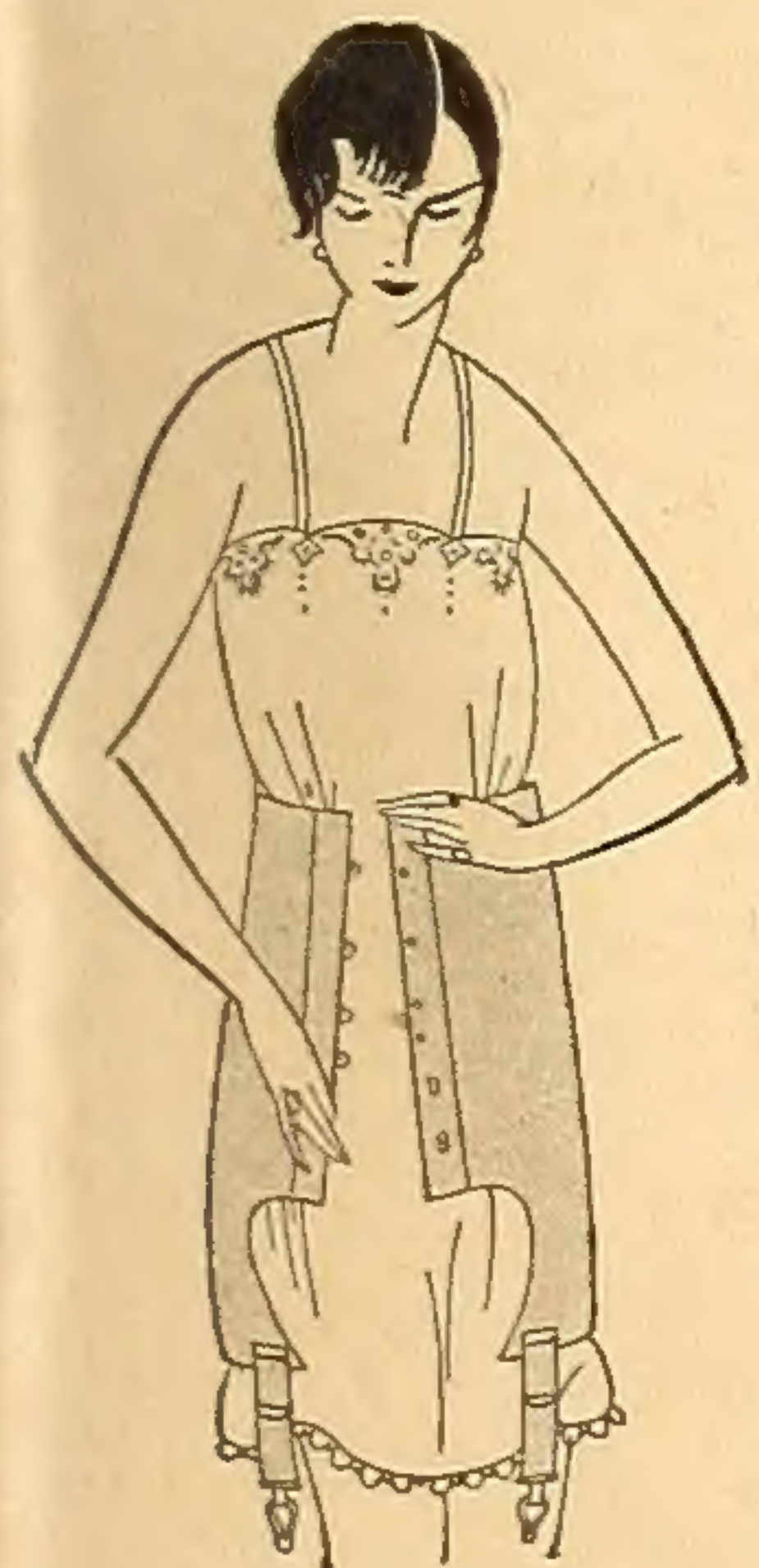


New Madame X Brassiere

The new Madame X Brassiere does for the upper figure just what the girdle does for waist, hips and thighs. Made of live, flesh-tinted brocaded rubber of the same high quality. Carefully moulds the figure without binding or bulging and gently massages away the fat.

See the Madame X for yourself. Get a fitting today at any good store where corsets are sold. But be sure to insist on the original patented Madame X—there is no other "just as good."

Send for free 24 page booklet showing why the Madame X Reducing Girdle reduces you so quickly and how it brings renewed health and energy. Address The Madame X Company, Dept G-3611, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Special hand-turned hem absolutely prevents splitting or tearing

New Clasp-Front Model
The Madame X comes in two models, the original "step-in" and a new "clasp-front" illustrated here—Both have adjustable back lacing.

On Sale at All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

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How to Dress Your
Hair

A Beauty and Fashion Service

Exclusively for
STAR-Rite Users

The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company provides for you the advice and counsel of these internationally famous specialists on the care and dress of your hair.

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LOUIS PARME
18 West 57th Street

PIERRE
28 West 57th Street

KATHLEEN MARY
QUINLAN
665 Fifth Avenue

The two coiffures shown here are taken from the ones given in our book on beauty and hair dress, called "Charm."



Designed by
Pierre



Designed by
Nestlé



COUPON

Send this coupon to the beauty council's consultant, and a copy of "Charm, Your Heritage," will be mailed to you. This book explains the STAR-Rite Beauty Council; gives many type coiffures by members of the council; gives valuable suggestions on the care and treatment of the face and hair.

Send to Helen Boyd, Consultant,
130 West 42d Street, New York,
enclosing 4 cents in stamps.

A certificate comes with each STAR-Rite curling iron entitling you to the service of the beauty council.

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\$3.50

In Canada
\$4.50

MANY actresses, famous for the perfection of their beauty, have found the STAR-Rite Curling Iron invaluable in achieving that perfection.

This iron is complete with silk cord and detachable hard-rubber plug in the handle. It has a two-piece handle, finished in rich Circassian Walnut, which allows the waver to be turned without kinking or twisting the green silk cord. It is safe, quick-heating and gives soft, even waves. With this iron you can quickly give your hair that faultless dress that professional beauty specialists achieve.

STAR-Rite CURLING IRON

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn.

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95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario



Betty Blythe, portrait by Walter Dean Goldbeck